

# SPORT

OCTOBER 50¢

BY HANK AARON

ARE YOU READY FOR  
A NEGRO MANAGER?  
I COULD DO THE JOB

## DRAMA ON THE DODGERS

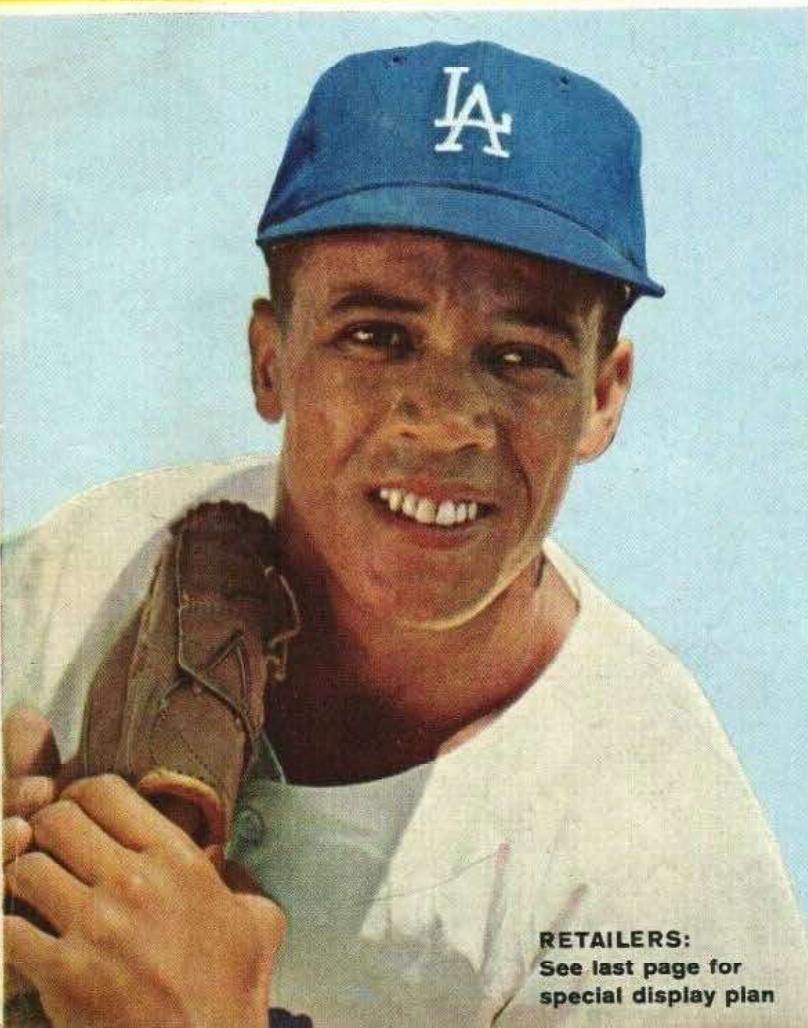
Sandy Koufax: HIS FIGHT TO PROVE EVERYONE WRONG  
Maury Wills: HIS BATTLE TO DO THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WILT CHAMBERLAIN THREATS

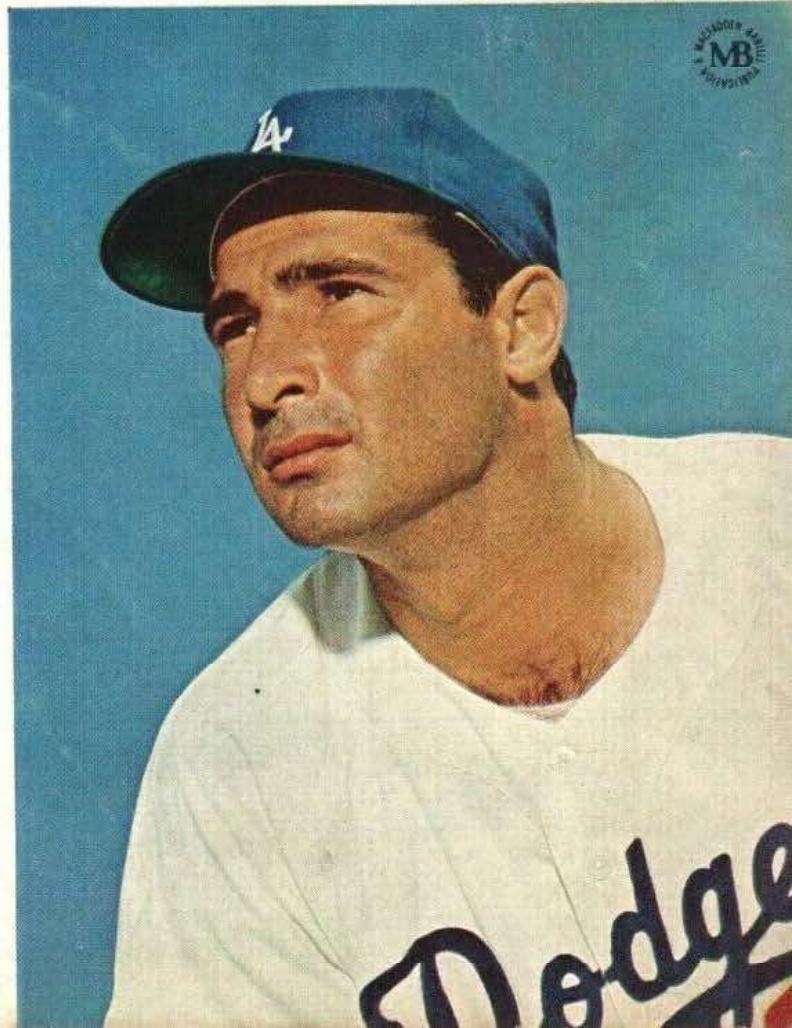
Jim Taylor: THE TAMING OF A PRO FOOTBALL TOUGH GUY

Maury Wills

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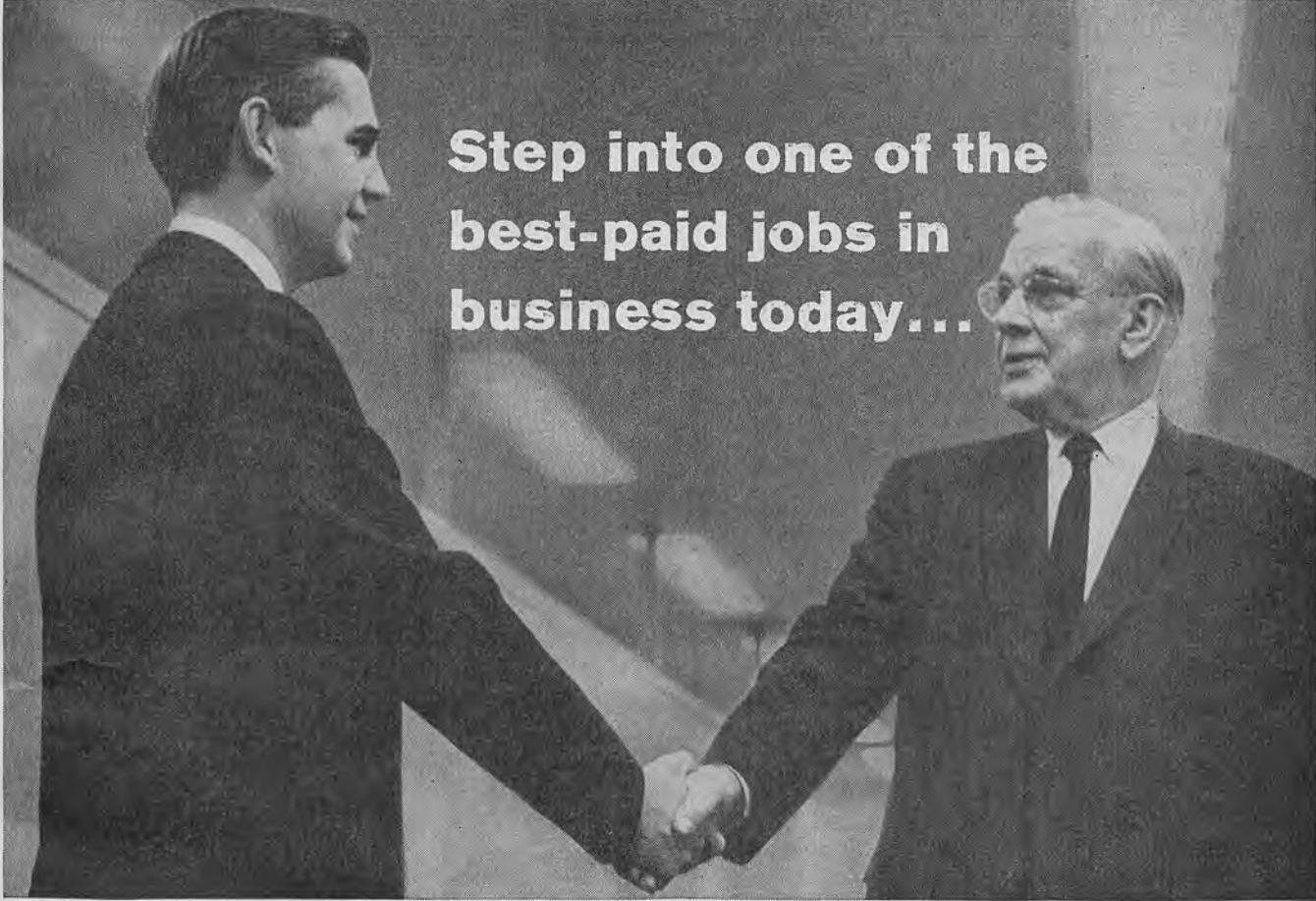
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COVER—  
MAURY WILLS  
and  
SANDY KOUFAX  
by Ozzie Sweet

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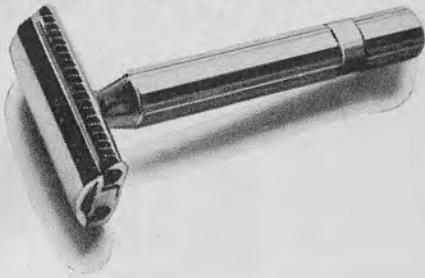
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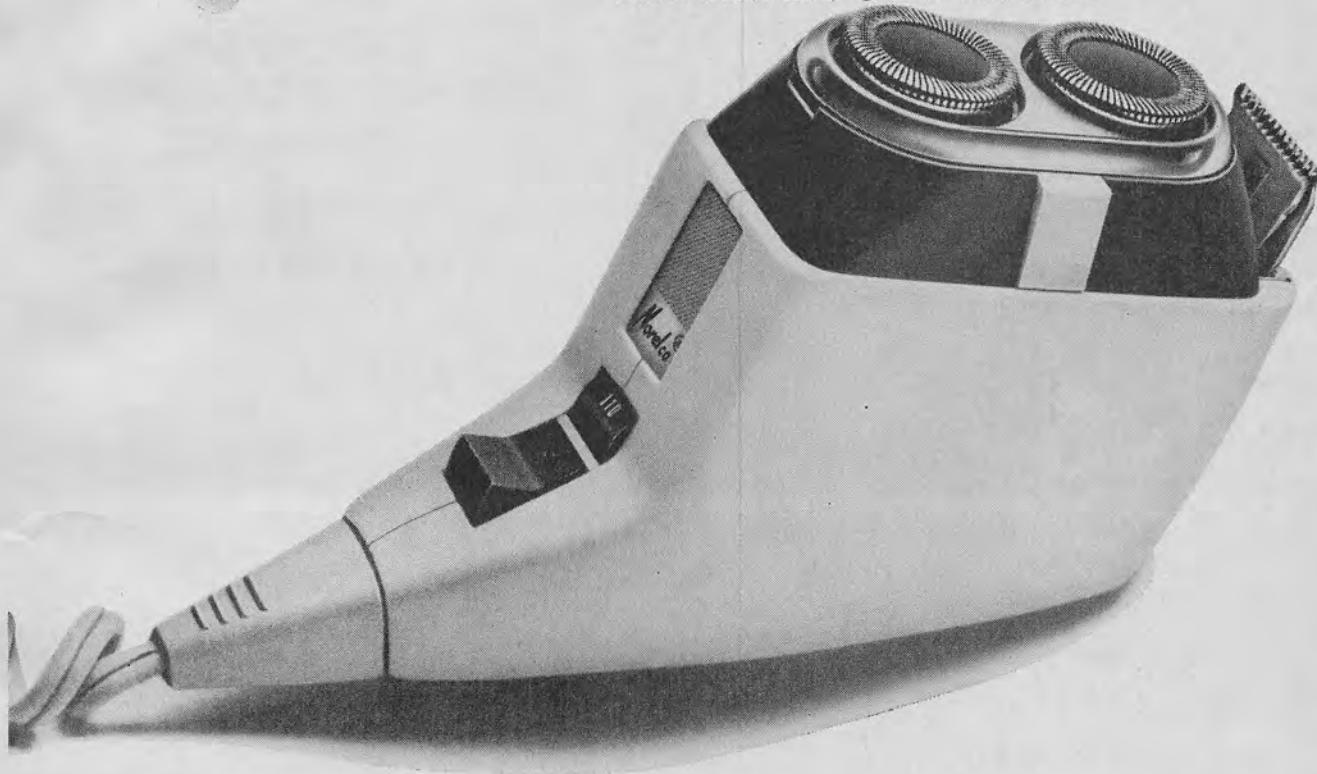
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Who will follow Bob Gibson into the fall headlines and into the driver's seat of a brand-new Corvette? Picked by SPORT as the top performer of the 1964 World Series, Gibson won our annual baseball Corvette award. Bob came to New York with his wife, left, to receive the award and he became the ninth pitcher in ten years to drive away with SPORT's World Series Corvette. Only Bobby Richardson has scored for non-pitchers since 1955, the year we began giving away cars. Well, we're giving away another one this fall. Will Bobby Richardson remain the only non-pitcher on our list of winners? You'll know that answer when the 1965 World Series ends.



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# SPORT TALK

## THE HORSEHIDE PONE

For many months now there have been debates on the type of individual baseball needs for commissioner. After careful consideration of all the qualifications proposed, we have come to the firm conclusion that what the Great American Game needs is a ball-player, currently active, who will issue strong, uncompromising orders that nobody can understand. The obvious candidate is John Wyatt (the At), the Kansas City pitcher who speaks a unique language he assembled on his own. So, a while ago, we asked John if he'd consider accepting the job.

"I don't know enough about baseball to be commissioner," John said. If we had any doubts about our choice, this statement shattered them; this was one qualification we'd overlooked. "I'm in real estate," John went on. "I'm

puttin' all my hogs (money) in apartment buildings here in Kansas City so I won't have to eat that dust and dodge that white ash (pitch baseball) forever. As for being baseball commissioner, nobody'd know what I'm talkin' about."

"Just what the game needs."

"Well," John said, "let me think about what I'd do if I was commissioner. I'll write down a few ideas and call you back tomorrow."

TOMORROW: "Ready?" Ready. "Here goes." The following is a word-for-word text by John Wyatt, parenthetic translation by the At himself.

"Being H.M.I.C. (which means Head Man In Charge) of the Horsehide League is just about the toughest gig (job) around. You have 20 hog men (which means money men, owners) to keep happy. I imagine that at one time or another all their jaws get hard

as a ten-penny nail (they get mad) when somebody's tryin' to act like the Pone (Al Capone, gang leader, commissioner). I can just see all those hog men at a meetin' if I was H.M.I.C. Those cats would be all tabbed up (which means dressed up in \$300 mohair suits, \$30 white-on-white shirts and \$100 gator stoms (alligator shoes) snappin' at the carpet. Can't you just see me sittin' there at the head of the meetin' table with my Robert Hall continental special with the cutaway front and Thom McAn shoes with the soles so thin I can stand on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails?

"Now if I was H.M.I.C. it would be a dream world for pitchers. At the first meetin' I'd call order and lay down my rules. First, a \$25,000 minimum for all pitchers, because you stake your life every time you toe the heel (mound) and face the swish of the ash (bats). Play the game with frozen balls, then you could laugh at the Brew (Killebrew), the Line (Kaline), the Tel and the Ris (Mantle and Maris), the Sons (Allison and Robinson), the Run (Aaron), the Ski (Yastrzemski), the Ays (Mays), the Gell (Stargell) . . . and tell them to hit the side that's thawed out.

"Then, \$15 a day meal money, so you can eat the choicest of grease (which means food). Two days off a week so you can sit around and sip the beverage of your choice. Let the pitchers call time and get a drink of water; sometimes there aren't enough swishin' bats (hitting only air) to cool you off when the ash gets so hot the bats start jumpin' out of the rack to get at you. Make the plates four inches long. Paint all the bottoms of Mashers who use any ash over 30 inches long. Paint all the bottoms of the pitchers' shoes white and have them wear white sweatshirts.

"Let a pitcher throw anything he wants up to the plate. Even his glove. Legalize the spitball, petroliumball, bananaball and rubber stringball (you pull it right back to your glove).

"That's the way it would be if I was the Pone of the Horsehide League, and anybody who disagreed with me would be gettin' a new grey suit."

## QUEEN SEASON OPENS

Girl season is with us once more as we begin our 15th annual Campus Queen Contest. Our first candidate, Nita Wilkinson of the University of North Carolina, will be followed in succeeding months by four girls from other schools. Then all five candidates will be presented in the March issue so that you can vote for your favorite.

Miss Wilkinson, a drum majorette for the Tar Heel football team, won an award as North Carolina's Most Beautiful Majorette last year. The sophomore art major with the artful 35-22-33 measurements also has been



John Wyatt, the Kansas City A's relief pitcher, is an excellent candidate for baseball commissioner. He admits he knows little about baseball, and John speaks a language nobody understands.

honored as Miss Durham (her home town) and Miss Congeniality in the North Carolina pageant.

### THE GREAT ESCAPE

You ask 6-2, 253-pound Dave Costa what he might be doing if he hadn't ended up as a defensive tackle for the Oakland Raiders and he says, "That's hard to say. Half of my friends from the old neighborhood are dope addicts and burglars, you know, the whole bit. A few of 'em are in jail. There's one in Sing Sing and a couple in Elmira. They were some bunch of characters, Augie the Angel, The Weed—he smoked marijuana, Puppy Dog—he had a real sad-looking face, Beer Barrel—Barrel was real fat. It's bad there, real bad."

The neighborhood was in Yonkers in southern Westchester County, New York. It is the kind of place you escape from when you grow up, according to Dave, but there were laughs as well as trouble while you were growing up. Costa was sent to Saunders Trade, a vocational high school that featured 400 teenagers "who couldn't make it in any other school." Mostly the kids were killing time until they were 16 and could quit to get jobs, pull jobs, go into the Army or other Federal institutions offering uniforms.

"I majored in carpentry," Dave says, "and of the 70 kids in the two sophomore classes, 22 were left when we were seniors. But the attendance was amazing as long as the guys were still in school. You had such a ball in school you didn't want to miss anything. It was great."

"We had a new shop teacher who'd taught at a prison and we thought he'd really be tough, but he soon said he'd like to go back to prison. His name was Mr. Birdie and the guys would come in the class yelling, 'Tweet, tweet,' and wavin' their arms like birds. And this guy didn't know how to handle 'em. He had this old pair of shoes he'd wear around the shop . . . so they nailed 'em to the floor. He came in and slipped off his regular shoes and put his feet in the shop shoes, then he stood up and he couldn't move. Aw, they did everything to him. Every time he saw boards in the aisle he'd kick them out of the way. So they nailed a board to the floor and he almost broke his toe. That year we had four different shop teachers."

Study hall period was a lot of "fun," too. Every time the teacher would turn his back, guys would jump out the window. By period's end the once-full study hall would have one teacher and five or six students.

The only one who could handle the boys was the gym teacher and football coach, Dan Hurley. He talked Costa into going to college. Hurley got Dave a half scholarship to Northeastern Junior College in Colorado (Hurley'd gone to school with the coach there). "He called me in one day and said, 'You're goin' to college,'" Dave says. "He showed me examples of guys who had played football and how they'd done well. Finally I said okay. You know, it's a long haul to beat that



Nita Wilkinson, North Carolina

neighborhood.

"Four of us from Saunders went out there and the others quit after the first semester. That school was somethin' else. There weren't even as many kids in that junior college as there were in Saunders, and that was a small high school for New York. And Northeastern was right next to the stock yards. You'd sit in the dormitory and smell those cows over there. It was somethin' else. Our football field was used for rodeos and they never cleaned it up. We smelled for days after a game."

"But I stayed because I thought I owed it to my family. And when I was leavin' Yonkers everybody was saying, 'Well, we'll see you in a couple of months, you'll be home by then.' So I was just gonna show 'em; I said I'm not gonna spend the rest of my life in that neighborhood."

Costa says he stayed out of the trouble on the block: "My father made us (two brothers, three sisters) understand that early. Every time there was trouble he'd bring us into the basement. He had these two big boxes of nuts and bolts and he'd dump 'em in a pile on the floor and say, 'Separate 'em.' You'd be there for hours: bolts in one box, nuts in the other. Then

he'd have us sweep and paint the floor. If there was more trouble, the next week we'd paint it a different color. He thought if you were busy you'd stay out of trouble, which was reasonable. He was only 5-9 and 175 but we called him Big Dave; all the guys did because they knew he was the boss. It got so they wouldn't call for me because he'd have them separatin' nuts and bolts, too."

Costa played in the Junior College All-American Game and earned a scholarship to Utah for his last two years of college. He was drafted No. 3 by the Rams, seventh by Oakland. As a Raider first-year man he finished second in the AFL rookie-of-the-year voting. He goes back to Yonkers only when the team plays in New York.

"I see the old guys then," Dave says. "They're 25 years old and still hangin' around the candy store. It's against their principles to work steady. They just sit around and drink and smoke. It's really a waste of humanity. They actually kinda regard me as a failure, you know, a guy who didn't make the grade. Heck, I didn't stick around. It's amazin' the way they think. The guys who went to jail are their heroes. If you did a stretch, when you get out, man, you're really what's happening."

## SPORT TALK

"You know, when you're in high school everybody's about the same, carefree and all. But you'd think when you get a little older you'd take on a little responsibility or somethin'. It just never happened to them. Myself and two guys who became cops are about the only ones from the block who escaped. That's the one thing the gang gave me—the desire to get the hell outta there. I figure I was lucky to be able to play football. Otherwise I might've ended up with those guys today—that's what scares me, just thinkin' about it."

### CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Dick Bertell, the Giant catcher, was talking about when he shared an apartment with Bear lineman Bob Wetoska and Black Hawk hardnose Reg Fleming (now with the Bruins). "I once worked out with the Hawks," Bertell said. "It was only the second time I ever had skates on. They put me in goal. I had a chest protector and my catcher's mask, but no shin pads. So they shot at my legs. I'd lift one leg to get out of the way and fall on my face. And they'd laugh like hell."

Sonny Jurgensen, in training camp with the Washington Redskins in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was talking about the wonderful things to do in town at night for entertainment. "Up here," Sonny said, "they start the Late, Late Show on TV at 7:30 p.m."

Ralph Terry, who regained his pitching form in Cleveland after a couple of poor years with the Yankees, was talking about his success after he copied Jim Bouton's two warmup stints before games. Bouton himself had a 4-12 record when he was told of Terry's comments and Jim said, "I think he was just trying to tell me I should be a coach."

George Toma, the head groundskeeper for the Kansas City Athletics, was talking about the fact that he had no grass seed to keep the field in shape. It seems that both the A's and the Kansas City Chiefs claim the other should buy the seed. Meanwhile the outfield was a mess. Toma told Athletics general manager Hank Peters: "Get me some seed or trade me."

Don McMahon was talking about a story Wally Post told about when he had played for Birdie Tebbets at Cincinnati. "It was real hot this one day," McMahon said, "and all the players were grumbling. Birdie finally got mad and told them: 'The next guy who complains about the weather will be fined 25 bucks.' A couple of innings later Post came in from the outfield and said, 'Cripes, it's hot!' Then he remembered Birdie's orders and said, 'But I love it!'"

From Maury Allen's very funny book on the Mets entitled "Now wait a minute, Casey!": The night before Casey Stengel's 74th birthday, an enormous cake was wheeled into Shea Stadium. It was eight feet long, four feet wide, three feet high and weighed 600 pounds. The baker explained why he had to give Stengel the cake the night before his birthday, saying, "It wouldn't stand no more." "Why," said Casey, "didn't you just put it in a cake box?"

### "SHOOT!"

Alvin Roy is five-feet, six-inches tall and he hangs around with a lot

of large people. Which may be just as well, because the "strength coach" for the San Diego Chargers says exactly what he thinks. Listen:

"I'm not out to produce any greasy, dyed-hair beach boys," he says. "I don't want any muscle poppers. I want ath-uh-letes who are skinny and strong and fast. I'm after pure strength and that you get through a marriage of weights and isometrics. You've got to have both. If a player did isometrics alone, pushing for strain and resistance against a stationary bar, he'd probably start goofing off. It's human nature. The weights keep 'em honest—very heavy weights lifted just a few times with isometrics applied on the last lift."

Often a judge at "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" contests, Roy says, "It's a chore. All those bicep boys, smeared all over with vaseline, standing there posing. They aren't ath-uh-



Dave Costa, the defensive tackle for the Oakland Raiders, says football saved him from a very bad neighborhood: "I escaped."

letes. I'm interested in ath-uh-letes, in making them stronger. When I hear about the Australian tennis players using weights, that's when I cheer. And when Gary Player was on the Ed Sullivan Show doing five full squats with a 250-pound weight, I had to jump up and holler at my TV screen, 'You li'l ol' South African so-and-so! You've just done more for the cause than a dozen Mr. Universes!' The hips and the legs—that's what you play golf with, not just your hands."

The Louisiana Frenchman shook his head sadly. "Shoot!" he said. "I've read these stories about the tall Texas cowboy hero with 'wide shoulders tapering down to no hips.' No hips? No hips means no strength. The hips are a seat of a man's power. Rocky Marciano had the biggest hips of any ath-uh-lete I know of and, man, he had power!"

Roy cheerfully shoots down other shibboleths of sports lore, such as the practice of squeezing a rubber ball to strengthen hands and wrist, as Ted Williams used to do. "Nonsense!" Roy thunders. "Squeezing a rubber ball

does one thing—it makes your fingers numb. And these ballplayers swinging three bats before going up to the plate—their simple-minded trust in tradition is enough to make you hit your head against a chinaberry tree in sheer frustration. For the bitty ounce of strength you get swinging three bats, you lose a pound and a half of timing."

Exasperation crosses Roy's even features. "But don't get me started on baseball players!" he says. "Fat and sloppy, most of 'em, the worst conditioned of all ath-uh-letes. Look at the Yankees—they hire a football man, Andy Robustelli, to get their players in shape in ten days. Ten months would be more like it. If the baseball people were smart instead of being years behind the times, they'd take a tip from Wilt Chamberlain. Big ol' Wilt can military press 250 pounds and bench press over 300 and he can run all day. He's so strong he dang near stuffs the defense into the basket with the ball.

"But what really gets me is the college football coaches and authorities. They're so danged sanctimonious! They'll let their football players report as rookies to the pros fat and out of shape. They know very well that a kid can either make maybe \$100,000 in a pro career or else he could teach phys ed for \$5000 a year. As educators preparing boys for life, they have an obligation to get their kids ready for the pros, as long as that's what the kids want."

When Roy joined the Chargers after an injury-wracked '62 season had resulted in their only losing record, the players' early amusement turned to resentment at his training program. "What're we training for—football or the Olympics?" one complained. Then the players began realizing the benefits of their new strength and now there are only occasional gripes at the hard work. The San Diego team calls itself the strongest in pro football and doubtlessly is, which leads Roy to predict that within ten years every pro football team will have a "strength coach."

And if any team ever finds a coach whose exercises will make a man taller, Alvin Roy himself will sign up. Roy laughs about the reaction of athletes who, awed by Alvin's international reputation as a body builder, meet him for the first time. "I can hear 'em thinking," Roy says through a smile: "Hey, where's the rest of him?"

### AH, SO!

Joe Falls, the fine columnist for the Detroit Free Press, received a letter from his neighbor and former Tiger pitcher, Paul Foytack, who was pitching his first season in Japan. "Playing here is completely different than in the states," Foytack wrote. "I think they're crazy. Our manager consults the head coach before he ever makes a move. Let me give you some of the more classical moves.

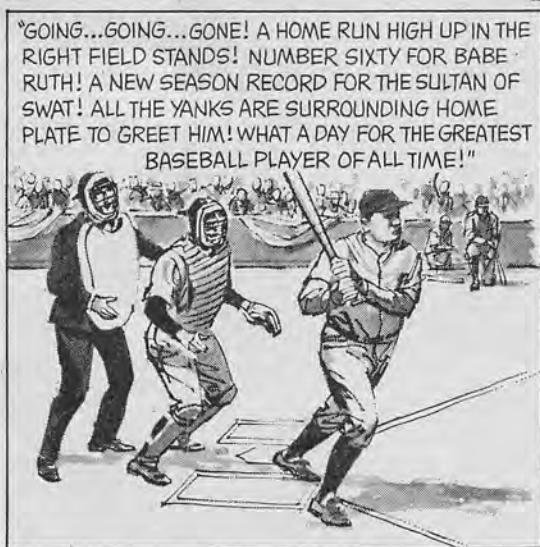
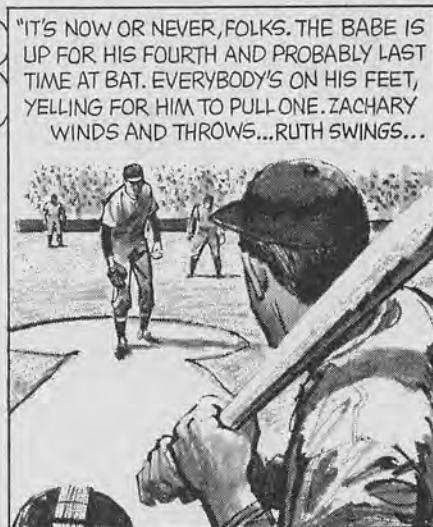
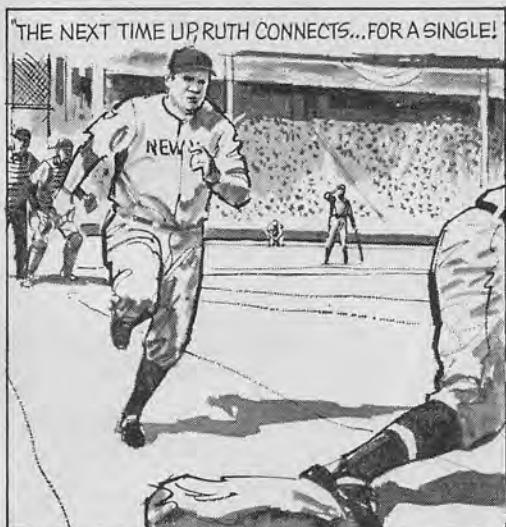
"We used a pinch-hitter who beat out a bunt for a hit, stole second and got to third on an infield out. Then we put in a pinch-runner. Our second baseman has trouble with his fielding and the other day he made a brutal throw to the shortstop and messed up an easy double play. They took out the shortstop."

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK

# GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT

SEPTEMBER 30, 1927—THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON. THE GAME WITH THE WASHINGTON SENATORS MEANT LITTLE; THE YANKS HAD ALREADY CLINCHED THE PENNANT IN A WALK. BUT TO HOME RUN KING BABE RUTH IT WAS A FINAL OPPORTUNITY TO BREAK THE RECORD OF 59 HE HIMSELF HAD SET SIX YEARS EARLIER. THE GREAT BAMBINO COMES TO BAT IN THE FIRST INNING...



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## Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

### THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE SEA

IT STARTED OUT as the kind of summer day in France that inspires poets and songwriters: warm, bright, a calm sea. In all, a perfect day for Gertrude Ederle to make her second attempt to swim the English Channel.

No women and only a handful of men had been able to swim across the channel. When Gertrude had tried it a year earlier, she had gone about two-thirds of the way across. Then she had swallowed some sea water, choked and her trainer had yelled, "Grab her, she's drowning." They pulled her out of the water. Now it was August 6, 1926, and Gertrude, the 19-year-old daughter of a New York City butcher, was going to try again.

Just about everybody Gertrude talked to, including fishermen and sea captains who had spent their lives working around the channel, said a woman could never swim those 21 miles from Cape Gris Nez in France to Dover, England, that it was too treacherous a stretch. But at seven a.m. Gertrude was ready. Her body was covered with grease and she was wearing watertight goggles and a two-piece bathing suit because she felt the one-piece suit she had worn during her first attempt had weighed her down.

In the escort boat that would lead the way were her trainer, William Burgess, her father, some newspapermen and a phonograph. The year before, there had been a jazz band in the boat, but the musicians had become seasick, so this time Gertrude settled for the phonograph and records of, *Yes, We Have No Bananas* and *The Sidewalks of New York*.

For a while everything went fine. The girl who had set 18 world records made steady progress with her powerful crawl strokes, 26 a minute. But about noon, things began to change. The wind whipped up to a howl, 15-foot waves began breaking around her and it began to rain. It was a ferocious storm, so bad that all boat trips across the channel were cancelled.

On the English side of the channel a group of American reporters got to Dover, took one look at the water, decided Gertrude must have quit and returned to their card game in a London hotel. It was a mistake that cost them their jobs because Gertrude was still going.

"Slower, Gerty, slower," Burgess yelled at her. "Cut down the stroke." "If I go any slower, I'll sink," she called back. Once in a while she stopped and drank some beef extract from a baby bottle. On the boat they wondered if they should tell her to quit.

Suddenly Gertrude realized she couldn't see the boat any more; it had been blown out of sight. "I can tell you," she would say later, "it was awful frightening to be there all alone in those mountainous waters."

After a little while she could hear, "East side, west side, all around the town." And she knew the boat had to be nearby. Then it came bobbing back into sight. Burgess by then was arguing with Gertrude's father. Burgess wanted to pull her out of the water. Finally, Henry Ederle signed a release absolving Burgess of any responsibility if Gertrude were to drown. Then the tug-boat captain wanted to turn back. Only 100,000 of Henry Ederle's francs kept the boat headed toward England. And Gertrude continued making progress.

"If she can only hold out until South Goodwin light," Burgess said, "then everything will be all right." That light would mean Gertrude was three miles from the Dover shore and the seas were a little calmer there. Supposedly. At 6:45 p.m., she reached the light only to find the waters even rougher than before. It was going to be a battle all the way to the shore.

By then it was dark and all the lights in Dover were out. But as the townspeople heard that Gertrude was nearing the shore, the lights went on again and it seemed as if the whole town had come down to the beach to watch. And then, with land in sight, one final obstacle turned up. The tide changed and began dragging Gertrude up the coast to Kingsdown. Flares were lit on the beach and about 1000 persons began to yell. Gertrude drove toward the cheers and then, at 9:23 p.m., she hit the bottom and began walking toward the beach.

Gertrude took off her bathing cap and waved to the crowd. She was picked up by a motorboat and carried to the tug waiting off-shore. She had made it across the channel in 14 hours, 25 minutes, more than two hours faster than any swimmer before her.

# NEXT MONTH IN SPORT



HARMON  
KILLEBREW



JOHNNY  
UNITAS



RON  
FAIRLY

The headliner next month is a full report on a secret National Football League poll. The NFL coaches have graded the players in the league and we present the coaches' ratings of the players position by position and the coaches' reports on the strengths and weaknesses of the players. Johnny Unitas is rated No. 1 at quarterback, but elsewhere there are surprises.

From baseball, as the World Series dominates the sports scene, we have a special report: "The Dangers Of Being A World Series Hero" . . . Also, an inside report on Harmon Killebrew: "How A Star Sacrifices Himself for His Team" . . . We have stories on Ron Fairly of the Dodgers and manager Dick Sisler of the Reds . . . Plus, by Dick Young, a behind-the-scenes look at what seemed to be an unprecedented breakdown of discipline in the major leagues in 1965: "Behind The Fights And Fines."

Back to pro football, we profile Gary Collins of the Browns, Jack Kemp of the Bills, Jim Parker of the Colts . . . The Lions' outside linebacker, Wayne Walker, is the subject of our series, The Specialist In Pro Football . . . The SPORT SPECIAL by Ed Linn is about Ray Nitschke of the Packers, who is considered by many the toughest fellow in football today.

From college football, stories about Gary Snook of Iowa and Donny Anderson of Texas Tech . . . Also, "Lu-jack, Leahy and Notre Dame: The Greatest College Football Team Ever."

We profile hockey's Norm Ullman, basketball's Nate Thurmond and track and field's Wyomia Tyus next month . . . We have exclusive photos from Atlanta on the brink of big-league status in football and baseball . . . The SPORT BONUS REPORT features Rocky Marciano telling "How To Punch With Power."

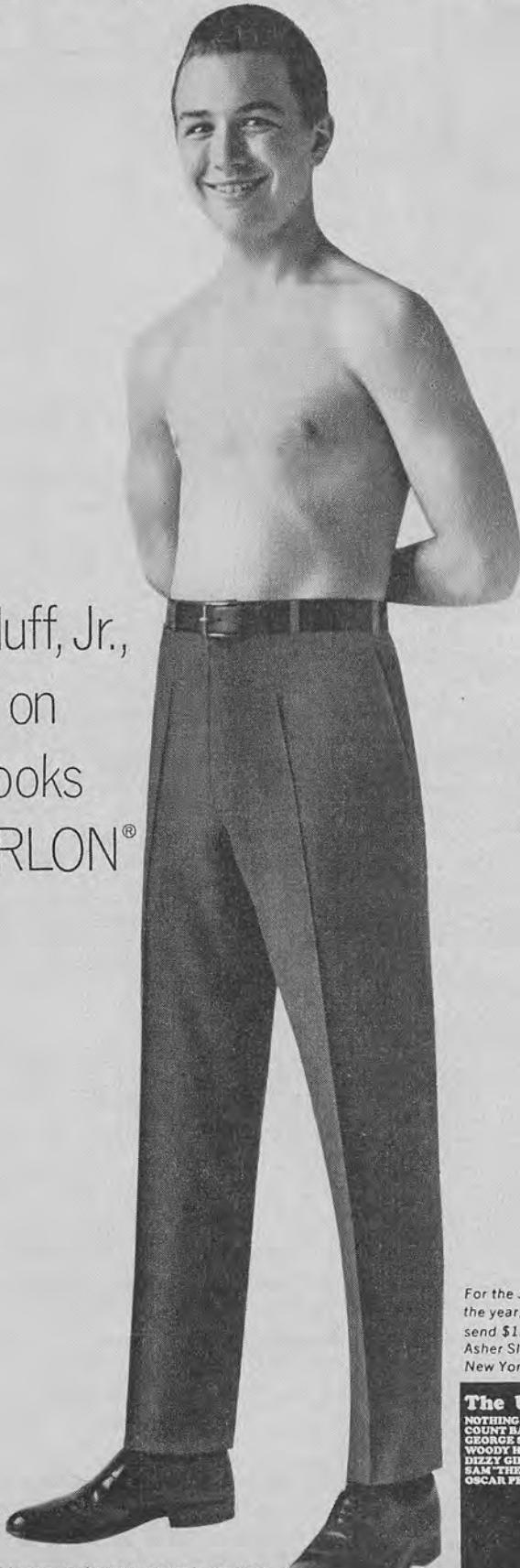


RAY NITSCHKE

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND  
OCTOBER 19

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\*DuPont's registered trademark. †Slightly higher in the West.

# ASK THE EXPERTS



**Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 17 years, does Tiger games for WJR in Detroit**

Which NFL quarterback has thrown the most touchdown passes in one season?

—Michael Waterman, Lancaster, California

In 1963, Y.A. Tittle threw 36 touchdown passes for the New York Giants, a league record. Second-best is Tittle's mark of 33 scoring tosses in 1962. Johnny Unitas and Sonny Jurgensen share third place with 32 touchdown passes in one season.



**Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC**

Who holds the record for the most grand slam home runs in one season in the major leagues?

—Fred Carruthers, Keosauqua, Iowa

Ernie Banks and Jim Gentile share the record with five bases-filled homers in one season. Banks hit five in 1955 for the Chicago Cubs and Gentile had five in 1961 when he was with the Baltimore Orioles.

How many times did Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries fight each other for the heavyweight championship? Who was the winner in each?

—John Hargrove, Athens, Georgia

Corbett, who lost the title to Bob Fitzsimmons in 1897, twice tried unsuccessfully to win it back from Jeffries who had beaten Fitzsimmons in 1899. In 1900, Jeffries knocked out Corbett in 23 rounds at Coney Island, New York. In 1903, Jeffries knocked Corbett out again, this time in ten rounds at San Francisco.



**Merle Harmon broadcasts Braves' baseball games in Milwaukee and Jets' football games in New York**

Which active major-league player has the highest lifetime batting average?

—Neil Greenberger, Ellenville, New York

At the beginning of the 1965 season, Hank Aaron led all active major-league players with a batting average of .320.

Which National Hockey League team scored the most goals in one game?

—Howard Zuckerman, Forest Hills, New York

The Montreal Canadiens, on March 3, 1920, defeated the Quebec Bulldogs, 16-3, setting the record.

This is a regular feature. Send questions to  
Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017  
Selected ones will be used.

## THE SPORT BOOKSHELF



### NOW WAIT A MINUTE, CASEY!

Maury Allen

Doubleday & Co.

\$4.50

The temptation when writing about *Now Wait A Minute, Casey!* is to tell your own favorite stories of Casey Stengel and the Mets and to throw in your own version of that famous language, Stengelese. We yield not to temptation. Instead, we suggest you read the funniest stories about the Mets and the best of all Stengelese by reading Maury Allen's book, *Now Wait A Minute, Casey!* Allen has written the history of the team and the man who has managed the team. Allen takes the reader into dugouts, on the field, into clubhouses, on planes and into restaurants with Stengel and the Mets. He takes the reader to Mexico, where people shout, "Ole, Case, ole," a Mexican reporter says, "I wish the (my) English was better so I could understand him" and a New York reporter says, "I wish my English was better so I could understand him." It is a funny, delightful book.

### THE LAST LOUD ROAR

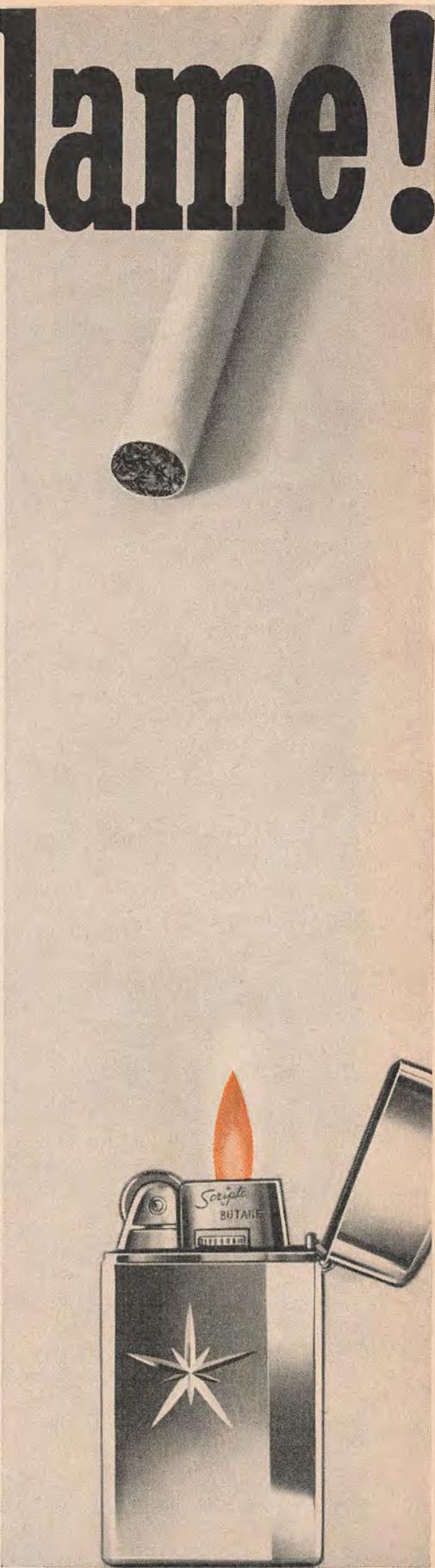
Bob Cousy with Ed Linn

Prentice-Hall Inc.

\$5.95

In an author's note to *The Last Loud Roar*, Bob Cousy says, "This is the story of a game that has become a way of life for me. I believe it will give the reader an insight and a better understanding why, on one hand to the observer of a sports contest his or her reaction is one of immediate joy or possibly remorse, or just plain entertainment and quickly forgotten as a minute distraction in a passage of time, while for the participant it holds all the answers during the years of activity." The book does just that. While it is written about basketball and Bob Cousy's participation in basketball, it provides rare insight into all sports. It shows men at work playing games and how this work affects them. It shows the humor and effort and satisfaction and drudgery of this work. It is the collaboration of an enormously skilled writer, Ed Linn, and an enormously skilled basketball star and student, Bob Cousy. The collaboration has produced an enormously skilled piece of work.

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## LETTERS TO SPORT



### MANTLE'S GLOWING TWILIGHT

I would like to congratulate Arnold Hano on his splendid tribute to a truly great man: "Mickey Mantle: The Twilight of a Hero." His magnificent probe into Mantle along with Ozzie Sweet's excellent color portrait make up a wonderful article, one of the best I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

Metuchen, N.J.

Ken Fishkin

It is about time some appreciation is shown for all the thrills Mantle has provided over the past 15 years. He is the personification of courage in sports, and when he hangs 'em up, the game will never see another like him.

Columbus, O.

Jeff Pearson

It was refreshing to read an article that praised Mr. Mantle rather than one that said how "washed-up" he was.

Tustin, Calif.

Tony Pipitone

I will drive many miles to Yankee Stadium on September 18th to be there on a day—"Mickey Mantle Day"—that is certainly past due. I know it will bring a tear to many an eye as they see this great man playing in the twilight of a wonderful career.

Albany, N.Y.

T.G.

Arnold Hano is the best writer you have. Therein lies the reason I was so disappointed. Instead of naming the story "The Twilight of a Hero," it should have been "He's Getting Shyer and Older."

Mr. Hano, you did not give us a "close look at a courageous man." Every Yankee Fan knows Mickey is an introvert. Big Deal. That's the way the guy is. I'm like that myself. Big Deal. That's his nature; that's my nature. Oh, sure, you mentioned Mantle's achievements, but that is all you did—mention them. You explained and examined his shortcomings and failures. Your story was poor.

New York City

Joe Carelli

Hano said Mantle is the best switch-hitter the game has seen. Where does that leave Pete Rose?

Brooklyn, N.Y.

George Jabbour

### RON SANTO'S BOOSTER

Congratulations are in order for Bill Furlong on his excellent article, "Ron Santo's Enemy." I would rather pay my money to watch a ballplayer of this caliber who gives everything he has for a perennial second-division club, than watch some of the so-called superstars who lack this desire.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Tom Litterski

#### SAN JUAN, N. Y.

I would like to reply to your unbelievable ignorant reporter Leonard Sheeter about what he said in his article on Jose Luis (Chegui) Torres. He writes: "Puerto Rico isn't a nation, it's a suburb of Harlem. It doesn't have a national anthem, it's only an old folk song."

It is just as if he says that Italy, Ireland or China are suburbs of New York, because of all the immigrants from those countries who constitute the population of New York, or that the "Star-Spangled Banner" is not a national anthem but just an "old-fashioned jazz number."

Why don't writers and reporters stick to the subjects they know best and thus stop hurting other peoples' feelings?

San Juan, P. R. N. Hopgood Davila

#### ESCAPE TO CANADA



After reading "The Undercover War in Pro Football," I can only wonder why more top college stars don't consider playing in Canada. I feel certain that at least they won't have their families kidnapped, will not be guarded by ruffians and spies, nor bribed by women, etc. Remember, also, that Canada is the land of opportunity.

Vancouver, B. C., Can. Don Gardner

#### KOMAN'S VISION

Yes, Bill Koman certainly is "Subtle as a Rabbit Punch." He also has a good imagination. In the July issue he describes the appearance of Jim Thorpe as Koman was introduced to him in a Philadelphia restaurant by Koman's "buddy," Arnold Orsati, the owner. According to Koman, Thorpe was dressed like a bum and received "three \$10 bills" from Orsati.

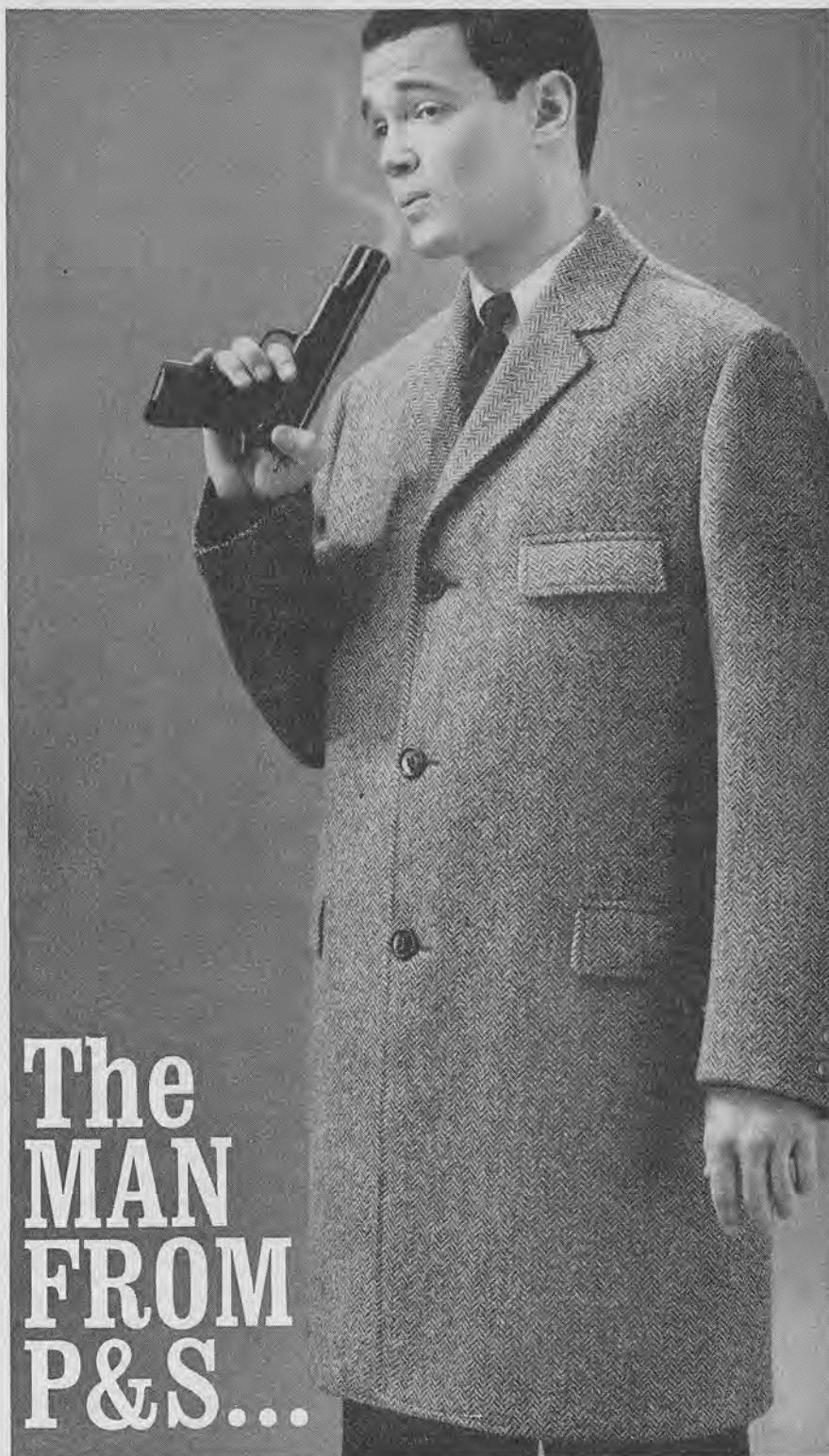
All this supposedly took place during Koman's rookie NFL year. This is his tenth NFL season, so his rookie year was 1956. But more reliable sources than Koman or Orsati (sources like the World Book Encyclopedia), tell me that Jim Thorpe died in 1953. True, Thorpe died almost penniless and there is a lesson to be learned from that, indeed. But Bill Koman doesn't appear too well qualified to teach such a lesson.

Malvern, Pa. Mark Duffy

#### BEAR THE POET

For shame! In his story on Joe Namath, John Devaney quotes four lines from a poem called "It's All in a State of Mind" by Bear Bryant. The exact same lines are in a poem called "Thinking" by Walter D. Wintle. Concord, N. H. Greg Valliere

Like football coaches everywhere, Bryant has high regard for a good line.



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# TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE SPORT SCENE

Now that Congress has taken hold of the dispute between the NCAA and the AAU, maybe the terrible mess will finally be settled and our track and field athletes will live happily ever after. Maybe. But we remain skeptical. Will the United States Congress be able to accomplish what General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was unable to accomplish in 1960; indeed what President Kennedy was unable to accomplish when he appointed General MacArthur to mediate the jurisdictional fight between the Amateur Athletic Union and the National Collegiate Athletic Association? An uneasy truce was all General MacArthur got out of the warring powers then and it was soon broken and now neither group seems willing to budge from its positions. What both groups want essentially is to control track and field in this country, and in the dirty infighting it is the innocent who suffer—the Randy Matsons, the Gerry Lindgrens. We believe that if Congress cannot resolve the dispute, then serious consideration should be given to the formation of a new sports organization, one that would supersede both the NCAA and AAU. Senator Robert F. Kennedy, a member of the Senate committee probing the feud, has some reservations about a new sports organization. "But," says Senator Kennedy, "I certainly think that as time goes by and the NCAA-AAU dispute deepens to a point where a boy like Gerry Lindgren may be penalized for wishing to represent his country against the Soviet Union, then I think that perhaps the time is here for the Congress to look into this alternative very closely." We agree.

Incidentally, we are not among those who believe that the NCAA-AAU feud was the reason our men's track and field team lost for the first time to the Soviet Union last July. Let's face it. No longer are we supreme in the world in any sport. Not in tennis, not in golf, not even in track and field. But we still do have a tremendous collection of track and field athletes and our men's defeat in Kiev was caused by illnesses and injuries to key men as much as anything. But the Russian men are getting stronger and we're going to have the fight of our lives at the Olympics in Mexico City in 1968. One encouraging note: Our women's team is getting better and better every year. Wyomia Tyus, Edith McGuire—and how about Marie Mulder, 15 years old and giving evidence of being the best woman's distance runner we have ever developed?

\* \* \*

A further sign of our time: NBC recently issued an order—that's right, an order—to the American Football League. No more satin pants, satin numerals or satin lettering to be used on the AFL players' uniforms. This particular type of shiny material "flares" or "bleeds" on color TV. Our heart bleeds for television, the contumacious cat, moving in, moving in, waiting for the opening that will enable the idiot box to swallow up sports.

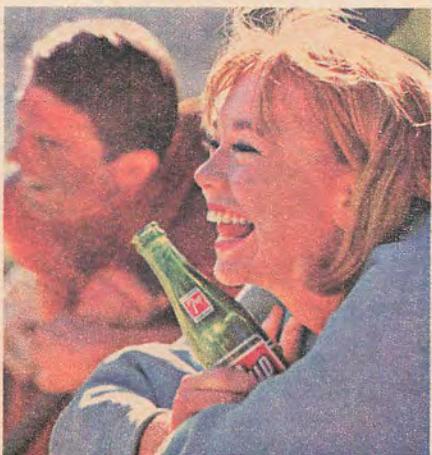
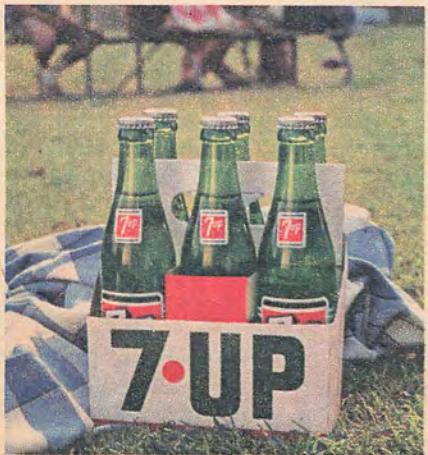
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A very peculiar incident involving the New York Mets took place last July. The story was broken by Dick Young, the excellent baseball writer for the New York *Daily News*. It concerned the circumstances leading to the trade of Met catcher Jesse Gonder to the Milwaukee Braves for utilityman Gary Kolb. Young reported that in order to make the deal the Mets' management agreed to hold Gonder out of a four-game series to be played with the Braves just before the deal was announced. Indeed, Gonder was held out of all four games. A lefty pinch-hitter with power, with a 9-for-30 record as a pinch-hitter, Gonder never got to bat against righthanded pitchers. But weak-hitting righthanded pinch-hitters got to pinch-hit against righty pitchers. Immediately, Commissioner Ford Frick announced that he would investigate. Investigate he did. A couple of days later he made the announcement—nothing to it, nothing at all. Jesse Gonder now pinch-hits quite regularly for the Braves.

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# *Are You Ready For A Negro Manager?*

## **I COULD DO THE JOB**

**By HANK AARON**

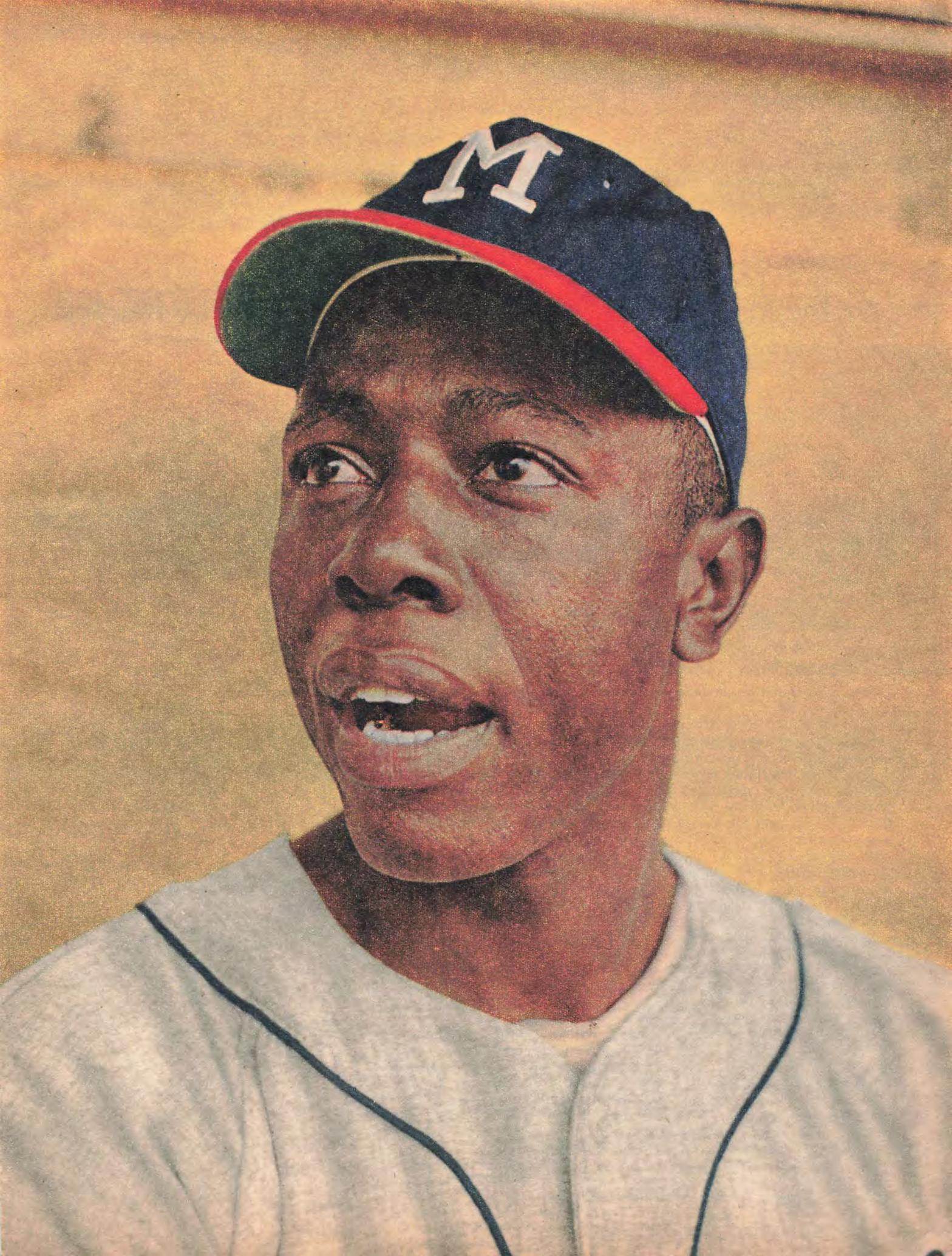
with Jerome Holtzman

*The Braves' star  
names the Negroes—and  
includes himself  
—who could manage in the  
major leagues. He  
also discusses the problems  
they might have*

**I**'VE BEEN THINKING about this for a month now and I've given it good, hard thought and I'm still not certain where to start. But I am convinced I could manage a big-league club and that there are many other Negroes who also have managerial qualifications—or will have. Willie Mays could manage. So could Jackie Robinson. Bill White could manage and Billy Bruton and Junior Gilliam and Ernie Banks. You don't have to cut this list off. It can go on and on because no two managers manage the same way.

I've never seen a set of rules, from 1 to 10, that says 1—a manager must do that, and 2—he must do this, etc. No two managers manage alike. This is something I've learned from my own experiences. In the 12 years I've been with the Braves I have played for five managers. They've all been different. They've all had their own styles. If I were to manage I'd be different, too. And two Negroes—I don't care if they are identical twins—arent going to handle a team in the same way any more than two white men would. Each man must go his own way and must make his own decisions.

The only thing, really, that every good manager has to do is get along with his players. That is, the players must respect him. I don't believe the manager must be chummy with the players. A manager is the boss and the boss shouldn't mix freely. But the manager does have to try to keep a good feeling among his players, especially among those players who aren't playing. The manager can't afford any ani-



## *Are You Ready For A Negro Manager?*

## I COULD DO THE JOB

continued



David Sutton

"Ninety percent of common managerial problems have nothing to do with color."

mosities toward any of his men. He should strive to keep a happy feeling and climate of mutual respect.

But what I'm doing is describing the perfect manager-player conditions and these conditions don't really exist. People aren't perfect and the manager is dealing with people, human beings. I have yet to play for a manager who's been able to keep everybody happy. All ballplayers think they should be playing but the manager can only play nine guys at a time. That is why it's impossible to keep total harmony. And disharmony isn't all bad. It's a good feeling to have the reserves wanting to play. I wouldn't want a player who was content sitting on the bench. Plenty of angry and disgruntled ballplayers have helped win pennants.

I mention this at the beginning because this is a problem that confronts every manager. The white managers have this problem—and so will the Negro manager. And if I were to become a manager I wouldn't delude myself into thinking, 'Well, Henry, now you've got to keep everybody happy.' No one else does this. I wouldn't be able to do it, either. But you try. You do the best you can.

Of course, a Negro manager would have some unique problems.

Let's say I'm managing the Braves and Rico Carty is a rookie and I make him our leftfielder. White people could say I was prejudiced in Carty's favor because he is a Negro. And if I was to farm Carty out and keep the white outfielder who was his competition, then I'd be attacked by the Negroes. They could say, 'See, the only reason he got rid of Carty was to keep the white people pleased.' They could say I was bending over backward not to favor the Negro.

This is a two-edged blade. The white manager has to contend with only one edge because it isn't quite the same when he keeps a Negro over a white boy. I say this because how many Negroes do you have on a club? The Braves have five—and we're all regulars. Same with the Giants. You don't find many Negro fringe players. (→ TO PAGE 105)



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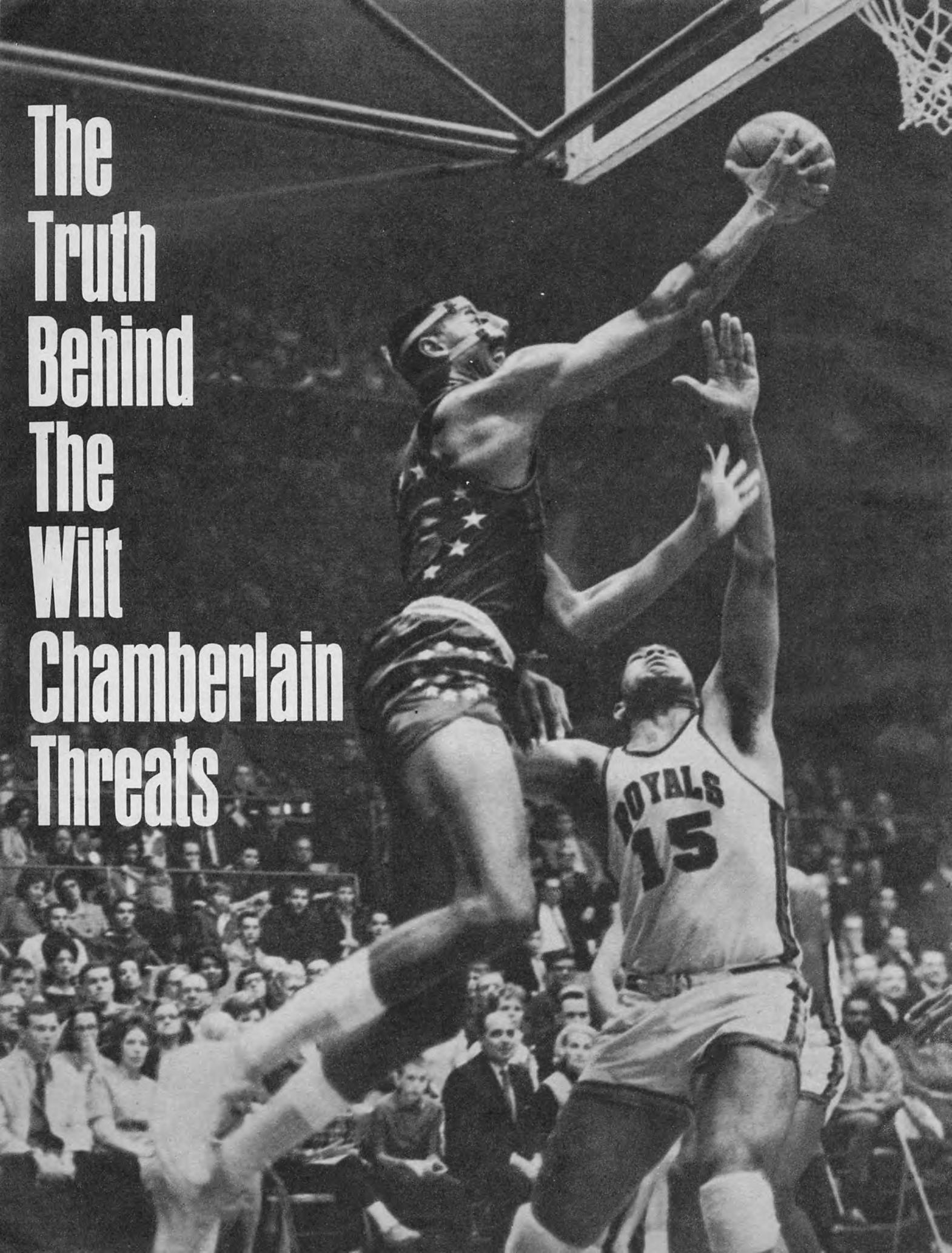
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# The Truth Behind The Wilt Chamberlain Threats



**I**F YOU WANT to talk about whether Wilt Chamberlain is everything he should be on a basketball court, you do that. If you want to talk about why no college or pro basketball team he has played on has ever won a championship, it's your privilege.

Me? I'd prefer to discuss the man, the many sides of the man. I remember when he and four of his teammates on the basketball team at Philadelphia's Overbrook High School got summer jobs as kitchen help at a children's camp. They were promised \$125 apiece for eight weeks and they were promised, too, that they'd be able to play ball and ride horses. Instead they worked 16 hours a day. Finally, the boss caught Wilt riding a horse when Wilt was supposed to be washing dishes and Wilt was fired.

A few years later, after Chamberlain had become the highest scorer in National Basketball Association history, that same camp owner asked Wilt to run a camp basketball clinic. "That man must be crazy to think I'd come," Chamberlain said to Eddie Gottlieb, who then owned the Philadelphia Warriors.

"He was going to pay you \$125 for a summer," said Gottlieb, "and here he's offering you \$250 for an hour's work. Besides, their kids are from Philadelphia and it'll be good for ticket sales next season."

Chamberlain has an appreciation of the gate. "Okay," he said, "I'll go, but only on one condition. That man's got to meet me in the camp kitchen out of which he fired me. I want to see how he's treating his dishwashers these days."

These days \$250 is tip money for Wilt. He invariably carries a roll topped by a dozen \$100 bills.

"Hey character," Matty Simmons said to Wilt one recent night at Roosevelt Raceway. Simmons is a vice-president of Diner's Club and he and Wilt jointly own three harness horses. Wilt, prior to making a bet, had just pulled out his money roll.

"Hey character, what?" said Wilt.

"First place," said Matty, "why carry so much dough with you? Second place, why flash that roll? Some night somebody's going to see it, follow you and hit you over the head."

"First place," said Wilt, mimicking Simmons, "if anybody's going to hit me over the head, he'd have to climb a ladder to do it. Second place, if I see anybody coming at me carrying a ladder, I'll know what he's after."

Chamberlain has a love of money and a flair for ostentation. He has a vengeful streak and a playful streak. He has financial security, but is riddled with insecurities. "He broods more than people know," says Haskell Cohen, public relations director of the NBA and a friend of Chamberlain's since Wilt was a teenager. "He looks aloof and calm, but he worries about what happens at any given moment. Because of his size he never can have a moment of peace. He's got to endure it all his life and sometimes it may seem too much."

"He wants to be recognized as an equal and not as a freak," says Ike Richman, Wilt's friend, lawyer and, as owner of the Philadelphia 76ers, employer. "If he could solve that everything would be all right. I had a lump over my eye and had it removed. He can't remove what bothers him."

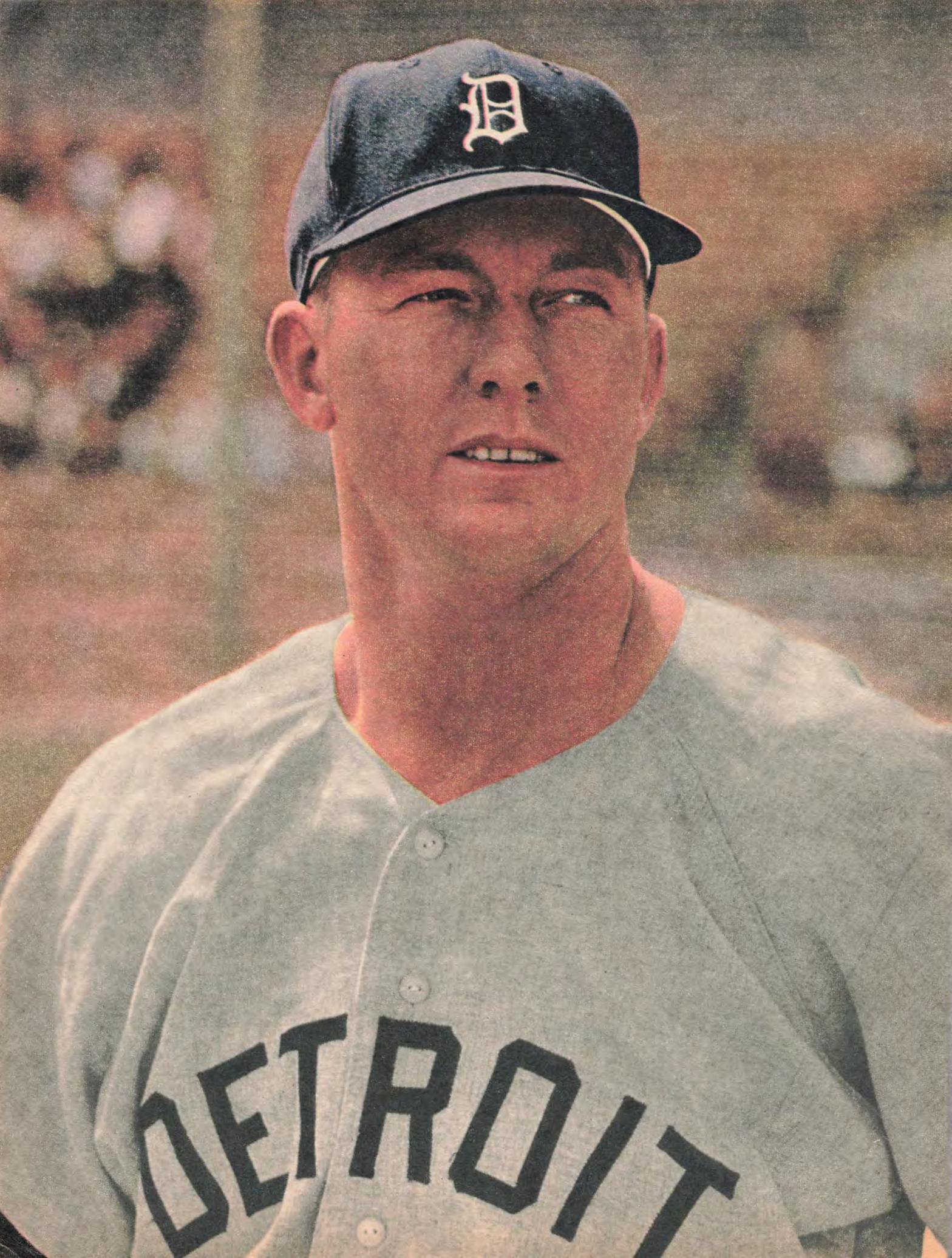
"Everybody feels they've got to take a shot at the big guy," says Gottlieb, "and Wilt's so strong he's never hit back. He's afraid he'll kill somebody if he does. People won't give him credit because he's so big. They say, 'So what if he scores points. He should. Look at the advantage he's got.'"

Wilt has never been able to fully savor his success because it has been accompanied by abuse. He suffers from chronic pancreatitis, but that is the least of his pain. Mostly he suffers psychological pain, and the assaults at his psyche have been, really, behind his threats to quit the game that brings him more than \$100,000 a season. Were he not so complex a man, had he not so many sides and moods, perhaps the assaults would not disturb him. So, too, the complexities of Chamberlain have been behind his threats to quit. "I realize I'm not a saint," says Wilt, "but I'm opinionated about everything that involves me. I get sick of the abuse, the tongues wagging, the finger pointing, the criticism. I get tired of people saying I never do anything right no matter what I do. If I score too many points I'm hogging the ball. If I don't score too many I'm (→ TO PAGE 95)

To understand the threats, it is vital to know the man. After you have read this thoughtful and inside story, you will know the man

**By Milton Gross**

Photo by Malcolm Emmons



DETROIT

# "AL KALINE MATURES AGAIN"

*"It seemed that every year, for about four or five years, I'd write a story saying how Al Kaline had finally matured. I used to get kidded about it from other writers.*

*Now, Al Kaline is here, and I mean all the way. As an athlete and as a man"*

By JOE FALLS

BILLY HOEFT said it first. It was last January, at lunch at Baja's restaurant in Dearborn, Michigan. He bit into his roast beef sandwich, then looked up. "You're kidding," he said. "Al's not 30. He can't be. The rest of us get old but not him. Not Al."

"He was 30 last month."

Hoeft shook his head. "I can't believe it. I guess I thought he'd always be 26 or 27 years old."

Al Kaline became 30 years old last December 19. There is nothing unusual about this in itself. Sooner or later everyone gets to be 30. Some even get to be 40.

But the thing about Kaline is that age has never been a factor with him. Except the other way around. He was 19 years old when he won the American League batting title. Nobody had ever won it that young before. When he was 22, his manager, Jack Tighe, said he couldn't miss making the Hall of Fame. By the time he was 24, he had hit .300 four times. When he was 27, another of his many managers, Bob Scheffing, said, no, thank you, he wouldn't trade Al Kaline for Willie Mays.

Kaline, in many ways, was the epitome of the Great American Dream. He was the broommaker's son who made good. He had a lovely wife, a fine house in the country, two healthy sons, drove new cars and wore well-tailored suits. He was a success in his job. Wherever he went, people knew him. They asked for his autograph. They stopped to talk to him. They stopped to shake his hand. He had all of this, and more. He also had youth. He was a guy you could envy.

I envied Al Kaline.

I've seen Kaline play almost every game he has played for the Detroit Tigers and I'll be honest about it: I didn't care too much for him in those early years. He was too good. Everything was too easy for him. He was making \$30,000 before he could vote. He was a kid in a Cadillac. Nobody should have it *that* easy.

He was surly in those early years. He swung a sharp bat and spoke with a sharp tongue. If you had any questions, you approached him with apprehension. Even now I can see him in old Griffith Stadium, slamming his helmet into the dugout, ramming his bat against the rack and storming up and down the dugout after popping up with runners on base.

But as the years wore on, Kaline began to settle down and I began to appreciate his talents. He became friendlier and more talkative. It got so he was bending only a couple of helmets a year.

As I watched him, day in and day out, I began to realize what I should have realized in the beginning —that he was NOT the greatest player in the world, that everything was NOT as easy as it looked. I finally realized that like you, I and everyone else, Al Kaline had to work for what he got out of life.

I became an Al Kaline fan.

And because I did, I became disappointed in him.

When you look up to someone, you want him to be special. Al Kaline was special. But only in the field. Off the field, he was just another guy. A guy who couldn't be less impressed with (→ TO PAGE 81)



# Jim Taylor.

## The Taming Of A Pro Football Tough Guy

By Bud Lea

*Color by Bob Peterson*



Jim no longer "stings 'em" every play.

WHEN THE QUARTERBACK of the Green Bay Packers stuffs a football into Jim Taylor's belly and Taylor runs toward the line, 11 men have one thought uppermost in their minds. They are eager to pay Taylor their personal respects.

They pay this respect by hitting him, punching him, gouging him, twisting him and committing other acts of assorted mayhem. They are, of course, the 11 men on defense and if you ever paid such respect to, say, a policeman, you'd be on defense, too. And Louis Nizer might be right there on defense with you.

Taylor, though, has earned this respect. "You always like to hit the best a little harder," says Packer tackle Henry Jordan, explaining part of it. The other part stems from Taylor's reputation. His football credo, amply publicized through the years, has been simply: "You've got to make tacklers respect you. Nobody's going to hit me harder than I'm going to hit them."

When Taylor first made that statement several years ago, he was this kind of football player: He would charge into the line, bang into defenders

*"You tackle him," a player once said, "and he'll say, 'I thought you could hit harder than that.' So you try to do it"*

and, as they clutched him, he would drive harder. He would squirm and fight and maul them, even when stopped. He would continue mauling and squirming when pinned to the ground. Then, when it was over, he would ask, literally ask, for more.

"It usually takes four or five guys to bring Taylor down," Chuck Bednarik once said. "It takes a lot of guys to bring Jimmy Brown down, too, but Brown knows when it's no use to drive any more. Taylor doesn't. And Brown never mouths off. Taylor always does. Green Bay was beating us (the Philadelphia Eagles) 49-0 once and Taylor kept popping his mouth off all game. A lot of us were saying, 'If I can belt you, you sonofagun, you're gonna get it.'"

"Taylor's always giving you the talk," Carl Brettschneider once said. "You tackle him and he'll say, 'I thought you could hit harder than that.' So you try to do it. You figure, next time I'll hit him a little harder."

Taylor was also this kind of a football player: When charging into the line, he would seek out opponents to hit. Given a choice between running into or running around a defender, Taylor inevitably ran into him. Once, after Taylor apparently had run out of his way to bang into a defender, Green Bay coach Vince Lombardi reprimanded him. "Coach!" Taylor said, "you gotta sting 'em a little."

These days Taylor is stinging 'em less and enjoying it more. He is still, at 30, every bit as tough as he was at, say, 25, but he has been tamed. He still drives and squirms and fights and mauls and he still feeds on defenders when the occasion arises, but he has given up

*"I'm no headhunter," says the Green Bay Packer fullback. "I know I don't try to run over them as much as I used to."*



hunting for them every time he carries the ball.

"I'm no head-hunter," Taylor said recently. "I know I don't try to run over them as much as I used to. I think maybe they've got a little respect for me from previous times and that might help me break past them when they're looking for me to come at them."

Last season, in a game against Detroit, Paul Hornung, Forrest Gregg and Boyd Dowler cleared away defenders as Taylor raced around right end. Yale Lary tried to bump Taylor out of bounds, but Taylor sped past him and now only one Lion, Dick LeBeau, stood between Taylor and the end zone. Taylor did not charge LeBeau. Instead, Taylor slowed down long enough for teammate Bob Skoronski to get ahead of him. As Skoronski drove into LeBeau, Taylor sidestepped the collision and ran the rest of his 84 yards for a touchdown, the longest run from scrimmage of the NFL season.

"That play was the best example of how he's altered his style," says Packer quarterback Bart Starr. "Before, he would have turned to run over Lary or somebody at midfield. He still hits as hard as ever, but he's using his blockers better."

"The big difference I've observed over the years," says Jordon, "is the way Jimmy has learned to pick up his blockers. If he has to, he'll still run over tacklers. But he's a fine student of football and realizes that he can survive much longer by zig-zagging rather than steamrolling."

And Taylor still drives and squirms and fights and mauls, but he no longer "asks for more." "I have no intentions of deliberately antagonizing them," he says. "Oh, I'll add a few casual things now and then, but nothing to keep them teed off. I've no beefs about being tackled and I've had some pretty good licks, all legal. But when some eager beaver drives a forearm or a knee into me after the whistle, I'll complain. Who wouldn't?"

So this, then, is Jim Taylor as he plays his eighth season of professional football. He has behind him a record of excellence: 1400 carries going into this season for 6768 yards, five straight seasons of gaining 1000 yards or more (1960 through 1964). "He's the best runner I've got," says Lombardi. "I wouldn't trade him for any back in the league. That's the best compliment I can pay him."

And Taylor, it seems, has ahead of him more seasons of heroics. This, in a sense, is amazing considering the beatings he's taken. "Jim is our bread-and-butter guy," says Starr, "and they know nothing less than an all-out pursuit is going to stop him. Jim is realistic about this and just tries that much harder. The bigger the game, the better he plays. He's got a ton of courage."

Says Packer backfield coach, John (Red) Cochran: "He probably takes more of a beating than most players because he is constantly struggling for yardage. The only way to put him down is to gang-tackle him. Naturally, this takes a lot out of Jimmy in every game, but he's none the worse for it. In so many of those pileups you would swear that he had damaged a leg or knee beyond repair. But he seems to pop it back into place and quickly jumps up for the next play. He is rarely bothered with charley horses or pulled muscles. This is a credit to his excellent physical condition."

"I've told all my players that the only way to play this game is to go all out all the time," says Lombardi.

"Jimmy has something special going for him, his physical makeup. He's rock hard, stays in excellent physical condition all the time and, as a result, he's rarely injured."

Taylor keeps his six feet and 215 pounds in shape by lifting weights and watching his diet in the off-season as well as during the season. About the only time he was out of shape in his pro football career was in the winter of 1963, when he suffered from hepatitis, a liver ailment that drains the strength from his body. People everywhere know of Taylor's addiction to physical fitness and his fan mail is largely composed of letters from high-school players who want to know how to tone their muscles for football. "These kids are so sincere," says Taylor, "that I'm real happy if I can help them."

What he tells them, among other things, is that "you can't be a happy-go-lucky guy in this business. You've got to pay the price. One of my pet peeves is a rookie who reports 20 pounds overweight. How can he be sincere about this game?"

When Taylor was a rookie, he was sincere. But Scooter McLean, then the Green Bay coach, did not think Taylor had sufficient skills to go with the sincerity. Despite his All-America record at LSU, Taylor sat on the bench at Green Bay until the next-to-last game of the season. "It was agony," says Taylor. "I was positive I could do the job, but I had to prove it to my teammates and the coaches. Maybe I didn't have the polish of our other runners, but I knew I was just as quick and strong as the others."

When Taylor got his chance in the final two games of that 1958 season, he gained 247 yards in 52 carries. "I was concerned with only one thing in those days, though," he says. "Yards. I had to make a hit."

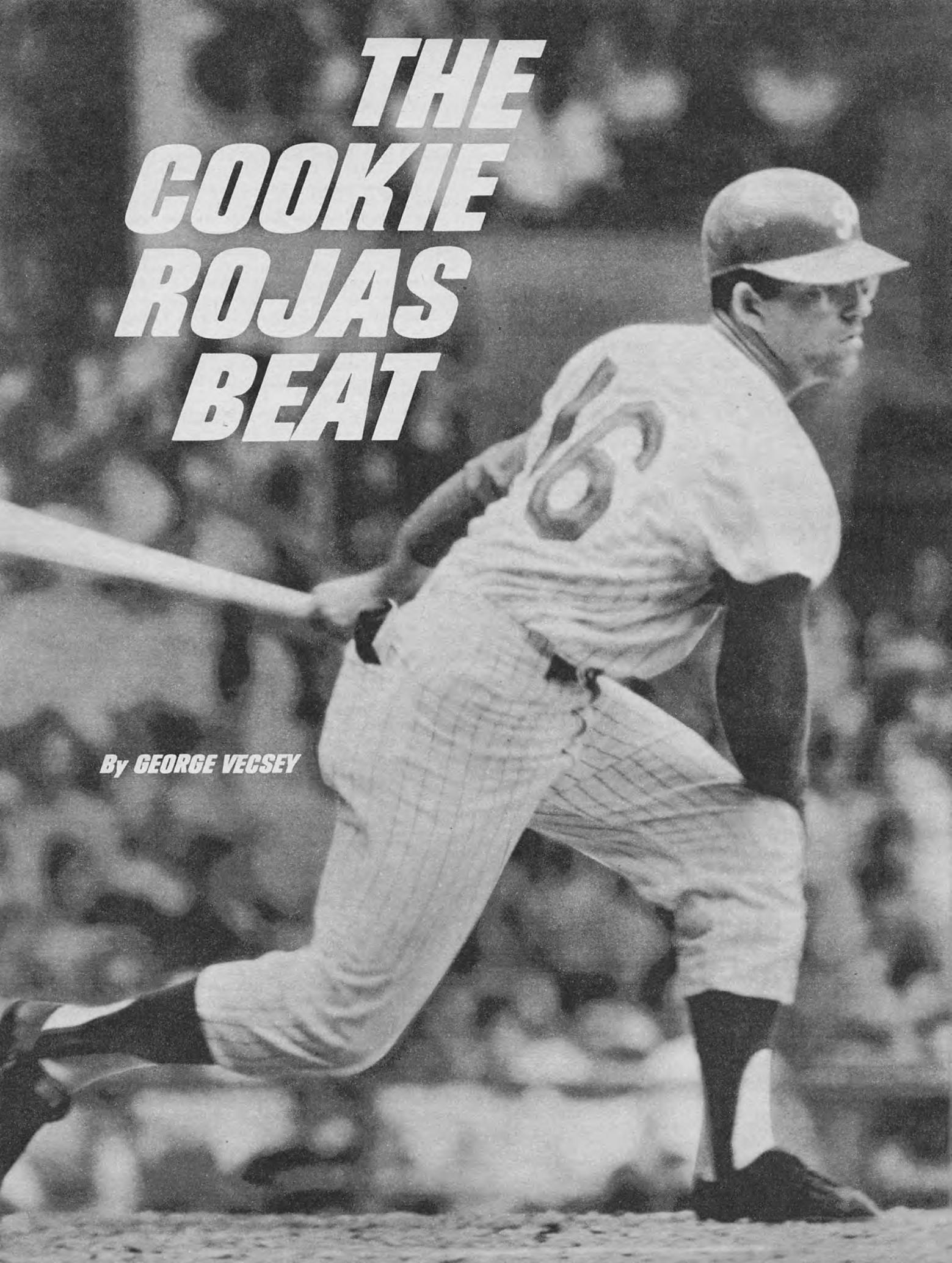
By 1959, when he came to camp after a spring and summer in his home town, Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Taylor had made his hit. Lombardi had taken over as coach of the Packers and decided Taylor was his fullback. Lombardi built his rushing attack around Taylor and it remains built around him today. "One of our best plays," says Lombardi, "is a simple fullback slant. Taylor can run it over tackle and if that hole closes, he can come back over center or he can swing wide outside. Three plays right there off of one because Taylor makes them work."

Taylor makes plays work, says Cochran, with his football knowledge as well as with his physical talent. "When we (Lombardi and his assistant coaches) came here in 1959," says Cochran, "the word was that Jimmy was a slow thinker. Well, he picked up our system relatively fast. And when he's carrying the ball, he's constantly offering coaching tips to the entire offense. Coach Taylor takes a lot of razzing from his teammates."

Says Packer guard Jerry Kramer: "He's come a long way off the field, too. I remember when he was scared to death about television appearances, begging off time and again. And you could never get him for a speaking engagement. Now you should see him. He's a hit. And he's as sharp with a dollar as anyone on the club."

Taylor has invested his dollars in real estate in Baton Rouge, including a 20-unit apartment building. And lately he has taken an avid interest in the stock market. But still, football remains his consuming interest. He thinks about the game (→ to PAGE 93)

# **THE COOKIE ROJAS BEAT**



*By GEORGE VECSEY*

*No big drum rolls, no fanfare*

*for the Phillie who plays seven positions.*

*He lives his life and plays his game*

*quietly—but with considerable impact*

THIS IS A STORY about Cookie Rojas, who is, among other things, a displaced person—a man without a regular home or a steady position. It was going to lead right off with jokes about living under Fidel Castro and playing for Gene Mauch and these will come in good time.

But Cookie Rojas needs a more basic introduction than that. The quiet and effective utility-man of the Philadelphia Phillies is such a stranger to the headlines that not many people know the basics. Such as:

1. —Cookie Rojas is going to be a manager some day. He will manage in the minors and coach in the majors and some day manage in the major leagues. It will take time and work, because that is how life is with Cookie Rojas. But it will come.

2. —Cookie Rojas has his own beat—subtle and Latin. He is a white Cuban who looks more like an Italian seminarian than a Latin ballplayer. He wears glasses and seems to be a very serious man. He drives a Thunderbird with a built-in stereo tape recorder. He drives conservatively on the Philadelphia highways as Trini Lopez sings in Spanish from the tape recorder. Cookie wears a huge square ring on his left finger. His friend, Ruben Amaro, croons *Besame Mucho* in the back seat of the Thunderbird; Ruben Amaro has a big beat. Cookie's beat is small—a sigh, the light, insistent tapping of ring against steering wheel. The beat is like the man—inconspicuous but very effective.

3. —Cookie Rojas just might be a ballplayer. Given a chance to play in the major leagues, he batted .291 last year. Given a chance to play regularly this season, he was batting .302 until the All-Star break. He batted .000 during the All-Star break—popping out in the fourth inning for the National League.

4. —Cookie Rojas does the right things at the right time. Stand behind him at a shopping center in Pennsauken, New Jersey, on a rainy July afternoon. Jug-eared and small (mouse-like, if you dig animal references to human beings), solemn behind his glasses which are misting over, he signs autographs for children whose parents are shoving them on line.

Cookie does not relish this chore but he is being paid well for it. ("You know most of them will throw it away when they are gone," he sighs privately.) Occasionally he smiles shyly at the tiny children whose heads just barely reach the top of the table. When an adult greets him in Spanish, Rojas nods and says, *Gracias*. He is hardly as charming a *caballero* as Amaro, who is signing and talking with a flourish at the next table.

A palsied boy is wheeled before Rojas. The boy appears to be 12, has little control of his body. Strapped into his wheelchair, he squirms to face the ballplayer. Cookie Rojas takes over.

"How are you today?" Rojas asks animatedly. The boy cannot articulate as the ballplayer shakes his hand. "What is his name?" Rojas asks the boy's guardian. Rojas reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out pictures of himself. He has been saving them for special people. He writes a long message on the picture and places the picture in the boy's hand. Then he closes the hand around the picture. "See you at the ballpark?" he asks gently. It takes a minute. Cookie Rojas is a man.

5. —Cookie Rojas may not be prime sirloin among ballplayers but neither is he hot dog. The Phillies are short of ballplayers when Rojas slams a foul ball off his instep. With the crowd clucking in sympathy, he stoically draws a walk and hobbles to first base. He stays in the game, takes pain-killer shots overnight and plays the next afternoon, too. "Anybody else would have asked out," says Cookie's roommate, Chris Short. "He knew we didn't have a bench today so he stayed in there."

Those are some basic facts about Octavio (Cookie) Rojas, 26, a displaced person. He does not dare return to his native Havana so he lives in several other places. He does not have a steady position with the Phillies so he plays anywhere.

(→ TO PAGE 88)

THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 13

# Bob Lilly, Defensive Tackle

*In his first full year at tackle, the man once known as  
The Purple Cloud made All-Pro. "There is no one man in football,"  
says Tom Landry, "who can contain Lilly"*

By Gary Cartwright

**O**N OPENING DAY of the '65 training camp in Thousand Oaks, California, Dallas coach Tom Landry addressed his team in front of a blackboard still spotted with year-old scribblings. A smear the width of an eraser destroyed whatever final order had sent the Cowboys to another sorry season in 1964, but in the top left corner were the words: *Objective—A MORE EFFECTIVE PASS RUSH.* Landry stood before 60 waiting football players and swayed slightly like an archaeologist who had just stumbled across his own tomb. If Landry were amused by the one redeeming quality of an otherwise miserable season—the fact that his young defense had risen from dead last in the National Football League to second—he concealed it nicely.

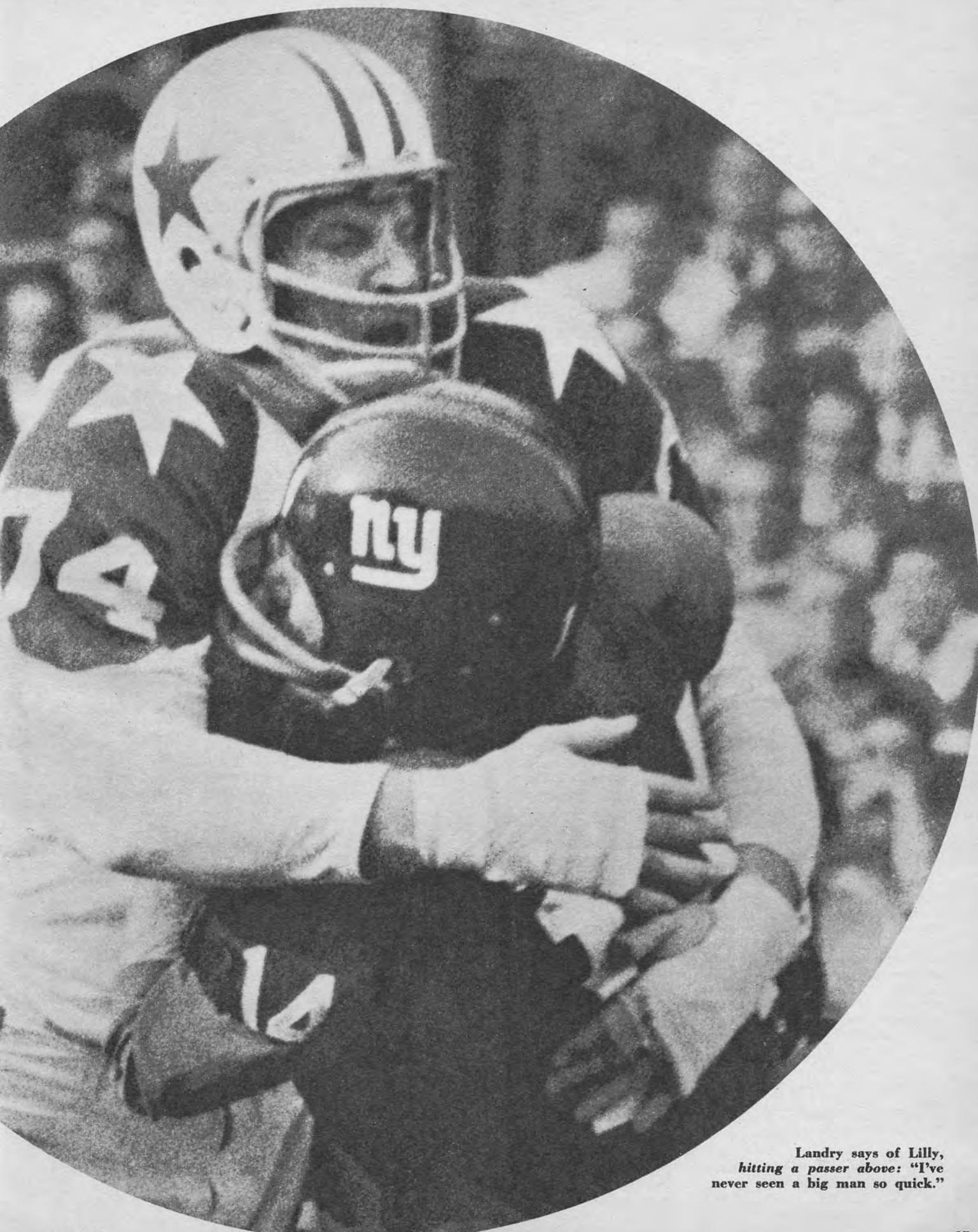
Now, in silence violated dryly by the clack of chalk, Landry wrote under the message: "80," then "180." Eighty, he said, was the number of times Cowboy defensive ends broke their initial pass block last season in Dallas' complicated system of shelling the passer. Tackles broke their initial pass block 180 times. Tackles, then, were more than twice as effective as ends.

"What makes these figures a little silly," Landry said, "is Robert Lilly."

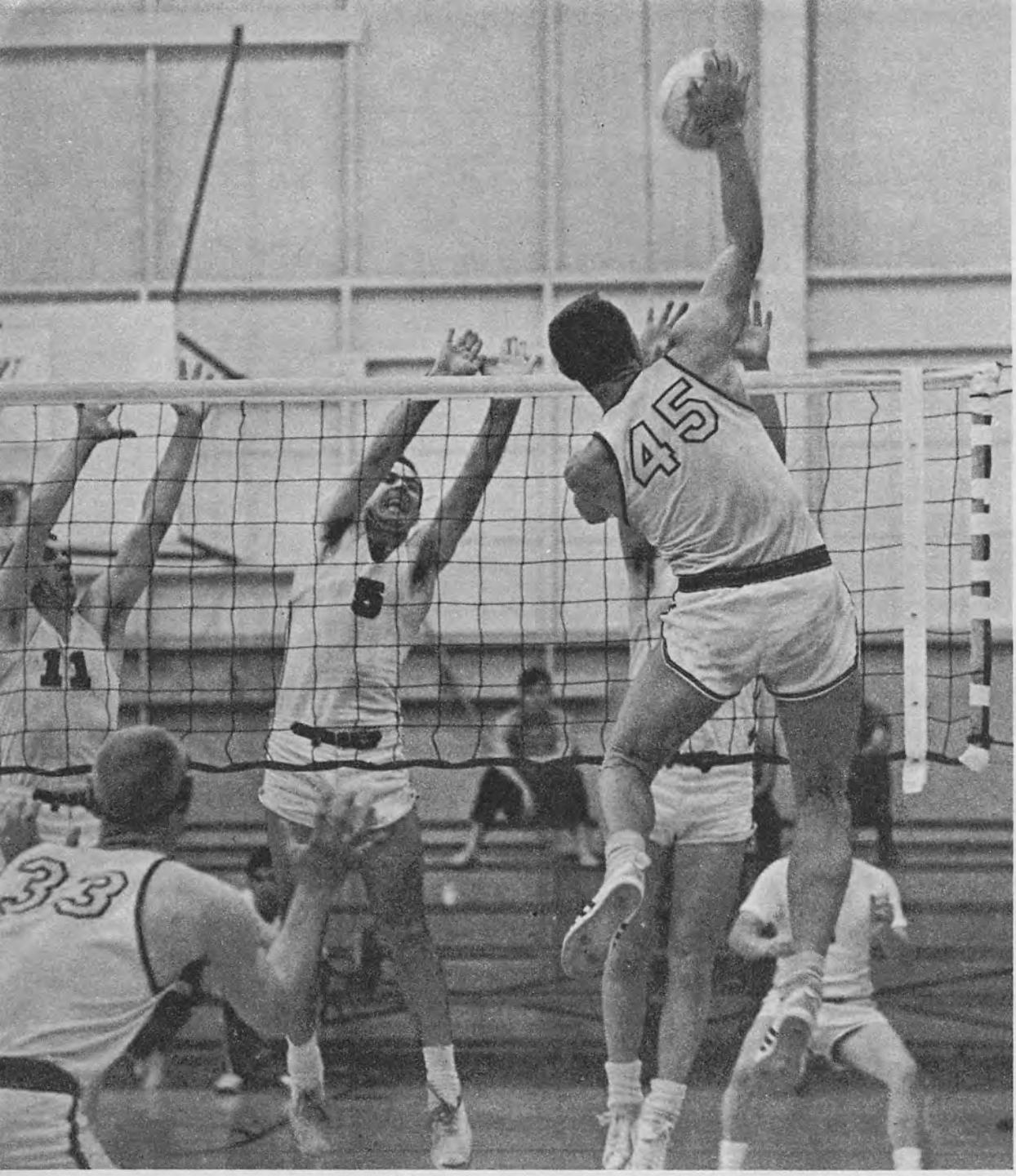
Later Landry explained, "These figures are not the number of times we got to the passer, only the number of times we broke our initial block. Of course, when a man breaks his initial block there's a good chance he's either going to get the passer or run into a second block and make it easier for someone else to get him. They've got seven men blocking our four. If each of our men breaks his first block, we're going to get someone through. The important thing is that we don't break down. . . . In other words, that all four of our front men break their first block. What throws these figures a little out of whack is Lilly. He always broke his first block, *always* . . . and usually his second or third. There is no one man in football who can contain Lilly."

Only four defenses chased down more passers than did Landry's. The Cowboys did it 45 times, the same as Green Bay, which led the league in overall defense. In fact, Dallas ranked no worse than fifth in the 53 of the 54 categories on which the defensive leader is calculated. The one exception was touchdown passes allowed: 22, tenth place. Ten of those touchdown passes were for more than 30 yards.

"We don't expect our secondary to cover for that long a time," says defensive backfield coach Dick Nolan. "When they hit a long one it usually means your (→ TO PAGE 96)



Landry says of Lilly,  
*hitting a passer above*: "I've  
never seen a big man so quick."



Volleyball's most violent weapon is the spike, leaping high and slamming the ball straight down, above. Its execution is difficult and requires great leaping ability, split-second timing and a killer instinct. The only frontline defense against it is a human wall of outstretched arms, right. Obviously, bloody noses are part of the game.



# SPIKE YOUR WAY TO VICTORY

PHOTOS BY PAT HALL

**S**EVENTY YEARS AGO A YMCA sports director named William Morgan stretched a tennis net head-high across a Holyoke, Massachusetts, gym and the game of volleyball was born. Through the years, while people of all ages in the U. S. were content to pat the ball politely back and forth, players from other nations were trying to knock each other's brains out—or, failing that, a few teeth. The result: The U. S. volleyball entry in the '64 Olympics finished ninth.

Judging by the enthusiasm and quality of play at the national championships this past May, the U. S. could make a far better showing at the '68 Games. Thirty-seven teams took part in the '65 national tournament (pictured on these pages) at Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, Nebraska. Floor burns and bruises indicated that Americans were finally bent on catching up with their own runaway game.

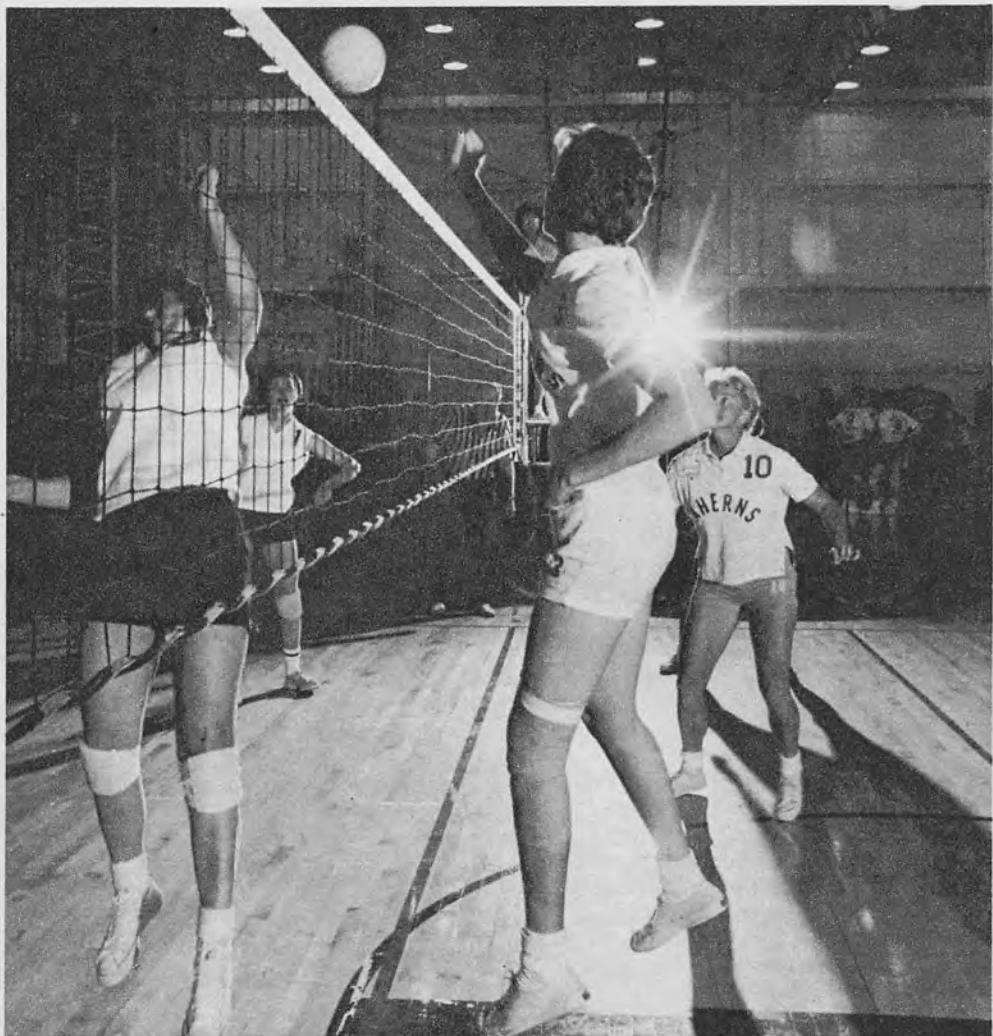


The only way to stop a dropping volleyball, above, is to get under it, which can lead to problems, below.



Two of the '65 tourney's most notable players were Keith Erickson, No. 7 above, and Gene Selznick, No. 39. Erickson was a star forward on UCLA's NCAA basketball champions. Selznick is a 14-time volleyball All-America and considered the U.S.'s top player. He led his Los Angeles Westside team to victory.





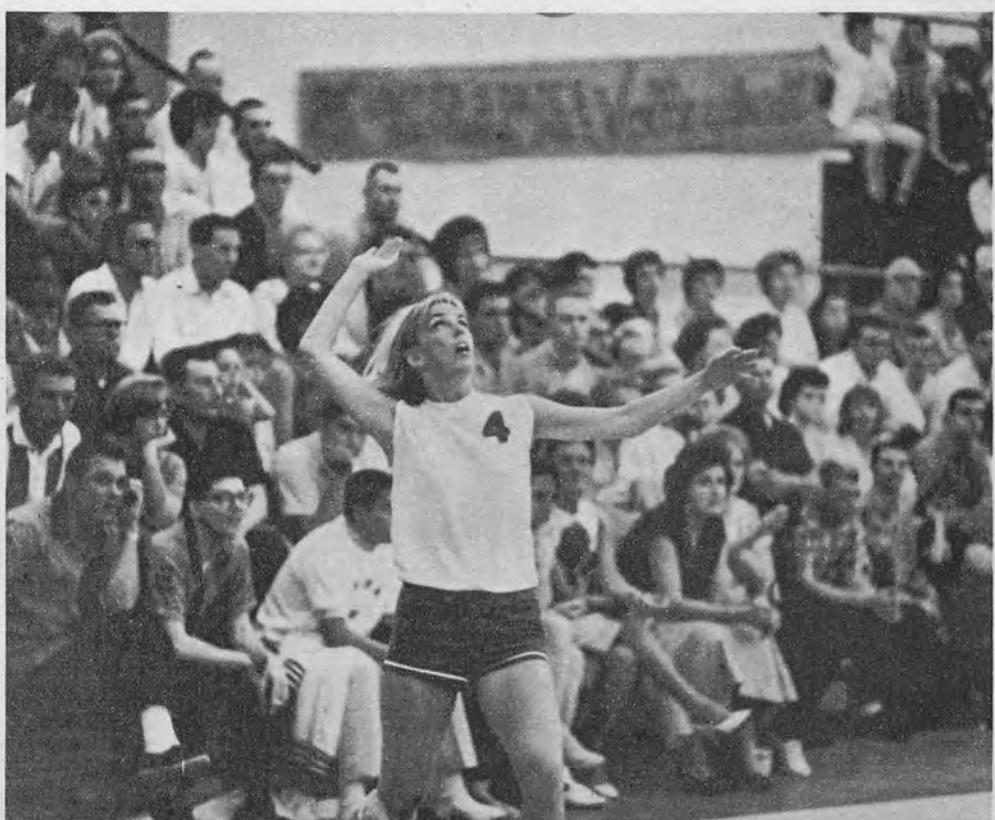
## SPIKE YOUR WAY TO VICTORY

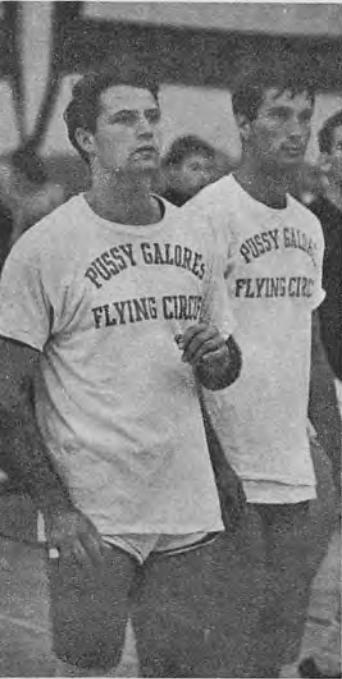
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The female Long Beach Aherns, *on right side of net at left*, joined with the male LA Westside team in maintaining California's volleyball supremacy. Eleven of the 12 men on the '64 Olympic team were Californians. It's not surprising since volleyball is just as popular on Pacific Coast beaches as beer, blondes and surfboards.



Jo Rae Zuckerman, *above*, and Sharon Peterson, *right*, demonstrate two methods of serving. Miss Zuckerman prefers the underhand serve, which is relatively easy to control. But it also is slower and easier to return than Miss Peterson's overhand serve, which goes over on a line and which has a tendency to drop.





To most of the spectators on hand in the converted airplane hangar at the '65 tournament, *below*, the fierce, rugged play was a rare sight. Also rare—and a little disturbing to tournament officials—were some of the eye-catching uniforms, *above*. A San Francisco team, *left*, paid homage to the heroine in Ian Fleming's "Goldfinger." The Outrigger Canoe Club of Honolulu, Hawaii, wore lovely flower shorts, *right*—for one game. Things were more formal at the victory banquet where Nebraska football coach Bob Devaney, *far right*, was the featured speaker.





Fred Kaplan

*Don Mincher, who is starring in  
the major leagues this season, might have  
starred in them a long time ago.*

*If only he hadn't taken an aimless walk in  
Alabama one winter day in 1954*

# THE **TWIN** **WHO THREW ROCKS**

By MAX NICHOLS

ONE WINTER DAY in 1954, a tall blond-haired high-school athlete strolled along a railroad track near Huntsville, Alabama. Every few steps he would pick up a rock from the track bed and see how far he could throw it.

He threw the rocks far, but he was prouder of his ability to throw baseballs hard and hit baseballs long distances. He was certain he someday would play in the major leagues and, two years later, when he was a high-school senior he did sign a professional baseball contract with the Chicago White Sox.

But he had thrown one too many rocks that wintry day in 1954. He had hurt his throwing arm, not enough to prevent him from getting a pro contract, but just enough for the White Sox to switch him from the outfield to first base.

Therein began the problems of Don Mincher, rock thrower. The injury never hampered his ability to slug baseballs out of sight. But though he proved almost at once he could hit home runs against major-league pitching, it took Mincher until 1965 to get into even a platooned lineup on any regular basis. First the White Sox and later his current team, the Minnesota Twins, considered him "a butcher" at first base.

"I went to Chicago and worked out for the White Sox in front of Chuck Comiskey before I signed in 1956," says Mincher. "I wanted to be an outfielder. I worked out both in the outfield and at first base. I still was having a problem throwing, so they switched me to first base. Just to be able to play, I went ahead with their decision and didn't say anything."

Though he was considered a "butcher," Mincher always remained confident of his skills. He has always

been confident. "I was," he says, "a cocky high-school hero." He kept his confidence mostly to himself in the major leagues, however, until this past spring. In Orlando, Florida, during spring training, he appeared on a television show and demanded the Twins "play me or trade me." He received a pat on the back and soothing words from manager Sam Mele. He did not begin to play much, though, until June.

"This is the first year I ever thought I had the right to stick up for myself," Mincher says. "That's why I went on television."

He had slugged 23 home runs for the Twins in 1964 in 287 times at bat—one home run every 12.4 official times at bat. Babe Ruth, in comparison, hit one home run in every 11.8 at bats, the major-league record.

"I went to spring training looking forward to this season," Mincher says. "They were trying to get Harmon (Killebrew) ready in his switch from left field to first, so I wasn't playing in exhibitions. Every day this kept on. I knew if something happened to Harmon at the beginning of the season, I wasn't going to be ready.

"Then one day I just got up in a bad mood. I happened to have a TV appearance scheduled that day. I lowered the boom. I meant every word I said, and I still mean it. I said I was ready to be traded right then and there if I wasn't going to get a chance to play. I was ready to leave. At 27 I'm at a point I've got to play if I'm going to get anywhere in this game. I want to play in Minnesota for the Twins if I can, but I think I can play."

Killebrew had been promised he would not be moved from first base during the season. But early in

June Killebrew told Mele he would move if the manager "wanted to get Mincher's bat into the lineup in certain situations." A week later, when infielder Jerry Kindall was injured, Mele moved Killebrew to third base.

So, on June 17, Mincher played first base and hit a home run to help beat the Chicago White Sox, 3-1.

"I knew then there was a chance this might keep going if I did a good job," says Mincher. By July 4 he was playing against all starting righthanded pitchers and by August he had 13 homers—one about every 11 times at bat.

"This is the first time I've been in the lineup long enough to have had a bad day and still figure on being back in the lineup the next day," Mincher says. "It's the greatest feeling I've had in four years in the majors. It changes the outlook on everything."

On bad days, says Mincher's wife, Pat, who has known him since he was a seventh grader in Huntsville, Mincher never throws tantrums. "He's more of a pouter," she says. "He won't say anything. He just sits. I leave him alone. The kids (Mark, eight, Donna, seven, Lori, four) can cheer him up a lot better than I can."

Pat and Don were married before they graduated from Butler High School in Huntsville. In Huntsville Don played baseball for the high-school varsity for six years—from seventh grade on. In 1955, just before his senior year of high school, Don was named the No. 1 sandlot player in the nation at the national semi-pro tournament in Wichita, Kan. He batted .417 in the tournament and hit four spectacular home runs there.

"I had to leave the tournament early," Don recalls. "Football practice was beginning for my senior year." On the football team Don played defensive tackle and offensive end; he was offered a scholarship to play football and baseball at the University of Alabama.

"I decided to sacrifice college and get the baseball experience I needed to get to the majors as quickly as possible," he says. "I was married and had to get started making a living."

After receiving a \$4000 bonus from the White Sox, Mincher went to Duluth, Minnesota, in the Northern League, where he first began playing first base.

"I don't think I really worked hard enough to make myself a good fielder," Mincher says. "I took it for granted more than anything else. In the minor leagues fielding never was a problem. When I got to the majors, something always happened."

In the spring of 1960, the White Sox sent Mincher, catcher Earl Battey and \$150,000 to Washington for Roy Sievers. Don was immediately put into the Senators' lineup.

"I hit a couple of home runs, and things were going pretty well," Mincher says. "Then I made a couple of errors that cost us a couple of games. I remember Camilo Pascual was pitching in one of them. Nothing was said, but the newspapers had a few words on it.

"I started pressing, thinking about it. Before I knew it I was on my way back to the minors. That was the first time I started thinking seriously about fielding. It's not how many errors you make, but when you make them. That's where I got the tag. All of a sudden I was considered a bad fielder. Every time I got a chance to stay in the majors, I started thinking about it."

In the spring of 1961 Mincher hit five homers in big-league games. He also made eight errors in 35 games and was sent down to Buffalo.

At Buffalo, he worked on his fielding, and also became a pull hitter. "Before that my best power was to left centerfield," he says. "But there was a short right-field fence in Buffalo. I did a little rearranging with my feet. I like the way I hit now. I don't think I'll ever change."

Mincher hit 24 homers for Buffalo. By the beginning of the 1962 season, Mincher's Washington Senators had become the Minnesota Twins. The manager of the Twins, Mele, announced that Mincher would be the Twins' regular first-baseman. But two days before the season opened, the Twins acquired Vic Power from Cleveland.

"I was in the clubhouse when I heard about the trade," Don says. "I kept saying to myself: 'Maybe they got him to play second base. Maybe third.' I just couldn't let myself believe he was coming to play first base. It took me two or three days to get over it."

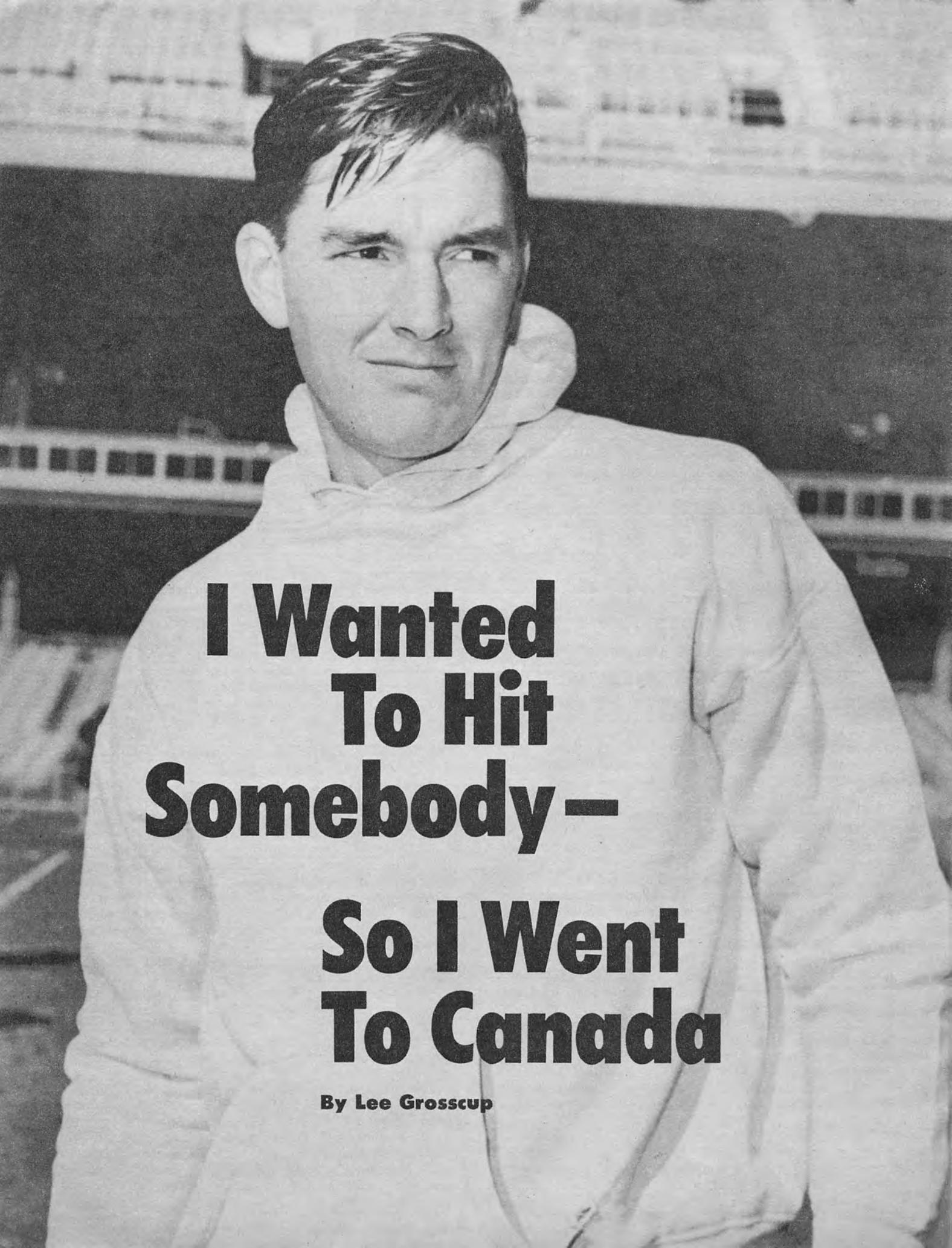
Mincher watched Power from the Twins bench through 1962 and 1963. As a part-time player Don hit 17 home runs in 1963.

"Looking back it may have been one of the most important things that have happened to me," Mincher says. "Power taught me to relax. He helped me learn that if you boot a ball, you boot it. Forget it."

In 1964, with Power finished as a Twin, Mele moved Bob Allison from right field to first base. Again, Mincher had been bypassed. "But I knew I would play if either Killebrew or Allison got hurt or was rested," Don says. "And I did play when either was out. I got the feeling more and more that I belonged. I became more aggressive at first base. Billy Martin taught me to play the position like an infielder instead of fielding lackadaisically."

"I got the feeling I was in the majors and would stay. That gave me the confidence I needed. I stopped worrying about myself and started thinking about winning and losing. I concentrated on that instead of worrying about me making an error or me driving in a run."

Concentrating on driving in runs or not, Mincher does drive them in. Among his first 13 homers this year, seven contributed directly to one-run or late-innings victories. Three more helped pile up big early leads. The Twins, of course, have been delighted with Mincher's success and Mincher finally seems set and satisfied. He may yet make up for the time and potential he lost by throwing one rock too many.

A black and white photograph of a man with short, dark hair, wearing a light-colored hoodie. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is blurred, showing what appears to be a train or a series of windows.

**I Wanted  
To Hit  
Somebody –  
So I Went  
To Canada**

**By Lee Grosscup**

*Cut from the National Football League and the American Football League, the former All-America quarterback decided to go play in Canada. He writes here about the unusual game he found across the border*

IT WAS A balmy, September day in 1963 and I was in the backyard of my Holladay, Utah, home, leaning on a rake, trying to forget that two days earlier I had been fired by the New York Jets.

Upon dismissing me, Jet head coach Weeb Ewbank had advised that I call Al Davis, the young, energetic, new head coach and general manager of the Oakland Raiders. Davis was supposedly interested in taking a look at me. Davis had taken on the grand task of rebuilding the Raiders who had been 1-13 in 1962. Therefore Davis was interested in looking at *any* ball-player who was fired *anywhere*. Every cast-off, misfit, undesirable, uncoachable, hypochondriac or clubhouse lawyer was being given one final chance, thanks to the benevolent Mr. Davis.

I assumed I would fit in well with Davis's program because for 4½ years I had been unsuccessfully playing quarterback for four different teams. However, when Davis didn't return my call, I resigned myself to the fact that my pro football career was fini.

I dropped my rake and looked at Arthur Daley's column in the Salt Lake Tribune. Daley is a columnist for the New York Times, but his column is syndicated to the Tribune. The headline over the column read: "For Grosscup—It's Fourth and None." It was a takeoff on the title of my book, *Fourth and One*, published by Harper and Row. Unfortunately, the book's official publication date and that of my release from the Jets were the same. The timing might have been better.

To me, Daley's column was a journalistic cheap shot. It hurt because I had always considered Daley *anything but* a cheap-shot artist. I had always thought of Daley as being a fine columnist and a good personal friend. Why had he waited until now to rap me? I came off as a real "kook" in the column. I suspected some people had sued for less.

I wasn't going to sue Daley, but I knew suddenly that I had to play football again. Somewhere. Anywhere. I'd play any position. I wanted to hit somebody.

I was through in the States. That was settled. What

about Canada? I recalled that a year earlier, when I had been released by the Minnesota Vikings, the Saskatchewan Roughriders had contacted me. So, I put through a call to Ken Preston, general manager of Saskatchewan, and for the first and only time in my pro career, I didn't call collect.

"We still need a quarterback," Preston said. "We didn't even know you'd been released. Here, I'll let you talk to our coach, Bob Shaw."

I introduced myself to Shaw and told him of my extreme desire to play some more football.

"We can use you," Shaw said emphatically. "I've heard a lot of good things about you from Y.A. Tittle."

It was nice to hear that Tittle, a former teammate of mine on the New York Giants and a personal favorite, had dropped some good words somewhere along the line. Those words could really turn into opportunity and dollars. Applying for a pro football job is like applying for any other job in many ways. References help. Tittle was a damn good reference.

"We've got the best defense in the league," Shaw said, "and we've got one back who scored 14 touchdowns last year and another back who runs the 100 in 9.6. All we need is a quarterback. Our season will be half over this week and right now we're tied for third place with Winnipeg, just a game out of second place and two games out of first place. The top three teams in our division go into the playoffs. How much money will we have to pay you?"

"Let's not argue about money," I said, "just pay me a thousand a game for the rest of the season."

"Let's not argue about money," Shaw said. "I'll turn you back to Mr. Preston."

"Let's not argue about money," I told Preston. "I'll play for a thousand a game."

"Let's not argue about money," Preston said. "We'll pay you seven-fifty a game."

"Okay," I said, "I'll play for seven-fifty. Why don't you wire me a ticket and I'll be up there tomorrow." I didn't know exactly where (→ TO PAGE 84)

# **DRAMA ON THE DODGERS**

This is what it was like through the season for Maury Wills, battling to do the "impossible," and Sandy Koufax, fighting to prove people wrong

**By AL STUMP**

*Fred Kaplan*



**O**N A CHILLY LOS ANGELES night this season, the San Francisco Giants were dressing in their clubhouse and talking about Sandy Koufax. "He's not the same. The break doesn't have the old fire," said pitcher Bob Shaw.

"He damn near knocked my head off, which isn't Koufax," said Willie Mays.

"Did you see how he was always hurrying, not wasting a pitch when he should have, like he wanted to get his sore arm out of there fast?" said coach Cookie Lavagetto.

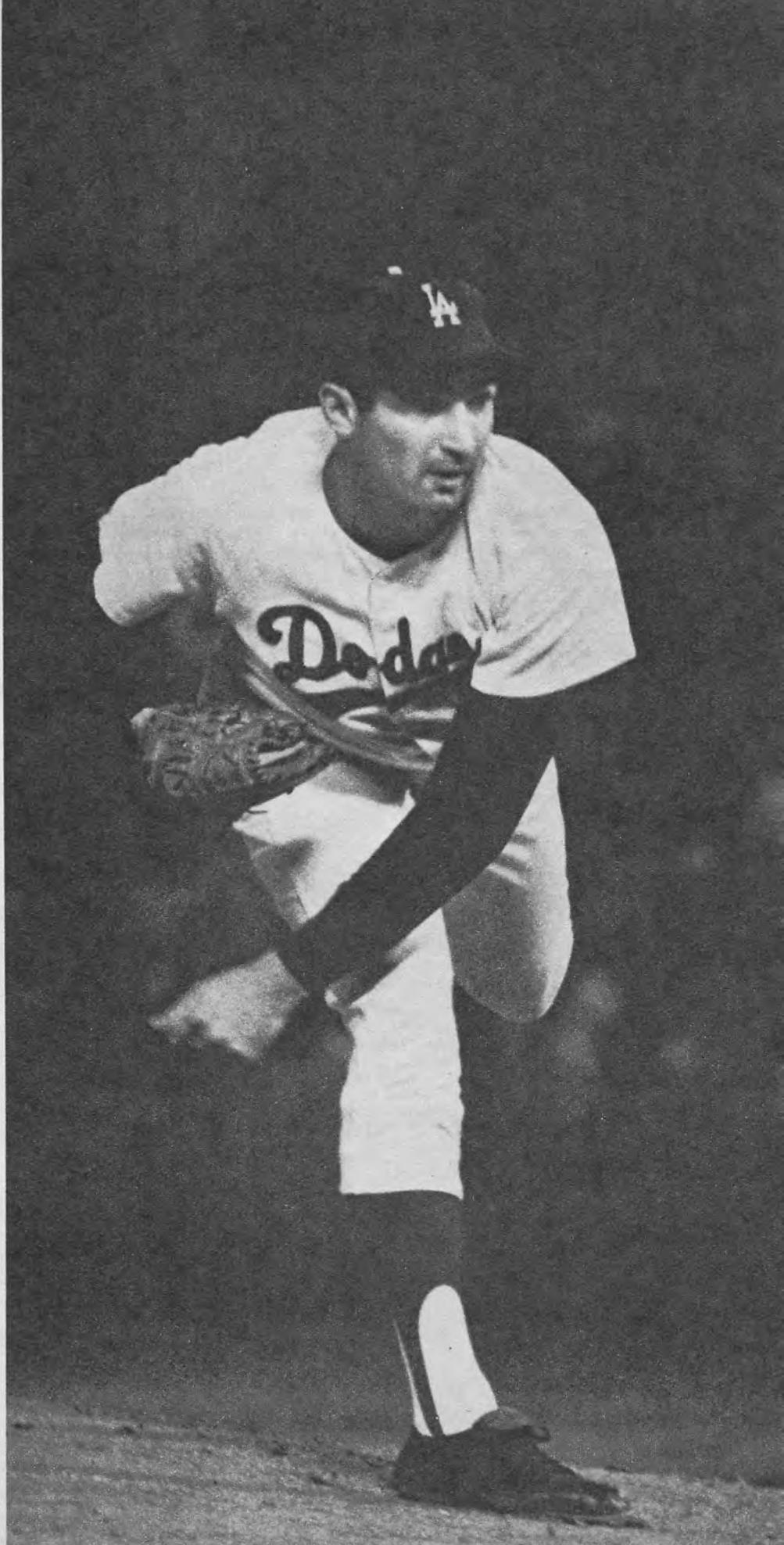
In the Dodger locker room, Koufax, at the moment, was inserting his left arm into a cellophane sleeve and dipping it into a pail of shaved ice. He had been doing this all season as treatment for an elbow which stiffened and swelled after games, reacted sharply to temperature changes and gave off the nagging pain of arthritis.

Back in the Giant locker, the subject became Maury Wills. "He's running wild, and wild's the word," said one Giant. "Look how often they're throwing him out this year."

"He'll steal for records as long as he's got a Jim Gilliam or Wes Parker batting behind him who're willing to 'take' pitches and foul them off and stall around all day," said another. "But while Wills hogs the glory, what does it do to Gilliam and Parker? Is this good for a ball-club?"

But while cutting up Koufax and Wills, the Giants were overlooking some important facts. First, in the game this July night, Koufax had struck out nine batters and allowed only one run. Wills had twice gotten on base with bunts and each time had stolen second and scored on a subsequent bloop single. The Dodgers had won, 2 to 1, because of Koufax and Wills.

As the Dodgers moved into August, it was Koufax with 18 victories, and Wills, with more than 70



As the Dodgers hung in first place, a great deal of their success was due to the amazing running of Wills, left, and the amazing pitching of Koufax, right. Still, each of the stars had his critics.

stolen bases, who were keeping them in first place. And, while pursuing the pennant, each of the two stars seemed to be winning a personal battle. Koufax was proving people wrong, the people who had said before the season that arthritis had finished him, the people who were criticizing him even in July. Wills was doing "the impossible." He was ahead of the pace he set in 1962 when he stole a record 104 bases, a record everyone, including Wills before the '65 season, had said was "impossible" to break.

The pressure on both Wills and Koufax was brutal. Wills was quoted in a national publication as saying that "a strange silence" existed on the bench when he was thrown out stealing. Cut down 18 times in his first 50 attempts, he was rumored to be the center of growing animosity on the team. Catcher Johnny Roseboro, long Wills' roommate, packed and moved out. Cited as the reason for the parting was Roseboro's weariness with Maury's interminably long phone conversations with interviewers and admirers "But it's more. Wills needs greatness too much," one clubhouse critic said not long ago. "He's tough to live with, tough to be around."

A young Dodger player said, "He's always coming down the bench telling the young guys to talk it up more. He prods us to get on the other pitcher when he's batting. He wants us to be his cheering section."

Koufax was bedeviled on all sides by the incessant question: "How's the arm?" In the past three seasons he had missed 18 weeks of play with varied finger, shoulder and elbow ailments. Last April, he had been told he was suffering from traumatic—or unrelenting—arthritis. Obviously, his arm was okay as he reeled off victory after victory. But any time he showed even the slightest weakness, people would leap at him and want to know if, finally, the arm ailment that would end his career had assaulted him.

After winning 11 straight games, Koufax lost to Cincinnati, 4-1. The Cassandras attacked. Was he through? "Ridiculous," said Koufax. "My arm's O.K., and in fact it feels a lot better right now than it has after other games this year."

The questions to Koufax often seemed ridiculous. So did some of the charges against Wills.

"I'm irritated," Wills said one night. "I'm playing better than I ever have and it hurts to read that guys on the club don't like my wide-open stealing. It's not true,

David Sutton



10:12

	7	23	24	30	6	12	14	15	40	AT BAT 15
GIANTS	LF	RF	CF	IB	C	3B	2B	SS	P	BALL
DODGERS	3	19	6	12	29	25	8	44	32	STRIKE
	CF	3B	IB	LF	2B	RF	C	SS	P	
GIANTS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
DODGERS	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	20	3	2	12						
UMPIRES										



David Sutton

Through much of the year Wills and Koufax played with the skill that once enabled them to record the great moments pictured on these pages: Wills' 104th stolen base in 1962, left, and Koufax' no-hitter vs. the Giants in 1963, above.

because they know if I don't get on base, we don't score enough to beat the average junior college. The breakup with Roseboro I don't talk about, except to say I'm very sorry.

"Why do I want to break my record of 104 steals? I'm sick of that question. I don't want to and I'm not aiming to break it unless it comes naturally. I'd be using terrible judgment as lead-off man and captain if I stole for that reason. It's an insult to me to suggest it."

After a three-game series with the Chicago Cubs, in which Wills stole five bases and made eight hits, leading the Dodgers to three victories, a San Francisco columnist quoted other players as calling Wills "An oh-five-oh hitter and a two-two-oh runner." Meaning that if you added .050 and .220, you got a .270 batting average.

"That's a fine statement," said Maury, "considering that I've hit .295, .299, .282 and .302 in different years with the Dodgers. Oh, well, a thief has to take what he can in the way of appreciation."

Wills has been irritated before. "He went through a temporary moody spell during our sixth-place finish of last year," says Dodger manager Walter Alston, "and his thinking was off. But you haven't seen it happen since. Maury is as mature a player as I've ever managed—the kind who has the others following his (→ TO PAGE 100)

# Camp for Quarterbacks

Photos by Fred Kaplan



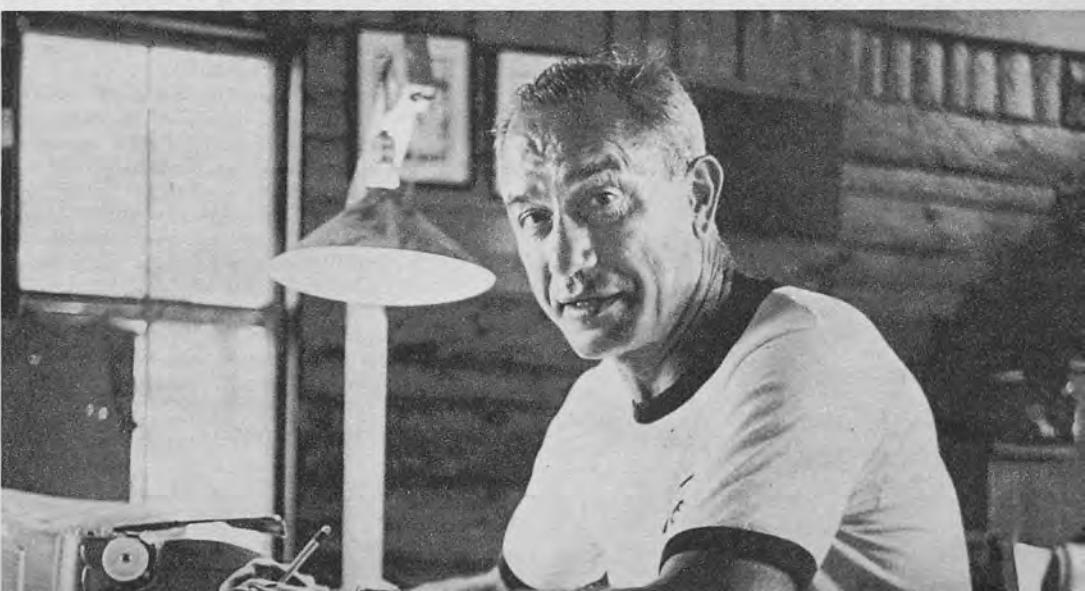
A chalk-talk at Lake Thompson.

ASK BENNY FRIEDMAN WHAT made him an All-America quarterback and a five-time All-Pro and he'll cite two major reasons: He knew how to avoid injury and he knew how to exploit defensive weaknesses. Friedman feels these fundamentals are too often ignored and he's recently tried to do something about it on a mass scale. His project is called the Kamp Kohut Football School for aspiring varsity quarterbacks. Run as an adjunct to his regular boys' summer camp in Oxford, Maine, the quarterback camp consists of two weekly sessions—one in June, one in late August.

How successful has Friedman's cram course been? His pupils dot the rosters of college teams all over the country and many have publicly credited Friedman with their overnight improvement. Fielding Yost, Friedman's coach at Michigan, called him "the quarterback who never made a mistake." Benny gives no guarantee that he's going to produce any perfect quarterbacks; his aim is only to polish the rough edges. Results indicate that he is succeeding masterfully.



Two prize pupils at Friedman's camp in 1964 were David Connors, *throwing above*, and Peter Flynn, *receiving*. Connors, from New London, Connecticut, went on to become a high-school All-American and sifted through 51 scholarship offers before choosing Purdue. Says Friedman, right: "One look at Connors' form tells you that the ball is going where he intends it."





Twelve years ago Friedman wrote an article in *SPORT* entitled: "I Could Play Pro Football . . . And I'm 48!" Benny's making no such challenges these days, but he is an extremely fit 60 years of age. He stays in top shape at his camp by demonstrating various quarterback maneuvers, *above*, and by water skiing, *left*. Friedman also credits much of his good health to his ability to avoid injury when he was a player. To his students he stresses the importance of following through with arm, leg and body. And he insists that a quarterback keep his head up. "If the head is up," he says, "the fanny is down and this provides good balance."



## Camp for Quarterbacks

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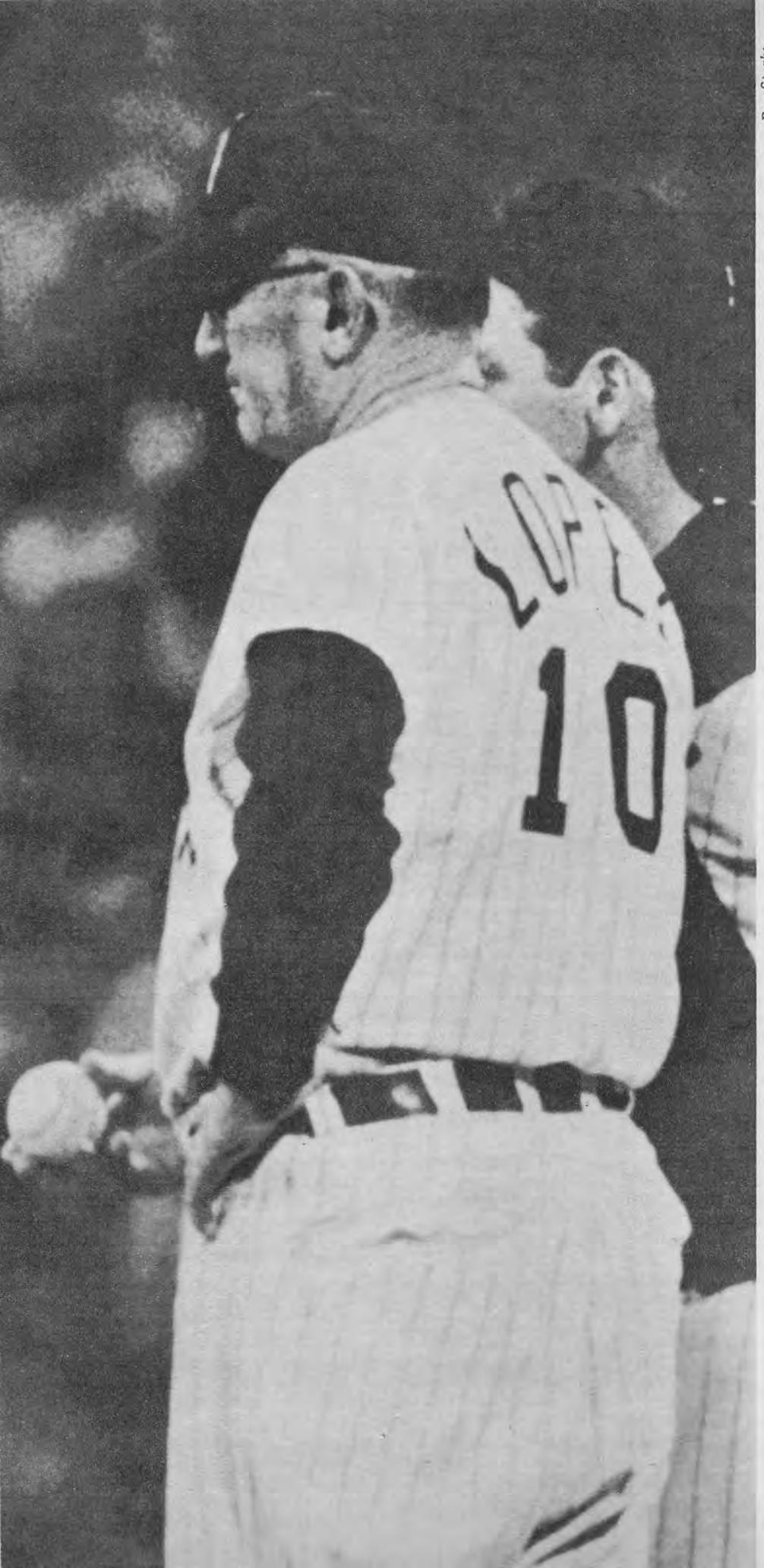
Friedman employs a lot of gimmicks to aid his budding quarterbacks. In the middle photo, right, what looks like an attempt to train a tall lion is really an exercise designed to strengthen and develop the hand, fingers, wrist and forearm. The broom exercise, top photo, serves the same purpose. In bottom photo Friedman demonstrates the proper way to cock the arm and grip the ball. It was that form that earned him a membership in the Football Hall of Fame.

THE SWEET SMELL of rotting wood is gone. The pock-marked floor, chipped and chewed by tens of thousands of spikes over the years, has been replaced by rubberized tile. The lights give a pastel softness to the clubhouse. In the manager's office of the White Sox ballpark sits Al Lopez, easy, warm, gentle, serene—his pastel personality sickled o'er with the pale cast of bathos. "He's one of the most *saintly* men I know," says one sportswriter who knows him intimately. "He's the fairest man I've ever met," says a White Sox pitcher. "The worst thing about losing," says a particularly empathetic player, "is the look on Al's face afterward."

The pastel man in the pastel world: it is a profile, not a portrait. It shows only a shadow of the strong, stern, complex man that is Al Lopez. For if he is sweet, warm, gentle—and he is—he is also a tough, direct, iron-willed man who wears his stern purpose like a mask. He has an explosive temper—kept strenuously under control—that reflects the difference between hope and reality, between what must be done and what can be done. Keeping it under control—and maintaining his poise and his hope—has left him with a nervous stomach that gnaws at him at night, that sometimes sends him to the hospital. He cannot eat raw fruit, roughage such as cereal or nuts, foods cooked in grease. He must drink milk, never anything stronger than an occasional beer. Once he overheard an airline stewardess on a Sox flight comment that she had an ulcer. "What ballclub did you ever manage?" he asked wryly. After a loss, he plays and replays the game mentally, sometimes until three or four o'clock in the morning. "As a player," he has said, "I used to be the best sleeper in the world." His serenity is really an acquired talent, a gigantic sublimation. "He's a man of very strong convictions," Bill Veeck once told me. "The fact that he doesn't shout about them doesn't mean he's weak." When his temper is touched off, he shouts about them; in those moments he is as rough and corrosive as a Marine drill instructor. Even his non-shouting conversations are memorable for their highly-seasoned vehemence. At the height of the 1959 pennant race, won by the White Sox, one of his key players admitted that he'd just received the "tongue-lashing of my life" from Lopez—in private, of course. "One thing Al won't tolerate is stupidity," says one of his friends. "He'll accept a mistake once but never twice." As a player, Lopez regularly assaulted umpires, rivals,

# AL LOPEZ: "He'll Accept A Mistake Once, But Never Twice"

BY BILL FURLONG



and fans with direct, if unfriendly, vigor. "I thought 'hustling' meant arguing and fighting," he says. Once, when a fan got abusive when Lopez dropped a pop foul—Lopez dropped only two in the longest catching career in baseball history—Lopez challenged him to come out of the stands and fight. The fan obliged and the two of them—player and customer—were soon slugging and struggling in the dirt. The next day his teammates hung a picture of the fight on the clubhouse wall and asked how come Lopez was on the bottom. "The force of my blow carried me over," he explained lightly. Thus he mixes pain with humor, high dudgeon with high class. He also mixes his total being in with the most remarkable and complex managerial skills in the American League. ("But then," says one critic, "you've got to remember that we've got a lot of dumb managers in this league.")

The evidence of his skills is in the White Sox themselves. They finished second in the American League last year but they led the majors in sorcery. There is no other way to explain how a team with Al Weis, J.C. Martin, and Tom McCraw could finish only one game behind the New York Yankees. Or to explain how that same team could lead the American League by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  games early in 1965 when a pitcher who was a 20-game winner had trouble surviving the fifth inning, another pitcher who was a 19-game winner turned up with a sore elbow and went on the disabled list, a hitter who was a consistent .300 batter was floundering around .240, and a top relief pitcher had a 5.73 earned-run average. It isn't sport; it's Black Magic.

At the heart of that magic is Al Lopez' profound understanding of the game and the men who play it. "Anybody can sit in the stands and predict his moves," said Hank Greenberg, who worked with Lopez in the front office at Cleveland and Chicago. "He plays strictly percentage baseball." Says one baseball writer who follows the Sox: "Sometimes I think he does it too much. He doesn't have the imagination that a Mauch does—leading off with Willie Mays in the all-star game!" What Lopez does have is one of the most powerful tactical minds—and memory—in the game. "He's the only manager in the league who will—or can—sit down and tell you every pitch in the game and what it meant to the game," says a sports-writer. He is unsurpassed at maneuvering; he is relentless in his appreciation that one of the prime tactics of a manager is to force the

opposing manager to exhaust his reserves—use up strength—at a point in the game where their power will be wasted. "There's a tendency for beginning managers to overmanage," says Lopez. "Eventually they learn to hold back their players." He is also ingenious at nursing his own personnel. In one game in July, 1965, he started with 23 able-bodied players. By the end of the extra-inning game, he'd used five pitchers, three catchers, two first-basemen, two second-basemen, two third-basemen, two leftfielders, and one man each at shortstop, center field and right field. He had outfielders and catchers alternating at first base. He had nothing left on the bench but pitchers. "What," he was asked, "would you have done if a key player—say shortstop Ron Hansen—had been injured?" Without hesitation, Lopez replied, "I would have moved J.C. Martin"—a catcher then playing first base—"over to third base (where Martin played briefly in the minor leagues). Then I would have moved Don Buford from third to second, Al Weis from second to short, Tom McCraw from left field to first base, and sent a pitcher—maybe Frank Lary—into the outfield. Then I'd have moved the pitcher from left field to right field, depending on whether the hitter was lefthanded or righthanded."

In terms of strategy, Lopez appears more orthodox than he is. His reliance on "the percentages" functions on two levels. On a superficial level, for instance, he will follow the general rule of matching lefthanded pitchers against lefthanded batters and vice-versa. At times he appears a slave—albeit a triumphant slave—to the theory. Against the contending Baltimore Orioles last season, the White Sox had a 1-0 lead in the last half of the ninth inning of a crucial game. With Norm Siebern, a lefthanded batter, coming up for Baltimore, Lopez took out righthanded pitcher Joel Horlen—his starting pitcher who had worked  $8\frac{1}{3}$  innings of two-hit shutout ball—in order to bring in a lefthander who'd pitched the day before and who hadn't worked in relief all year: Gary Peters. Peters got Siebern on a popup. With Brooks Robinson, a righthanded batter, coming up for Baltimore, Lopez yanked Peters and inserted a righthanded relief pitcher, Hoyt Wilhelm. Wilhelm got Robinson to ground out on a knuckleball—and the White Sox were out of the game with a win. "That game," said Baltimore manager Hank Bauer later, "knocked us out of the pennant."

Actually, Lopez' examination of the "percentages" probes much more deeply than this. He knows, for instance, that most batters swing more aggressively when they're ahead on the ball-and-strike count, more timidly when they're behind—and that the speed of their bat will very likely affect which way the ball is hit. He knows that a righthanded batter is more apt to pull a sinker-ball, a lefthander is more apt to pull a curve. He rejects the common concept that a manager should always play to win, never to tie, on the road (the common concept is based on the home team's having last bats and the final chance to get the winning run in a tie game) and sometimes plays for a tie on the road against a weak team. "You have a better chance to beat them in extra-innings," he asserts, if you play for a run at a time—first to tie, then to win.

So thoughtful is Lopez' understanding of the percentages that he can rationalize the use of a good-field, no-hit player for regular work at a key defensive position. Take the case of Jim Landis, a centerfielder who played under Lopez for parts of eight seasons before he was traded to Kansas City last off-season. Landis was an exceptionally poor hitter when he came to the major leagues; it was considered a triumph when he struggled manfully up to .240 or so. Indeed, at one point the White Sox front office suggested to Lopez

that he take some of the heat off Landis—and himself—by benching the boy. Lopez refused. He felt—and still feels—that Landis got the jump on the ball better than any centerfielder he'd ever seen and was probably the best centerfielder in the majors at tracking a line drive. So Lopez kept Landis playing every day—and figured he was ahead of the game on percentages.

"The difference between a .320 hitter and a .240 hitter," he says, "is that the .320 hitter averages eight more hits in every 100 times at bat. He'll get 32 hits in 100 at-bats while the .240 hitter will get 24 hits in 100 at-bats.

"Now you figure that it'll take 25 to 30 games for a player to get 100 official at-bats. So that's eight more hits in 25 or 30 games—about one extra hit in every three or four games. We're talking about a key defensive man—the centerfielder or the shortstop or somebody like that. In those 25 to 30 games, a key defensive man will make 25 or 30 really critical plays. The kind of plays a centerfielder makes will usually save you a run or two every time." So the great defensive player may save a team some 25 or 30 runs—or even more—in the same span in which a .320 hitter will get only eight extra hits. All eight extra hits would have to be grand-slam home runs—for a 32-run total—to contribute more offensively in the run-production department than a good defensive player can contribute in the run-prevention department. And since no major-leaguer has ever hit more than five grand-slam home runs in a season, it seems very unlikely that any one player will hit eight of them in 25 or 30 games.

"Besides," says Lopez, "the good defensive men are generally fast on the bases. With fast men on the bases, the manager can use the hit-and-run often, he can steal, he can send men in from first on a single. He can pressure the opposition into fielding and throwing errors."

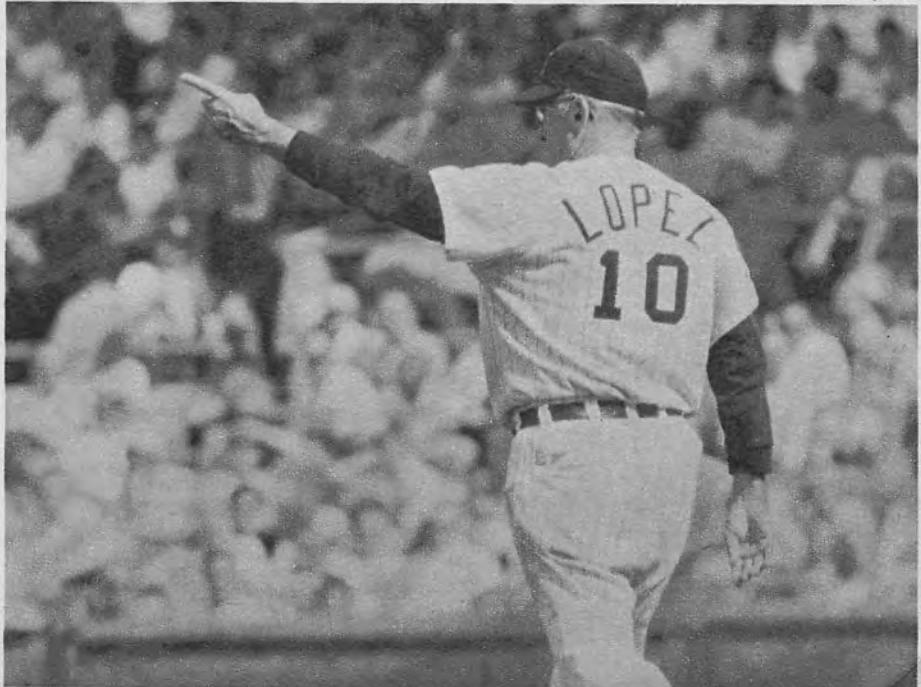
That was exactly the strategy Lopez used in guiding the White Sox to the American League pennant in 1959. He used cunning and speed to whip the opposition. That was the year Luis Aparicio, then the White Sox shortstop, created the "Aparicio double"—a walk and a stolen base. In one game the White Sox scored 11 runs in one inning—on one hit and ten walks. Throughout the season, Lopez defied the usual "percentages"; instead of having his men advance one base on an infield out or two bases on a single to right, he told them to take an extra base as a matter of course—to try to score from second on an infield out, to try to score from first on a single to right. The defense would always be under pressure to adjust to the new strategy—and under pressure it might fumble the extra catch and be wild on the extra throw. The system worked brilliantly all through the American League season. As late as September, only one team—the Kansas City Athletics—seemed to understand what the White Sox were doing and the Athletics were not particularly successful in trying to stymie the strategy.

Translating strategy and tactics into reality demands that Lopez not only watch and weigh the meaning of every pitch but help his team adjust to it. All his baseball life, he's relied heavily on signals to accomplish his purpose. He uses signals to dominate virtually every phase of the game. When a pitcher or a catcher wants to know what to throw in a tight spot in a game, the player will rub his chest—and Lopez will flash back a signal for the proper pitch in the proper spot. When Lopez wants to know if a relief pitcher is warmed up, he'll lift his cap; in the bullpen, pitching coach Ray Berres will lift his cap in response if the pitcher is ready. When Lopez spots Gary Peters having difficulty with his pitching motion—as Peters was having this year—he'll whistle to (→ to PAGE 91)



*Don Sparks*

Lopez has three spoken rules:  
1) everybody obeys the curfew;  
2) outfielders must throw to a  
cutoff man; 3) the runner must  
round first aggressively if a team-  
mate's trying to score from second  
on a single. He also has two un-  
spoken rules: 1) all White Sox  
players must give 100 percent all  
the time; 2) don't tread on me.



*Don Sparks*

# MEL ALLEN'S ALL-AMERICA PREVIEW

**K**NOW THE CHEWING gum commercial that tells you how to "double your pleasure, double your fun"? We're not certain if the gum will really do all that, but we can guarantee a sure-fire way to double your trouble. Just pick a college football All-America team this year. Gone are the days of the "11 best football players." The age of specialization has swept across the collegiate gridiron and the two-platoon system has arrived full force.

Is all this for better or for worse? Well, there's no denying that platooning is a hindrance at a school where depth is a problem. And there's no denying, either, that it makes our selecting job a lot tougher. But the two-platoon system does provide for more widespread individual recognition, and this can only be to the good. Spreading out the honors is particu-

Jeff Griffin



A candidate for the Heisman Trophy is USC half-back Mike Garrett, No. 20 far right. Garrett is a fierce and fast runner who gained 948 yards last year. Two defensive specialists on SPORT's first team are Oklahoma linebacker Carl McAdams, No. 51 left, and big Michigan tackle Bill Yearby, wearing white below.

Malcolm Emmons



With the two-platoon system



**in effect and few superstars on hand, there's lots of room at the top**



# MEL ALLEN'S ALL-AMERICA PREVIEW

continued

this year." Neither do there appear to be any Staubachs or Huarteres or Namaths. All of which means that there is plenty of room at the top.

Heading SPORT's 19th annual All-America team is one fellow who has already attained superstar status. He is Illinois fullback Jim Grabowski, who probably overshadows the competition at his position more than any other man on our team. High on Grabowski's list of 1965 goals is the breaking of some of Red Grange's records—the ones Jim hasn't already broken. We'll refrain from telling you much more about Jim because you'll learn all about him in a full story this issue, *See Jim Run*. Let's just add what Duffy Daugherty told us: "He has great power, explosiveness and speed. He's one of the truly great offensive backs in the Big Ten in recent years."

Our second-team fullback, Walt Garrison of Oklahoma State, has come a long way since his days as a linebacker on the freshman team. Last year he led the Big Eight in rushing with 730 yards and scored six touchdowns. We place him slightly ahead of three fine fullbacks from the Southeastern Conference—Hoyle Granger (Mississippi State); Pat Schwab (LSU), and Steve Bowman (Alabama). Schwab was the conference rushing champ last year with 683 yards, followed by Granger with 604 and Bowman with 536.

Fullback is not one of the stronger positions this year, despite the quality of the few performers we've mentioned. The halfbacks, however, more than compensate. This is where to look for the majority of the collegiate fire-power this season, and look for it especially from USC's Mike Garrett and Texas Tech's Donny Anderson. Our first-team choices differ widely in only one major respect: size. Garrett is 5-9, 185 pounds; Anderson is 6-3, 210. Otherwise, the two seniors are remarkably similar. Last year Anderson gained 966 yards rushing and Garrett 948. Both were excellent pass receivers: Anderson caught 32, Garrett 17. Garrett got the slight edge in kickoff-return average—23.7 to 20. Opposing coaches are (→ TO PAGE 102)

## FIRST TEAM

### OFFENSE

ENDS	Bob Hadrick, Purdue Charles Casey, Florida
TACKLES	Glen Ray Hines, Arkansas Joe Bellas, Penn State
GUARDS	Stan Hindman, Mississippi Dick Arrington, Notre Dame
CENTER	Pat Killorin, Syracuse
QUARTERBACK	Gary Snook, Iowa
HALFBACKS	Mike Garrett, USC Donny Anderson, Texas Tech
FULLBACK	Jim Grabowski, Illinois

### DEFENSE

ENDS	Aaron Brown, Minnesota Milt Morin, Massachusetts
TACKLES	Loyd Phillips, Arkansas Bill Yearby, Michigan
MIDDLE GUARD	Harold Lucas, Michigan State
LINEBACKERS	Tommy Nobis, Texas Dwight Kelley, Ohio State Carl McAdams, Oklahoma
BACKS	Tony Carey, Notre Dame Johnny Roland, Missouri Charley Brown, Syracuse

## SECOND TEAM

### OFFENSE

ENDS	Karl Noonan, Iowa Gene Washington, Michigan State
TACKLES	Randy Beisler, Indiana Doug Van Horn, Ohio State
GUARDS	John Niland, Iowa Larry Gagner, Florida
CENTER	Paul Crane, Alabama
QUARTERBACK	Steve Sloan, Alabama
HALFBACKS	Floyd Little, Syracuse Rodger Bird, Kentucky
FULLBACK	Walt Garrison, Oklahoma State

### DEFENSE

ENDS	Pete Lammons, Texas Bo Wood, North Carolina
TACKLES	George Rice, LSU Gary Pettigrew, Stanford
MIDDLE GUARD	Walt Barnes, Nebraska
LINEBACKERS	Craig Christopher, Rice Jim Lynch, Notre Dame Doug Buffone, Louisville
BACKS	Bruce Bennett, Florida Dick Gingrich, Penn State Jackie Brasuell, Arkansas

## HONORABLE MENTION

**ENDS**—Rick Kestner, Kentucky; Tom Mitchell, Bucknell; Doug Moreau, LSU; Tony Jeter, Nebraska; Howard Twilley, Tulsa; Bill Malinchak, Indiana.

**TACKLES**—Willie Townes, Tulsa; John Strohmyer, Nebraska; Bob Taylor, Cincinnati; Fred Forsberg, Washington; George Patton, Georgia; Gale Gillingham, Minnesota; Jim Williams, Arkansas; Bob Kowalkowski, Virginia.

**GUARDS**—Larry Gagner, Florida; Jack Shinhouser, Florida State; Lynn Nesbitt, Wake Forest; John Battle, Georgia Tech; John La Grone, SMU.

**LINEBACKERS**—Don Hansen, Illinois; Ed Weisacosky, Miami (Fla.); Frank Emanuel, Tennessee; Tom Cecchini,

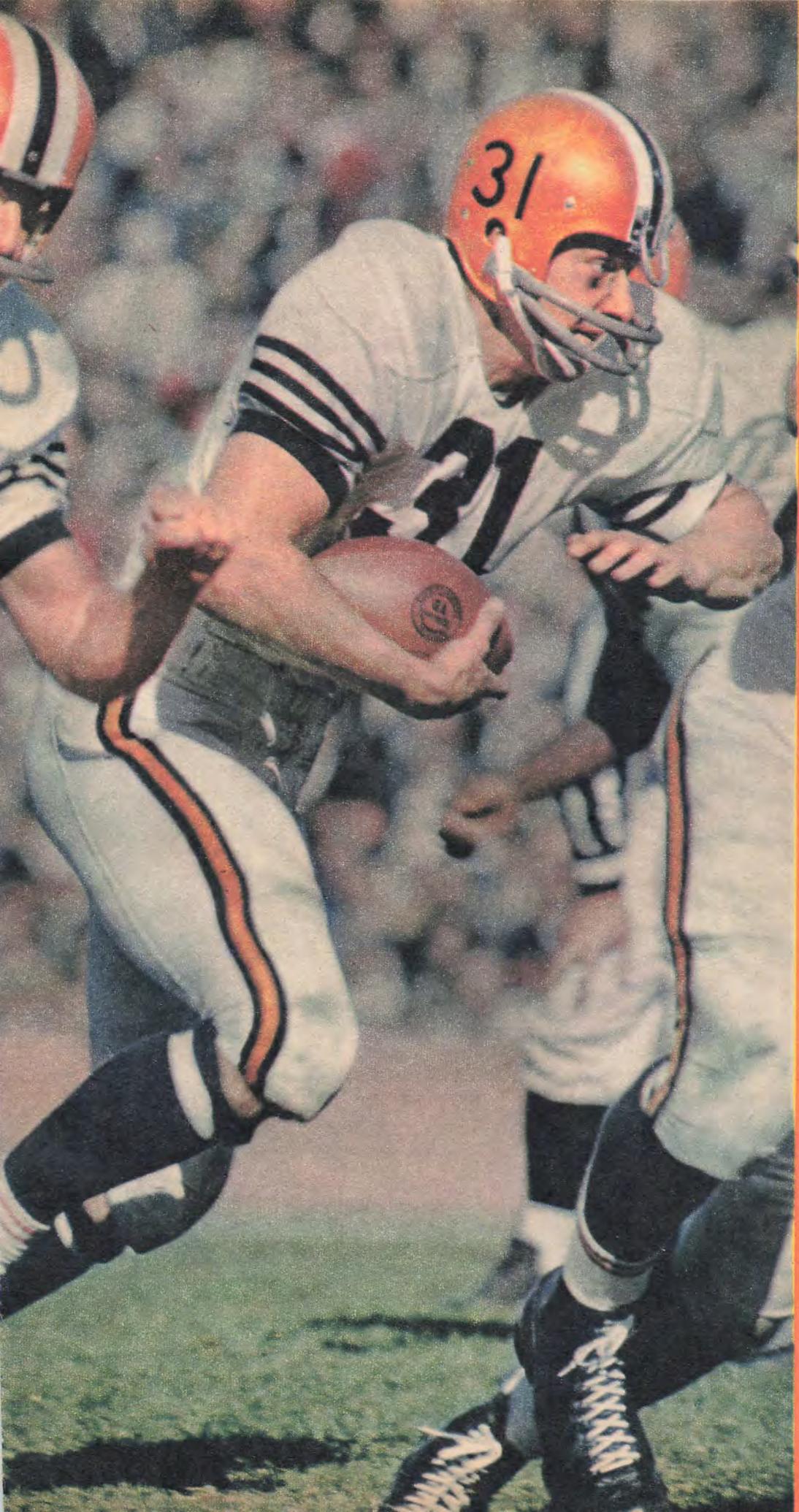
Michigan; Townsend Clarke, Army; Jack O'Billovich, Oregon State; Tom Bugel, Ohio State.

**CENTER**—Harry Dittman, Navy.

**QUARTERBACKS**—Rick Norton, Kentucky; Terry Southall, Baylor; Bob Davis, Virginia; Steve Spurrier, Florida; Steve Judy, Michigan State; Bob Griese, Purdue; Paul Brothers, Oregon State; Dave Lewis, Stanford.

**FULLBACKS**—Steve Bowman, Alabama; Pat Schwab, LSU; Hoyle Granger, Mississippi State; Ray McDonald, Idaho.

**HALFBACKS**—Bill Wolski and Nick Eddy, Notre Dame; Mike Dennis, Mississippi; Phil Harris, Texas; Carl Ward, Michigan; Roy Shivers, Utah State; Ray Handley, Stanford; Jim Lindsey, Arkansas; Ben Hawkins, Arizona State.



# SEE JIM RUN

The pre-season favorite to be 1965's All-America fullback is a tough young man who, says his coach, "is just too good to be true"

By HAL HIGDON

**I**T WAS ONE of those hot, summer, Chicago days when the weatherman says rain and you hope he's right. The first thing Jim Grabowski did when he arrived home after work was put on bermuda shorts. You'd expect a boy his size (6-2, 216 pounds) to work summers on some construction job. But Grabowski, who has a B average in commerce at the University of Illinois, had just returned home from his job with a management consultant firm.

Now, wearing bermudas, he was talking about the effects of helping plan the installation of a computer system for the Northwestern Railroad. "My neck gets stiff from staring down at a desk all day long," he was saying. The voice was, as usual, matter-of-fact; it was hard to tell if he was serious.

With a football tucked under his arm, Jim Grabowski is always serious. Last fall *United Press International* selected him as the fullback on its first-string All-America team. He made other All-America teams, too, including the Academic All-America.

"He is just too good to be true," says his coach at Illinois, Pete Elliott. "He has the blasting

Color by Malcolm Emmons

Grabowski (with the ball at left) is a hard runner who uses his power to blast through the line and then his speed to race away for a long gain.

power needed by a fullback. He has enough speed to stretch out his gains once he's through the line. He blocks well. He would be one of our best linebackers if we chose to play him on defense."

His home is on Chicago's northwest side. He lives there, when he is not at school, with his parents. His father, Stanley, works as a butcher for Kroger food stores. Stanley, who once played baseball, is slender. So is Jim's mother and 14-year-old sister Linda. Of his three older brothers, only Stanley (or "Stosh") played much football, and at guard.

James Stephen Grabowski, the fullback, was born September 9, 1944, in Chicago. He attended elementary school and St. Patrick's High School, in the city. Stosh had been a guard at St. Patrick's and the coach took one look at Jim and said, "You'll make a good guard too." The next year Jim switched to Taft High School.

At Taft, Grabowski played end, then changed to fullback when the team's star fullback, Greg Schumacher, graduated. "Best thing that ever happened to

me," Jim says. "I didn't have the moves to make a great end." Grabowski made All-State and was voted Chicago's prep player of the year. The Notre Dame club gave him its Knute Rockne Award, but Jim enrolled at Illinois.

"I was fourth-string fullback on the frosh team at Illinois," says Jim. Maybe so, but by spring practice for his sophomore season, he was second-string on the varsity.

A hip injury kept Jim out of the opener in his sophomore season. In the next two games he gained 42 yards as a substitute. Starting against UCLA in the season's fourth game, he gained 109 yards. He starred the rest of the season, gaining 616 yards, then won the trophy as the best player in the Rose Bowl.

Illinois had trailed Washington, 7 to 3, at the start of the half in the Rose Bowl. Then Illinois scored to lead by three. In the final quarter, Washington got to the Illinois 14-yard line, then threw the ball away. Illinois took over and Grabowski ran around end for

Grabowski, No. 31, gained 239 yards against Wisconsin last season, breaking the Illinois and Big Ten single-game rushing records.



**Jim, seated, and his teammate Ron Acks posed for this photo in the Illinois library last season. But reality as well as publicity was involved. A member of the 1964 Academic All-America team, Jim spends considerable time studying.**



four yards. Grabowski ran over right tackle for 11. A play later Grabowski ran over right tackle for 11 more. Washington stopped Grabowski. Then Grabowski gained two yards over center. Grabowski gained four over right guard. Grabowski ran over right tackle for 13 yards with three Washington players tugging at him.

Illinois got to Washington's two-yard line. In four plays quarterback Mike Taliadro kept once and handed to Jim three times. Washington's line held like the Berlin Wall for three plays. On fourth down Grabowski scored. When the game ended, with Illinois the winner, 17-7, Jim had 125 yards in 23 carries.

Last year, near the end of the Wisconsin game on November 14, Grabowski overheard coach Elliott say, "Only 18 more yards to a record." Jim thought maybe Elliott meant some team record. Or so he says. In any event, on the next set of downs, Grabowski carried the ball from the Illinois 26 to the Wisconsin 49. The carry gave him 239 yards rushing in the game, breaking the Illinois single-game rushing record of 212 yards (set by Red Grange in 1924) and the Big Ten single game rushing record of 216 yards.

"Grabowski is a tremendous football player," said Wisconsin coach Milt Bruhn. "He's got more outside speed than we anticipated, and he's got such great balance. He just explodes as he goes through tacklers."

The following week Grabowski cracked Michigan

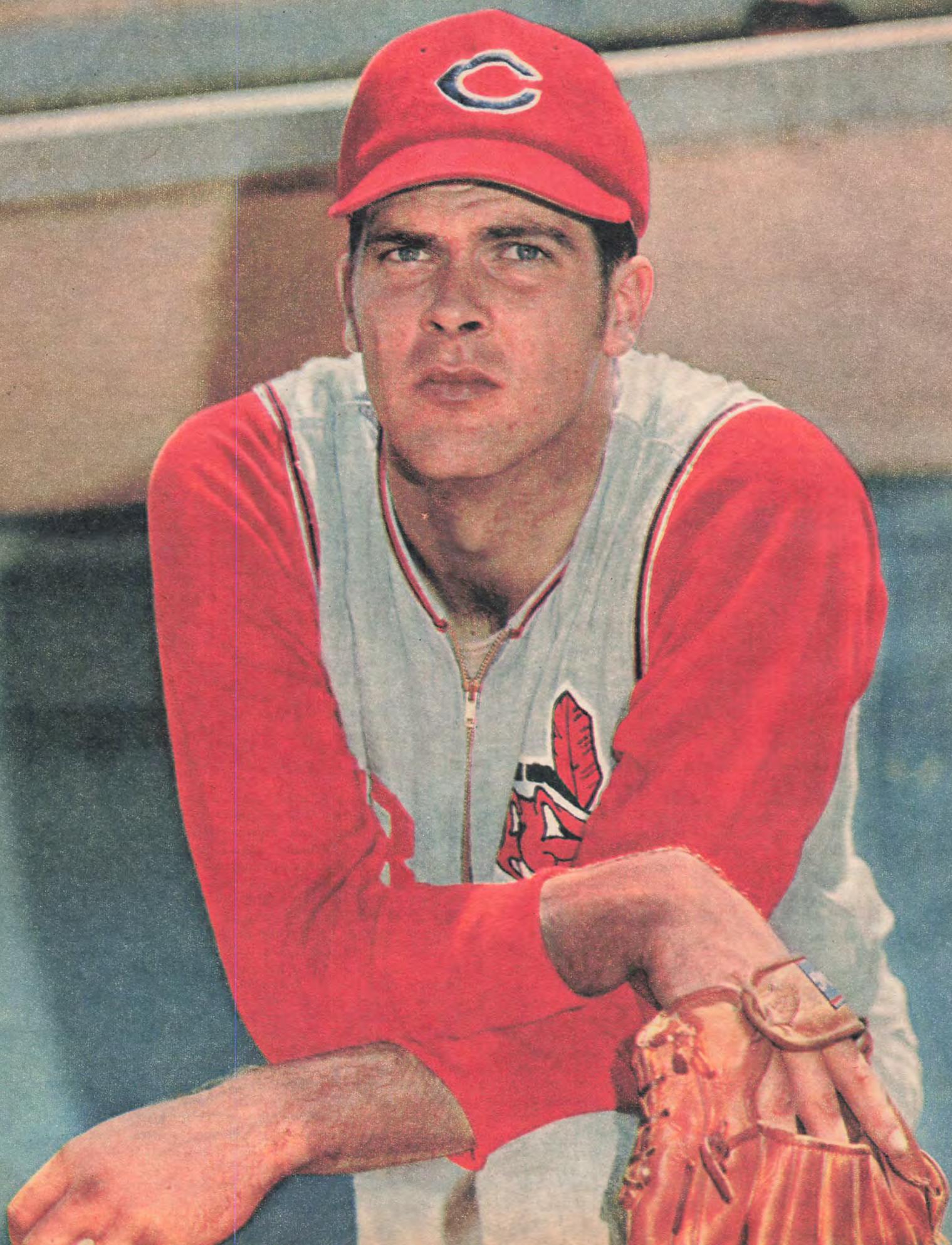
State's line for 179 yards. His season rushing total was 1004 yards.

"The tipoff as to what kind of a person Grabowski is came in practice this spring," says Buck McPhail, an Illinois assistant coach. "Even with all the honors he won as a sophomore and junior, he didn't let down. I thought he was greatly improved, and played better this spring than he ever did before."

As a junior in high school he ran 10.2 seconds for 100 yards. A Chicago newspaperman once wrote that Grabowski was a "Run for Daylight" player, one who explodes at full speed, then skids along the line until a hole appears. Ever since, Stanley Grabowski has been linking his son with Jim Taylor.

Jim has only to gain 452 yards this season to break the Illinois career rushing record of 2071 yards. And after this season? "I'd like to play with the pros," Jim says. "I'd like to give it a couple of years." In his home, almost lost beneath trophies and plaques, is a booklet from the National Football League. In his father's scrapbook is a Christmas card from the talent department of the Oakland Raiders of the American Football League. "The pro scouts come over and say hello," says Jim. "But they don't want to hear you talk. They want to see you run."

Yes. See Jim run. He runs fast. See Jim run. He runs hard. See Jim run. But don't try to stop him.



**"I ONLY PITCH MY BEST OUT OF FEAR," SAYS CLEVELAND'S YOUNG STAR. "I JUST HAVE TO BE SCARED TO BE GOOD"**

# **WHY MC DOWELL STARS WHEN HE'S SCARED**

**By BOB SUDYK**

**"I don't want to be relaxed out on the mound," says Sam. "All I have to do is start thinking about hitters and I worry. I only worry more when I'm not worried enough."**

*Color by David Sutton*

IT IS HALF AN HOUR before game time. In the Cleveland Indians' dressing room, bats rattle and spiked shoes click against concrete. Gary Bell stomps around the room in huge, pancake flat rubber feet. He grabs a bat, sets himself in a Rocky Colavito batting stance. Everyone laughs; Colavito has flat feet.

Colavito laughs, too, then stuffs two huge wax teeth in the front of his mouth. He winds up in Gary Bell's pitching motion, throws a phantom ball —then ducks. Everyone laughs again; Bell has prominent front teeth.

Around them players are reading, playing gin rummy, writing letters, autographing baseballs, talking. One man is not talking or laughing. He is sitting on a stool in front of his locker, stone-faced and silent. He is pitcher Samuel Edward McDowell.

Samuel Edward McDowell got about \$75,000 at 17 because he could throw a baseball as fast as anyone. Four years later, when he was 21, people said he was a failure, that he would never really earn the \$75,000. Now, at 22, as he sits in the locker room, he is a success; he says he does not know how to strike out anyone, but he has a better per-inning strikeout average than Bob Feller. And he is scheduled to pitch this day, so he is scared.

Sitting there, he looks like a guy in the dentist's waiting room or somebody waiting his turn in the electric chair. His teammates and the writers respect his privacy. He has been scared since early morning when he awoke from a fitful sleep. By the baseball calendar he is scared like this every fourth or fifth day.

Cleveland outfielder Leon Wagner walks in. "Call the police," says Wagner. "Sam looks like he's dying. Boy, he's got a nerve being nervous when half the league is afraid to face HIM." Then, directly to McDowell: "Relax, we just expect you to hurl a no-hitter and strike out 15 tonight."

More truth than jest. Since Sam could count up to 3 and 2, the whole world, it seems, has expected great things from him. His dad. His mom. His wife, Carol. The Indians' front office. His teammates. His manager, Birdie Tebbetts. Hundreds of thousands of Cleveland fans. And, more demanding than any of them, Sam McDowell.

Before he even played his first professional game Sam was called a "can't-miss star." He came to the major leagues at 18 and has been in the major leagues five seasons. Too much was expected too soon and Sam still bears the scars. Today as he is en route to a spectacular (→ TO PAGE 99)

**S**O MANY GUYS seem to know so much about guns. That is, they talk as if they know so much. And often all they're doing is passing along false facts, feeding you myths. Here, I'd like to separate fact from myth.

Over and over again I hear shooters ask, "Can I fire a shot in the air safely?" A lot of people, including some police, think you can. But not on your life, for a bullet fired even at an extreme angle may be as deadly as one fired straight at your heart. Look at it this way. A bullet fired upward at only a 45-degree angle may carry a mile and a half before falling, if it is of large caliber. Before starting its free fall the spent bullet will have reached a height of half a mile. How would you like to be hit by a bullet dropped from a 260-story building?

A ballistics expert I once knew wanted to test the impact of free-falling bullets, so he braced a rifle in clamps so that it would fire *straight up*. And on the ninth or tenth try, the bullet landed within inches of the rifle. The gun man had ducked under a shelter made of boiler plate—which the bullet struck with a cymbal-like crash, denting the steel deeply.

Often, too, I've heard people say, "Why should I buy a gun? I can always borrow one." Well, in most cases, a good gun ought to fit *you*. It isn't surprising that a shotgun must fit well, because shotguns are fired reflexively, at swiftly moving targets, and must *point* naturally and automatically. A shotgun that doesn't fit won't kill worth a darn, and it may slap you around pretty roughly, too. Surprisingly, a rifle ought to match your skeletal dimensions as well as any shotgun. Without good rifle fit, you'll find that a long sighting hold is next to impossible, that big-bore kick is brutal and that in semi-automatic fire successive shots will hop the gun all over the lot. So get your own rifle and shotgun, preferably one of those made by a leading manufacturer like Winchester, and let the stock out with a butt pad, or have it cut down—whatever's necessary to match your frame.

Here's something every shooter has wondered: "Is it really possible to blow up a gun by blocking the barrel?" The cartridges we use today explode with awesome power, but because the barrel is open and free, that power is applied primarily to the bullet. Suppose that while hunting in heavy woods you catch a twig up the barrel and snap it off as you charge through? Or suppose you jam the barrel in the mud while climbing an embankment? What happens when you fire? Tests have shown that these partial blockages may jam a bullet or shot load causing fantastic back pressure. In modern arms a burst barrel or blown breech is unlikely, but a barrel bulge isn't. A good gunsmith can work your barrel back into shape with special tools, but if you jam the barrel of a claptrap gun of dubious origin you may lose both the gun and a few fingers when the breech flies open.

One of the most common causes of shotgun blowup is the feeding of the undersize 20-gauge shell into a 16-gauge gun. A distracted hunter may not notice that the shell has slid down the barrel; he loads another round. The double charge will definitely blow the breech. Never mix ammunition in your pockets.

When asked, "Can you hear a bullet hit?" many people say, "No." The answer is *yes*. Although you can hear a bullet hit its mark, you probably won't due to the concussion of your rifle, which is distracting. But if you ignore that and concentrate you will hear a distinct *thud*, several moments after you see the effect of your hit. You see, the sound must travel back to you, but the bullet travelled far faster than sound.

Most shooters are fascinated by the subject of ricochet, just as are the directors of most Western films. "Do bullets really bounce?" many hunters will ask. Argument is hot on this, and with good reason. A bullet fired from a high-velocity big bore rifle ordinarily does not ricochet, but instead breaks up into fragments when it strikes stone. On the other hand, .22 slugs behave like rubber balls, angling off stone, wood or water. Ricochet is much less predictable than you'd think because a deformed bullet spins out of balance, causing it to hook or slice, and to whine dramatically.

Safety handbooks in the old days reported that bullets shot across water could bounce from wave to wave and wind up hitting the shooter himself. That's like banking a pool ball around the table, but such a super-parlayed ricochet is mathematically remote. Water is still the best place for a ricochet romance, though, so look out. Skip a spinning stone some day and you'll see how the rock starts to curve around. In the era of the buccaneers, it was recorded that cannon shot skipped across the waves, and in World War II water ricochet was exploited by low-flying attack planes in what was called skip bombing against Japanese ships.

Ricochet in real hunting isn't like movieland's hornet sound effects. A ricochet may be soft and silent. Once I was sitting by a sheltered fire after a hunt, in a spot you'd have thought no stray bullet could have struck. That was an opening day in an Adirondacks deer season; the woods were loaded with hunters. When a nearly spent bullet flew over my head, I wondered how it had worked its way into my sanctuary. The answer of course was ricochet, of the down-curve variety. That slug just *hooked* around a tree.

Impossible?

Not on your life. In shooting, anything's possible. But in most cases of contention, if you look for the facts, you'll find somebody is right and somebody is wrong. Be right.

Like if anyone asks you:

"Can the gun be made that will shoot around corners?"

Yes. And it already has been. By the Army, years ago, for firing in close warfare without exposing yourself. How would you aim such a gun? With a periscope.

## SOME MYTHS, FACTS AND QUESTIONS

**Don't believe everything you hear  
about guns and gunsport. Here are the hard facts  
about some popular misconceptions**

By DALE SHAW



# VADA PINSON

## and the man who never was

At 27, Pinson has a plea. "I'm not 19 any more," he says. "I'm just not a boy now, but people think I am. Willie Mays doesn't have to be 19 any more. Why do I?"

By Jerry Izenberg

 He was 19 years old and nobody had ever heard of him, but he had hit .367 at Visalia, and the Reds figured they had better take a look at him. He was 19 years old and he could run and hit and field and in March of 1958 nobody in baseball dominated spring training the way Vada Pinson, Jr., did.

He was a slender kid, maybe 170 pounds, and he was soft-spoken and he answered the coaches with "yes, sir" and "no, sir". When he walked across the practice field in his spikes, he did so with the deceptive flat-footed shuffle which all the good ones have. Nobody knew him but they learned quickly.

On the morning of the first intra-squad game, Jimmie Dykes, then a Cincinnati Red coach, saw him standing in the middle of a group of Latin-American players, a big, broad grin on his face, his head swiveling from one source of lyrical Spanish to the other. That afternoon, Pinson singled and pulled up at first base.

"Listen," Dykes said very slowly from the coaching box. "The batter, he hit, you run. He no hit, you no run. You sabe?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Dykes," Vada Pinson said.

"Where the hell are you from?" Dykes demanded.

"Oakland, California, Mr. Dykes, Oakland, California."

It was the big joke around camp that spring because it quickly became apparent that while nobody seemed to know where Vada Pinson, a 19-year-old Class C ballplayer, had come from, everyone seemed sure where he was going.

"This is the way it was when DiMaggio came up," Birdie Tebbetts, the manager, said hour after hour. "Unlimited potential," batting coach Wally Moses said. "He could be," Stan Musial innocently said, "the next .400 hitter in baseball."

He was 19 and it was all new and all fun. The future promised first-class hotels and airplanes. The present featured Tebbetts explaining how Pinson ran and how Pinson swung the bat and how Pinson was already "halfway to Cooperstown." And the present featured reporters listening and scribbling and relaying the word to the public. Soon, whenever new writers checked into Tampa, they headed straight for Vada Pinson.

"How many brothers and sisters do you have, Vada?

## VADA PINSON

Are you nervous, Vada? How fast can you get down the line, Vada?" "Yes, sir. No, sir." It was the spring to end all springs and he was 19 years old.

But the springs and the summers and the falls and the winters have melted into one another and suddenly it is 1965. Vada Pinson is 27 years old. He has never hit .400 and he probably never will. But neither has Mays or Mantle or Aaron or anyone else in the past 24 years. Vada Pinson has had great years and good years and one mediocre year. He has alternately been accused of timidity and loafing on the field and aggressively sharing leadership of a Negro clique off it. He has been told to be more a team man by some and more an individual by others.

In Cincinnati, there has been disillusionment born of a man's failure to live up to an image which grew not from the cold logic, but from the sun-kissed optimism of a spring in Tampa, Florida. The president of the ballclub wanted to cut Pinson's salary one year because Pinson hit .292.

People have said Pinson has squandered his skills, yet, three times in his first six major-league seasons, he made more hits than Willie Mays. Three of those six years he caught more flyballs than Mays did, three times he played in more games and four times he stole more bases.

But he is not measured against Mays or Mantle or Aaron. Nor is he measured against the faceless journeymen who have silently slipped in and out of baseball during those six years. Instead, he is measured against a myth, a set of standards which were never truly established, which never did and never could exist.

So this is about the puzzle of Vada Pinson, who has become all things to a great many people, most of them based on a man who never was. This is about the boy grown older, who cannot possibly fit into the neat, little pigeonhole people prepared for him, whose actions, like those of all men, can be so hard to defend at times and so easy at others.

Frank Robinson, like Vada, comes from Oakland and played baseball at the same high school as Vada and for the same coach. His locker is next to Pinson's, a tight little island in the far righthand corner of the Cincinnati Reds' antique clubhouse at Crosley Field. He is Pinson's roommate and where you find one, you are almost certain to find the other.

They are close friends and people who dislike one or the other view this as some sort of unholy alliance. In print they have been called "double trouble." They have been called fomenters of discord and joint czars of a Negro clique on the ballclub.

Frank Robinson, one of the few people who truly knows Vada Pinson, says, "They hung that .400 label on him when he came up. Just a kid in the spring and they said he would hit .400. Well, it never made sense. He doesn't hit .400 and he doesn't hit 40 home runs and he doesn't drive in 130. All he does is everything well enough to be rated one of the best in baseball. But they were wrong about the .400 and they are never going to forgive him for that."

Earl Lawson, the Cincinnati sportswriter, twice has engaged in shoving matches with Vada Pinson and once took him to court. Earl Lawson says, "I don't have anything against him. I wrote what I thought. Once I pointed out he didn't bunt enough and he has nine bunt singles right now and he's been given due credit for each of them. I speak to him. Once in a while I kid around with him. But that doesn't mean I don't believe what I wrote."

Lawson wrote that he felt there were times when Vada Pinson could have given more of himself. Lawson indicated that it was time Vada stopped thinking he was tired and Lawson wrote that Pinson could cost himself the batting title "by his stubborn refusal to bunt more."

You can ask a great many people questions about Vada Pinson and you can get a great many answers. But you get the best answers from Pinson himself.

This was on a Sunday and the Reds were preparing to play a doubleheader at Crosley Field against the

Pittsburgh Pirates. Vada Pinson was sitting quietly in front of his locker in his baseball pants and undershirt. He held a bat in his hands, barrel down, and studiously shaved the handle with a soda bottle cap.

In the center of the room, Chico Cardenas, the little shortstop, was trying to maneuver a marble through a wooden maze which resembled a pin-ball machine. It was a trick of leverage and half-a-dozen Cincinnati players clustered around him, alternately shouting encouragement and good-natured abuse. In the little alcove, the manager's office, Dick Sisler huddled with his pitching coach, Jim Turner, and all the familiar sounds and smells were drawn into a blend of happy confusion by the steady drone of a radio on a shelf high above Cardenas.

Vada Pinson held the bottle cap between his thumb and index finger, sliding it evenly along the bat handle with meticulous attention to detail . . . up and down . . . up and down. A reporter sat next to him.

For two days now they had, in a sense, sparred with one another. If a man really has something to say, he wants to be sure the other man cares enough to listen. And now, 15 minutes before going out to face the ballplayers' longest day—a Sunday doubleheader in mid-summer heat—Vada Pinson had something to say. "You know," he said, "I'm not 19 any more. I'm not the person I was that spring in Tampa. I'm just not a boy now. I'm 27 and I speak out now when I have to speak out. That's what happens when you become a man, isn't it? But they don't think of me in that way. Willie Mays doesn't have to be 19 any more. Why do I?"

"Well," the other man said, "people generally see only what they want to see. They get an idea and it stays with them. Maybe if you get older, they'll have to admit they're getting older, too. You know how it is."

"Maybe," Vada Pinson said, "but it's not right. They look at me running down to first base and they want to see that 19-year-old kid. Last year," he said, pointing to a tight muscular ridge on his thigh, "I was hurt. You can feel it right here. Now it doesn't hurt any more so perhaps I'm faster than I was last year. So now people come up to me and they say, 'Hey, Vada, are you faster now than when you came up? It sure looks that way.' So I say, 'Yeah, I'm faster.' But that's ridiculous, you know."

"One year I hit .292 and the man wanted to cut my salary. He said I had a bad year and I asked him how bad and he said, 'Well, bad for you.' They say I loafed. Well, go look up how many games I've played since I got here. They say I should forget a pulled muscle or a bad knee. Well, they can't know what I felt. They're my muscles and my knees and nobody can look inside you and tell you whether you hurt. My legs are my living."

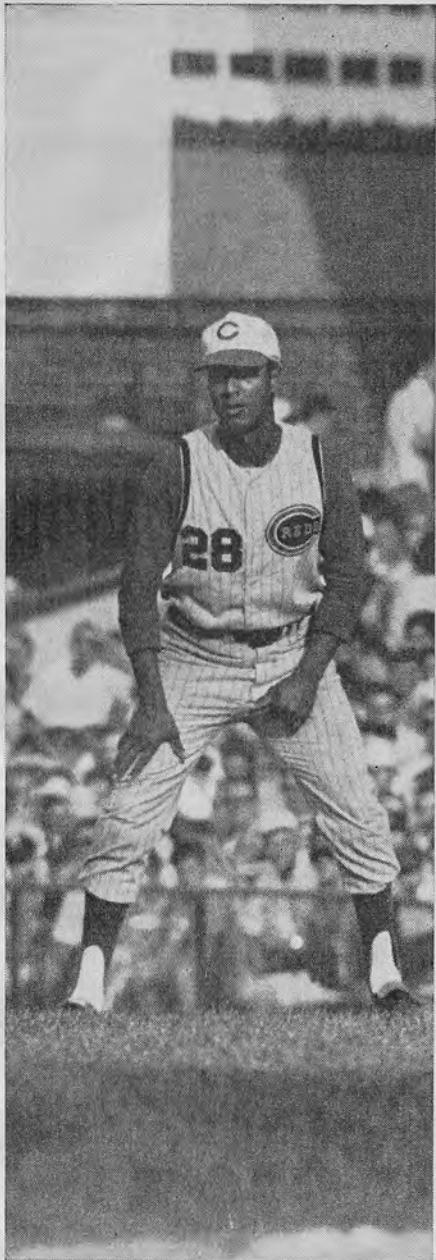
Then it was time to go and the Reds ran to the field. A fellow on his way to the press box thought that for a man with as many critics as Vada Pinson has, very few people really know very much about him.

Where did you go, Vada Pinson? Out. What did you do? Nobody really seems to be sure. And how did it all begin?

Vada Edward Pinson, Jr., is an only child. He was born in Memphis, Tennessee, where his father drove a cement truck but, Vada's mother, Vivian, recalls, "The work was getting scarce down there so my husband went out to the Coast to see if he couldn't maybe make a better life for us."

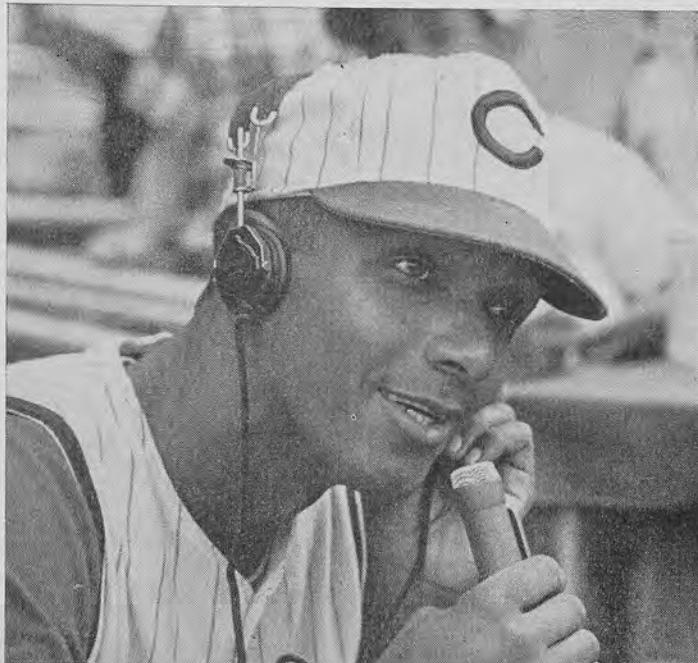
That was in 1944 and Vada, Jr., was only six and the Great Western Migration was then in full swing, triggered by the busy munitions plants and the booming shipyards. Shipyard #3 in Richmond, California, was on double-shift and Vada, Sr., stepped out of the East and into a new financial bracket. He moved his family to Oakland.

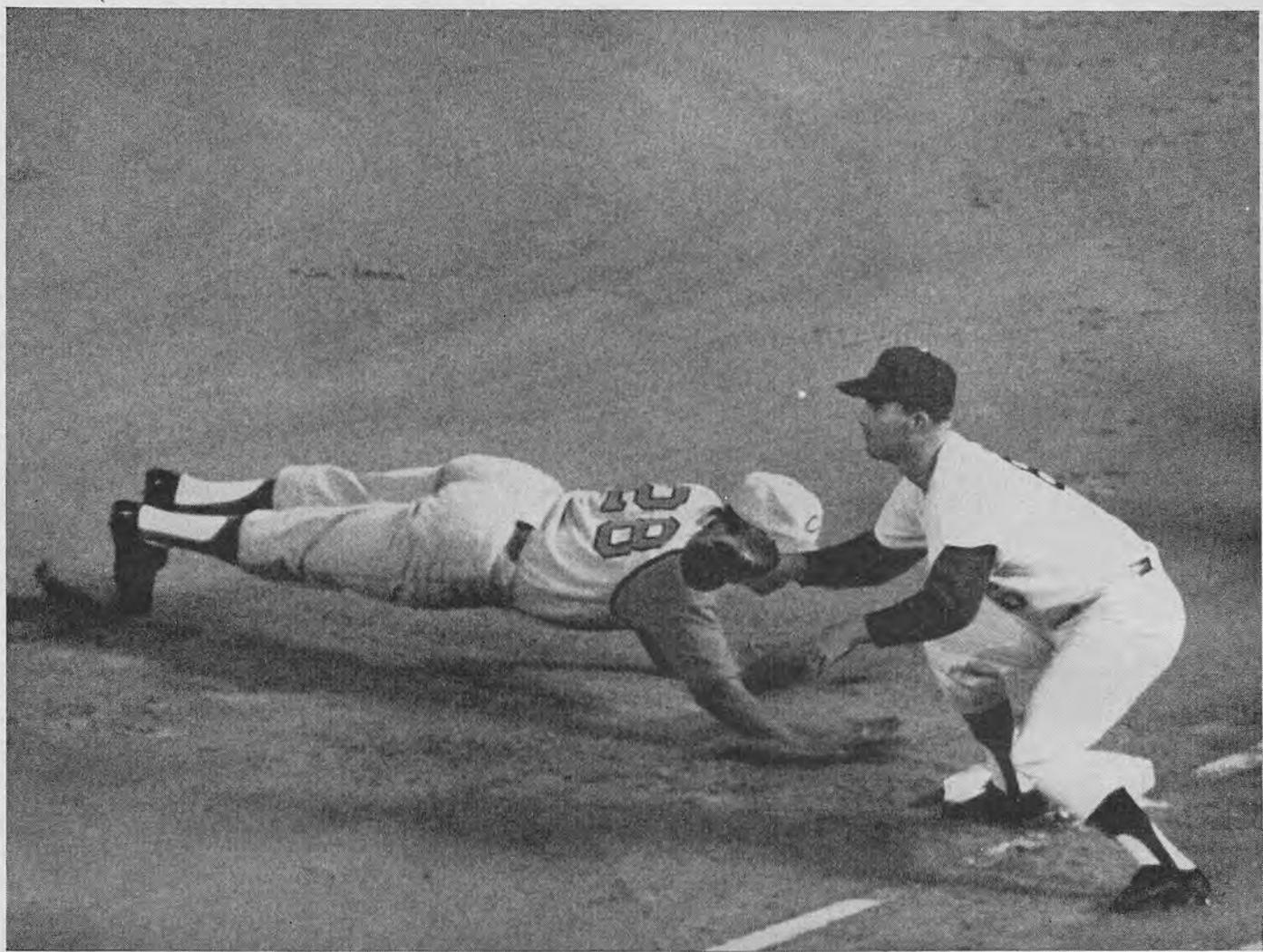
"When the yard shut down," Vivian Pinson remembers, "my husband went down to the docks to work as a longshoreman and he's still there. There was just the three of us and my mother so we didn't have the hard times that some had. Vada grew up in this house. He played baseball in that yard with his father and he



Though he has excelled as a batter, runner and fielder throughout his major-league career, he is considered a disappointment by some because he has not lived up to the potential predicted for him in 1958. "This is the way it was when DiMaggio came up," Cincinnati manager Birdie Tebbetts said then. "Unlimited potential," the batting coach, Wally Moses, said. "He could be," said Stan Musial, "the next .400 hitter."

Photos by Tony Tomsic





Pinson and his teammate Frank Robinson, *together left*, have been accused of heading up a clique on the Reds. Pinson denies it. Pinson also has been accused of loafing, but he denies that charge, too, saying he tries his best—on the bases, *above*, in the field, *below*, always.



practiced his trumpet in that bedroom."

"This house" is a neat, six-room white frame dwelling on Oakland's 31st Street. The neighborhood is quiet and race was no big deal in Vada Pinson's young life. He remembers that in the summers, he and a white playmate would play catch with Vada, Sr. Sometimes they would go out to see the Oakland Oaks of the Pacific Coast League.

Vada, Sr., worked the docks from seven at night until four in the morning. The pay was good, but it was hard, bone-weary work and he did not want his son to go the same route.

"I tried it once," Vada, Jr., recalls. "I was already playing ball then and my father asked me if I wanted to come down to the docks with him and work one night. I didn't even have any work clothes, just an old sports shirt and a pair of slacks. We were loading onions. I thought I'd die. Every bone in my body felt like it was broken the next morning. Man, it was something else."

Because the Pinsons were a tight, compact group, Vada grew into adolescence with an unusually close family relationship. It was a nice, quiet kind of life and most of it was divided between music (the career which his family hoped he'd follow) and baseball.

"Well, he was a quiet boy," Vivian Pinson says, "and he was very interested in music and my mother had sung in the church choir back in Memphis and we kind of hoped he'd become a musician. He learned to play a little piano by ear at a neighbor's house and then we bought him the trumpet."

The trumpet caused the first real emotional conflict within Vada Pinson. The year he entered McClymonds High in Oakland, he first came into contact with a very unusual man named George Powles, who was the baseball coach. In recent years, Powles has sent Frank Robinson and Pinson and Joe Gaines and Jesse Gonder and Tommy Harper, among others, to the major leagues. He is an intense man with a great feeling for youngsters and he is aware of the economic doors which major-league baseball can open. For that reason, it is his custom to call his baseball candidates together on the first day and ask the ones who want to be professional baseball players to put up their hands.

"I remember how he said it," Vada Pinson says, "and I remember that I put my hand up then because it seemed the thing to do. I was still not sure how my life was going to turn out but I figured I would probably become a musician."

George Powles had two major handicaps in his drive to make Vada Pinson a major-league ballplayer. The first, a sort of friendly one, was a man named Tom Fitzpatrick. The second was Vada Pinson's trumpet.

Fitzpatrick was the McClymonds High School football coach and in the fall he would watch Vada in the intramural games. Vada could pass and he could run and it was Tom Fitzpatrick's considered opinion that Vada could become one great football player. "Well, he never played football," Vivian Pinson says, "and I was glad for that. Not that I would have tried to stop him, you understand. But I don't think Vada cared much for the rough side of life. I can't ever remember him having a single serious fight when he was a boy."

Vada Pinson did not play football because, as he later explained, "it was not my kind of game." But the trumpet, well, the trumpet was something else. And it is characteristic of Vada Pinson that as a youth there were two things with which he excelled—a bat and a horn—and they were the very things about which he suffered the most doubts.

"I remember," he says, "how badly I wanted to play first trumpet in the high-school orchestra. I remember how we had to sight read at the audition. Well, I had the sheet music to this song which was popular then. Maybe you remember. It was called *You, You, You* and I practiced it day and night and when it came time for the audition I took the music with me."

"The other boy had to sight read and I guess I should have had to do it, too, but they let me play my own music and I remember that afterward this kid said to

me: 'Man, when I heard you start to play, I knew I was licked.'

As high-school trumpet players go, Vada Pinson was more than competent but in keeping with Vada's deep introspection, George Powles tells this story:

"One day we had a special assembly and there was this nine-year-old trumpet player on stage and the school orchestra provided the background music for him. So there was this little kid up there and he played the thing like Gabriel and there was Vada down in the orchestra pit, looking up at him, and you know when Vada Pinson went home that night, he hid his horn under his coat. He was that kind of kid."

As a physical specimen, Vada Pinson was not very impressive then. He only weighed 154 pounds and he was a pitcher and professional scouts do not get very excited about 154-pound pitchers. But Pinson could hit and he had excellent reflexes and, most of all, he could run.

Powles and Pinson lived reasonably close to each other and every afternoon the coach would drive the player home after practice. "He always needed somebody to talk to," Powles says, "somebody to keep him from getting down on himself. That's probably why he is so close with Frank (Robinson) now. I remember that about once a week he would tell me on the way home that he'd had it and then we'd talk about it and the next day he would be back at practice again."

The trumpet would drive Pinson's thoughts from baseball. "He was always very proud of that horn," Powles says. "He used to shine it up and spend hours with it, but then he was the neatest kid I ever had. He is the only kid I ever coached who used to come to ball-games with shoe-trees in his spikes."

"I was trying to have it both ways then," Vada Pinson remembers. "I'd rush home from school and practice my horn. Then I'd rush out to baseball practice and I'd always be late. Finally one day after practice, George put it right to me."

"What if I told you, you could make it all the way in baseball?" George Powles asked him. "Would you believe me?"

Vada Pinson thought for a moment. "Yes," he said.

"And what if I told you, you cannot possibly make it if you split your time this way? Would you believe that, too?"

"Yes," Vada Pinson answered.

"Well, it's up to you. That's the way it is now."

"I made the choice just like that," Pinson told a visitor to the Reds' clubhouse that long weekend in Cincinnati this summer. "I never regretted it. I still have the horn and I still play it. But I knew right then where I wanted to be going."

Not many people, however, were willing to take him there. The Dodgers looked at him. They watched him throw and then they said, "Who the hell ever heard of a 154-pound pitcher?" Other people said similar things. Except a man named Bobby Mattick.

Bobby Mattick was the Reds' West Coast area scout and he had watched Vada run in high school and he had seen Vada's wrists get the bat around and he had told Vada: "You can make it as a hitter."

"I remember the night he signed," Vivian Pinson says. "I remember how we all thought he was too young and we wondered why he wouldn't wait a while and we all guessed that maybe it was the chance to join the Reds because Frank (Robinson) was already there."

It is typical of what has happened to Vada Pinson that the Reds gave him \$5000 for signing and a month later took \$2500 back. "They told me that the other \$2500 was really for somebody else. They said that my bonus was only \$2500. It's a good thing I hadn't spent the money."

But the Reds were impressed with Bobby Mattick's report and although they assigned Pinson to a Class C club, they signed him at a Class B salary. With an airline ticket in his hand and shoe-trees in his spikes, Vada Pinson went out to meet organized baseball.

"We all went down to the airport," Vivian Pinson says, "and I guess we all cried a lot. He'd only been



away from home once before that and that was only overnight. Then something went wrong with the plane and he had to get on another one. It was his first flight and it started to rain and I thought, 'he's my only child. I hope this is the right thing.' I was scared and his daddy was scared and his grandmother was scared. He never said anything, but I think Vada was a little scared, too."

He had cause to be. At Wausau, Wisconsin, he reported to a man named John Streza. John Streza was his first manager and John Streza was a tough, impatient man.

"Well, well," said John Streza, when Vada Pinson, quiet, deeply introspective and a couple of weeks away from a home where he had been the only child, reported to him. "Well, well, what have we here? What have they sent me now? They say it's a first-baseman?"

Among the other first-basemen in this league were 6-3, 205-pound Don Mincher and 6-2, 200-pound Orlando Cepeda. At 154 pounds, Vada Edward Pinson, Jr., was almost invisible. There were times when he wished he were. He hit .278 that season.

But the following year, the Reds decided to jump him to Class B and Vada Pinson, who has since been accused of pushing too fast, asked them if they'd let him have another year in C ball. He still had doubts, according to his mother. The Reds consented and assigned him to Visalia in the California State League.

The Visalia club already had a first-baseman, a young fellow of some size, who acted as though he belonged at the position. Moreover, the club owned this young fellow outright, which meant it could make a buck or two on him if he developed.

"We need an outfielder," the Visalia manager said hopefully. "Sure," Vada replied, "I think it would work better for me out there anyway." This is the kind of understatement last heard when Noah said, "It looks like rain." Vada Pinson hit .367 and he led the league in runs, hits, total bases, doubles and triples. And this was his passport to Tampa, Florida, in the spring of 1958.

"Things happened so fast that year I didn't have time to worry at first," Vada Pinson said recently. "They had a million guys trying out in right field and every day they shipped some more out and every day some more came in and finally everyone was gone but me. There was nobody left and I had the job."

"Just like that?" a visitor said.

"Just like that," Pinson said, "until I hit a grand slammer against Pittsburgh the opening week and sud-

denly I realized where I was and what I had done."

He weighed 170 pounds then and he was not a power hitter by nature but, after the grand slam, he became devoted to power. And he ended up being sent down to Seattle.

Still, the Reds were not entirely disappointed. The jump from Visalia to the major leagues is like this: It is curveballs which hook and bend in every direction. It is changeups which tease a boy into futility. It is, in point of fact, not measured in miles but in light years.

The front office took it in stride. The front office looked out at center field where the calendar was beginning to chip away at Gus Bell's legs and it knew exactly what it wanted from Vada Pinson in Seattle. "I want him to play every day," Gabe Paul, the general manager, instructed the minor-league club. "And I want him to play center field. I want him to be ready."

The following spring, Gabe Paul called Vada Pinson into his office and told him: "Gus is moving to right. The job is yours until you lose it." Vada went out and hit .316 in his first full major-league season. In a sense this was the high-water mark in Vada Pinson's relationship with the Cincinnati front office. True, he hit .343 in 1961, the year the Reds won the pennant, but he had a dismal World Series and the people around Crosley Field did not exactly pat him on the back after that happened.

But 1959 was a year of excitement, a time when the organist at Crosley Field first began to greet each home run Vada Pinson hit with a chorus of "Show Me the Vada Go Home." He caught more flyballs than any other centerfielder in the National League that year. He scored more runs than anybody else in the league and he hit more doubles.

Vada Pinson was unquestionably the most exciting youngster to make his major-league debut in 1959. But in 1958 he had been to bat 96 times for the Reds. The rules say that on your 91st trip to the plate, you are no longer a rookie. Therefore, Vada Pinson, the best rookie in the National League, was ineligible to win the rookie-of-the-year award. There was something symbolic about that in terms of Pinson's baseball life.

Still, 1959 provided Vada Pinson his last genuine moment of security. He slipped to .287 the next year. It did not matter that he stole 32 bases or that he led the league in putouts or that he played every game. What mattered was that people had decided two years earlier that Vada Pinson was a potential .400 hitter.

A year later the Reds won the pennant. Vada Pinson hit .343 and nearly won the batting title. He led the league in hits. And then they played the World Series and Vada Pinson had a very bad five games. He played badly in the outfield and he only collected two hits in 22 tries. It was—if you subscribe to the peculiar theory that five extra-curricular ballgames can negate a season of near-perfection—the end of the world.

In Pittsburgh the following year, Pinson took exception to remarks by Lawson in the *Cincinnati Post and Times Star*, which said, in effect, that he was loafing. Lawson and Pinson met in what has since been referred to by sportswriters—among the world's least violent people—as the famous no-count decision aboard a bus between the Reds' hotel and Forbes Field.

"He said to me," Pinson claims, "if you don't like it, there's nothing between us but air." "I didn't say it that way," Lawson retorts, "but I guess that's what I meant." Like all such things, it was great sound and fury with little damage and people who were there that day say that it had gone too far in public not to end that way.

That was the first time. A year later, on September 4, 1962, Pinson ripped Lawson's shirt in a noisy, unpleasant scene in the Cincinnati clubhouse. He had sought Lawson out as the writer emerged from the manager's office. What had triggered the incident was a piece by Lawson which suggested that Pinson could win the batting title if he bunted more.

According to Pinson, however, the key words in this thing came in the phrase "stubborn refusal to bunt."

"What refusal?" Pinson still asks today. "Who asked me to bunt? It makes it sound like I'm disobeying orders."

"Perhaps it wasn't meant that way," a fellow recently suggested.

"So how do I tell everyone that?" Vada Pinson countered. "That's the way it sounds and that's the way people took it. That's all I know."

One thing began to emerge clearly after the second Pinson-Lawson match, which began in the clubhouse, adjourned to the police station at Lawson's request and finished in the courts with a hung jury. The boy of 19, the soft-spoken kid with the golden wheels, the broad smile and the passive acceptance of whatever came across the board, was gone forever. Like all men, Vada Pinson was going to be wrong a great many times and he was going to be right, too, but one thing he was never going to be again was silent.

No matter what the Reds' management publicly says, it is aware that part of Pinson's burden was placed there by them that spring in 1959. It comes as no surprise, therefore, when Phil Segui, the assistant general manager, discusses Pinson this way:

"People (he does not say the Reds) did him a real disservice when they put all that pressure on him. Did it ever occur to you what he'd have to do in order to hit .400?"

"Well, Vada is a swinger, not a looker. That means he bats more than 600 times each season. In order to hit .400 he would have to get more than 250 hits."

The record book shows that 35 years ago Bill Terry collected 254 hits. Nobody has had 250 or more hits since.

"Another thing," Segui adds. "Last year Vada was seriously injured. We didn't want anyone to know there was anything wrong with his leg so we kept it quiet. But he was ordered to run constantly and some days he would run in 100 degree heat, then go out and play a doubleheader."

There are people connected with the Reds who privately dispute this but Segui's comments are tacit proof that a sort of uneasy truce exists between the management and Vada Pinson. They know, for example, that Pinson respects Dick Sisler, the current manager, and they do not want to jeopardize this relationship.

Still, there is no way of denying that as psychologists, the Cincinnati front office has been grossly deficient in the case of Vada Edward Pinson, Jr. A case in point is the very injury about which Segui speaks. In 1964, Vada

Pinson suffered through his poorest major-league season. He had never stolen fewer than 21 bases, but in 1964 he stole only eight. Moreover, his batting average skidded to .266.

Some people blamed the Robinson-Pinson Axis, a charge which management has neither denied nor clearly defined. Others said that Vada Pinson was loafing. It is interesting to note here that for all his previous years in baseball, the one thing which was Vada Pinson's biggest talking point at the salary-bargaining table was his incredible speed. Yet he stole only eight bases that year. It makes little sense that a man with a wife and three children would deliberately eliminate his strongest salary lever.

So this is what Vada Pinson says really happened in 1964. It happened on the night of April 23 in Houston, Texas. It happened on a night when it was worth almost nothing in the next day's newspapers because in that same game, Ken Johnson pitched a 1-0 no-hitter against Cincinnati.

"I was running out a groundball," Pinson says, "and just like that I felt as if there were a knife in my thigh. I damaged the ligament on the side of my knee. It got worse and worse and worse."

Suddenly, Vada Pinson couldn't reach flyballs that should have been fairly routine for him. Suddenly, he could not beat out infield hits. And suddenly, he took that natural flat-footed, ground-eating stride of his and tried to adapt it to the physical problem at hand.

"The thing that scared me was this," Vada Pinson said recently. "We came back from a road trip and Dr. Ballou (the team physician) said that Hutch (manager Fred Hutchinson) should sit me down for a few days. He said he'd seen me run and he said my body was starting to weave from side to side. He said there was a chance I could permanently damage my spine."

"You mean," a fellow said, "that you could have trouble even walking?"

"I mean," Vada Pinson said, "that I could blow it all. To be a cripple," he said with visible emotion, "I mean that's something else."

He told this story in a steak restaurant in downtown Cincinnati, an inexpensive, inconspicuous kind of place filled with ballplayers eating good steaks. The mid-summer Sunday doubleheader had ended a while earlier, 11 hours after Pinson had reported for work.

The Reds had split with the Pirates. Vada Pinson had homered in the first game and run around the bases as the organist played "Show Me the Vada Go Home." He had hit well in both games and fielded well and afterward he had been on a radio show. When he arrived in the locker room after the show, most of the players had already showered. Frank Robinson had not. He had sat, instead, in front of his locker and he had remarked to a visitor:

"Did you hear my friends today?"

They had booed Robinson because he had left men on bases. Frank Robinson's record fills most of the top half of page 72 in the Cincinnati Reds' official year book. He has set club records for runs, home runs, total bases, extra base hits and slugging percentage. Moreover, his name is listed 15 times in the Reds' batting leader list, which appears on that page. Still, logic has never been the baseball fans' strongest claim to fame, so they had given him a thorough treatment.

"You can see," he had said with a trace of a smile, "that I have a great many friends in the ballpark." Then he had continued to wait for Vada Pinson and ultimately the two of them disappeared into the shower room.

During each of Vada Pinson's major crises with the front office, stories began to appear that it was time Pinson and Robinson were separated. "It's a strange thing," Pinson said that night at supper, "but with all the talk—and now I'm not saying that I can look inside anybody's head and pretend to tell you what they think or what they've discussed with anyone else—but during all that talk not once has a manager actually come to me or Frank and said, 'I want you two to split up.' A manager is supposed to run the ballclub so if nobody

has said it to me, I have to think that nobody has ever really meant to do it."

"Well," a man said, cautiously biting into his steak, "people say that there has been a great deal of dissension on this team. More specifically, they say it has to do with race and to be blunt about it, they say it has to do with you and Frank Robinson."

"O.K.," Vada Pinson said. "You were in the locker room today. Now in 1961 when we won, this was really a kind of happy family. And in 1962 we were still in contention and in 1963, well, we had our troubles but it was never race, I mean that. You were there today. What do you think?"

"Well, what about the time Bob Purkey referred to this as a team of strangers? What did he mean?"

"You'll have to ask him that," Vada Pinson said. "But what did you think today?"

A fellow who is very close to the ballclub had said this earlier in the day:

"There was trouble on this club in 1963, but I don't believe it was racial, at least not the root of it. Don't forget this team had won the pennant two years earlier. Now it was going very badly and everybody was blaming everyone else. Last year, when Cardenas and O'Toole had the fight, some people said that was racial, too. But I don't believe it."

The man eating dinner with Pinson had seen no evidence of racial problems in the Cincinnati clubhouse that afternoon.

And he told Pinson so. "But what about the clique?" he asked. "Is there one? Do you and Frank lead it?"

"Look at it this way," Pinson replied. "Frank and I are friends. Our families socialize. We come from the same town. We have the same interests. In a way we have the same backgrounds. It's only natural we should be together."

"Don't you think that it happens this way everywhere once the ballgame is over. That doesn't mean that sometimes we all don't go out together. What it means is that it is natural for people with common interests in a strange town to go the same route."

"But isn't that a clique?"

"Not the kind they mean, not the kind that tears things apart. Look, the other Negro players on this team are men. They negotiate their own contracts. Maybe some of them don't feel they've been up here long enough to speak out, but that doesn't mean that they aren't their own men. Frank and I aren't running any clique. Look, you just can't say I want those Negroes over there," Pinson said, breaking into a very large grin, "and, boom, you've got them. Common interests pull people together. That doesn't mean it creates dissension."

"I don't consider myself a spokesman for anybody but me," Vada Pinson added. "And I intend to keep on doing that. There's not enough talking in the world today . . . instead of busting heads."

The boy has grown into a man; 27 years old, married, the father of three and a major-leaguer of seven years, he could not possibly be the boy of 19 who people fondly remember. "Yes," George Powles says, "he is different." Next to Vada's immediate family and Frank Robinson, George Powles is probably the person who knows Vada best. He sees him often. He knew the golden boy of 19 and he knows the controversial man of today.

"He's more mature," says Powles. "Well, I think his marriage did that. It's a very good one. And then his little boy was born with a hole in his heart and that has to age a man a lot, too."

"But I believe he wears the age well. And I believe Frank is good for him, too, because he needs someone to pick him up when he's down on himself and Frank can do that."

Still, the idea of a clique has been mentioned so many times and in so many ways that a man has to ponder the hows and whys of its origin.

"I don't know," Vada Pinson said. "I know this, though. Nobody has ever been specific about what Frank and I are supposed to be doing."

The owner of the steak joint wandered over at that point and told a story about how six kids claimed they

had the ball which Vada Pinson hit out of the park for his 1000th major league hit and everybody laughed and suddenly the mood was broken. Then the talk was of family and the restaurant's new kitchen and the merits of steak sauce and Thousand Island dressing.

It was 10 p.m. now and there was a sudden last-minute run at the door and, as the proprietor left, the intruder figured this was as good a time as any to put the question.

"They say you loaf," he said pointedly. "Do you?"

"Did you see Art Shamsky come up to pinch hit today?" Pinson asked. "Well, he doesn't loaf. But if you watched him swing for the first time you'd say he has a kind of casual swing. There's nothing wrong with it. It's the way he swings the bat. It doesn't keep him from hitting the ball but it looks casual. Still, it's his way—his best way—so nobody says anything."

"Well, I'm older now but people always think of what they first saw. They still look back and see me running the bases like a wild man at 19. No, I don't loaf. I play as hard as I can. I have to because it's my livelihood. There were days when I played when I shouldn't have."

There are people who question Vada Pinson's competitive spirit. There are people who say he will not run into a fence to catch a ball. These same people question his courage.

Then consider this. In 1959 baseball's hottest rookie was Vada Edward Pinson, Jr. He was also baseball's most dusty. Pitchers threw behind him, over him and occasionally under him. Sometimes, they might have even thrown directly at him.

They continued to throw at him for a very long time. In June of 1961, he was hit in the head by a pitched ball in the first game of a doubleheader. It is one thing to speak of courage when you are analyzing the abstract figures which comprise a man's lifetime in the majors. It is quite another to speak of it when you are trying to pick a baseball out of your skull.

Vada Pinson was taken to the hospital and X-rayed during the first game. He returned, played the second and drove home another run. Which would seem to end that kind of debate.

And then there is the question of pride and the thing which seems to sting Vada Pinson's pride the most is that constant reference to the clique. Strangely enough, just two years ago another Negro ballplayer was quoted as saying that "Vada has no chip on his shoulder. He wants to get along with everybody on his team but because he is a Negro this is really impossible but he wishes it were so."

"What about race, Vada?" the visitor asked him. "Do you feel deeply committed in this thing?"

"Well," Vada Pinson smiled, thrusting out his arm and pointing to his skin, "as you can see I'm in it just by being me. But I don't do as much as I should. I have never taken an active role like, say, Bill White. But, listen, I was there when they broke down the hotels in spring training. I lived all that. If I don't do more, I guess you have to consider my nature."

In the final analysis, what has happened to Vada Pinson since that wonderful spring in Tampa is the kind of thing which happens to all men as they move from adolescence to manhood. The illusions die. They see the world and they meet it as best they can.

"People go to the ballpark," he says, "and they think this is just a nice little game. I guess to them it is. But it's no game. It's a job. I remember when I came off a road trip with food poisoning and my wife was out in Oakland and I was all alone in the apartment in Cincinnati and I thought I was going to die."

"It's not a game to me. It's nine innings times 162. It's hotel food and nights away from my family. It's all those airplane rides in all kinds of weather. It's tough enough without having to try to be somebody you're not."

"And if you could tell everybody one thing, if you thought by doing that you could make them understand, what would it be?"

"Tell them," Vada Pinson said, "that I'm not 19 any more."



# SPORT'S

## 1965 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Here are dates and locations of spotlighted 1964 college games, and the complete listing of games in both the NFL and AFL



### MAJOR COLLEGE SCHEDULES BY DATES, 1965 SEASON

(Figures in parentheses are 1964 scores. When score is not given, teams did not meet in '64)

Friday, Sept. 17	
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Texas.....	at.....Tulane (31-0)
<b>FAR WEST</b>	
Minnesota.....	at.....So. California
Saturday, Sept. 18	
<b>EAST</b>	
Syracuse.....	at.....Navy
Oregon.....	at.....Pittsburgh (22-13)
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Baylor.....	at.....Auburn
N. C. State.....	at.....Clemson (9-0)
Alabama.....	at.....Georgia (31-3)
Texas A&M.....	at.....L.S.U. (6-9)
Mississippi.....	at.....Memphis St. (30-0)
S.M.U.....	at.....Miami (Fla.)
Michigan.....	at.....No. Carolina
Army.....	at.....Tennessee
Georgia Tech.....	at.....Vanderbilt (14-2)
Duke.....	at.....Virginia (30-0)
<b>MIDWEST</b>	
Oregon St.....	at.....Illinois
Kansas St.....	at.....Indiana
Washington St.....	at.....Iowa
U.C.L.A.....	at.....Michigan St.
Kentucky.....	at.....Missouri
T.C.U.....	at.....Nebraska
Florida.....	at.....Northwestern
Miami (O.).....	at.....Purdue
Colorado.....	at.....Wisconsin
<b>SOUTHEAST</b>	
Oklahoma St.....	vs.....Arkansas (10-14) (at Little Rock, Ark.)
Louisiana Tech.....	at.....Rice
Kansas.....	at.....Texas Tech
<b>FAR WEST</b>	
Notre Dame.....	at.....California
San Jose St.....	at.....Stanford (8-10)
Idaho.....	at.....Washington
Air Force.....	at.....Wyoming (7-7)
Saturday, Sept. 25	
<b>EAST</b>	
V.M.I.....	at.....Army
Colgate.....	at.....Cornell (8-3)
New Hampshire.....	at.....Dartmouth (0-40)
Holy Cross.....	at.....Harvard
Michigan St.....	at.....Penn State
Oklahoma.....	at.....Pittsburgh
Rutgers.....	at.....Princeton (7-10)
Miami (Fla.).....	at.....Syracuse
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Tulane.....	vs.....Alabama (6-36) (at Mobile, Ala.)
Texas A&M.....	at.....Georgia Tech
Vanderbilt.....	at.....Georgia (0-7)
Mississippi.....	at.....Kentucky (21-27)
Rice.....	at.....L.S.U. (0-3)
Duke.....	at.....South Carolina (9-9)
Auburn.....	at.....Tennessee (3-0)
Clemson.....	at.....Virginia (29-7)
<b>MIDWEST</b>	
S.M.U.....	at.....Illinois
Northwestern.....	at.....Indiana (14-13)
Arizona.....	at.....Kansas
California.....	at.....Michigan
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Washington St.....	at.....Minnesota
North Carolina.....	at.....Ohio St.
Notre Dame.....	at.....Purdue (34-15)
So. California.....	at.....Wisconsin
<b>SOUTHWEST</b>	
Tulsa.....	at.....Arkansas (22-31)
Washington.....	at.....Baylor (35-14)
Missouri.....	at.....Oklahoma St. (7-10)
Texas Tech.....	at.....Texas (0-23)
<b>FAR WEST</b>	
Nebraska.....	at.....Air Force
Iowa.....	vs.....Oregon St. (at Portland, Ore.)
Navy.....	at.....Stanford
Oregon.....	at.....Utah
Saturday, Oct. 2	
<b>EAST</b>	
Boston Col.....	at.....Army (13-19)
Princeton.....	at.....Columbia (23-13)
Tufts.....	at.....Harvard
Dartmouth.....	at.....Holy Cross
U.C.L.A.....	at.....Penn State (21-14)
Colgate.....	at.....Yale
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Mississippi.....	vs.....Alabama (at Birmingham, Ala.)
Kentucky.....	at.....Auburn (20-0)
Baylor.....	at.....Florida St.
L.S.U.....	at.....Florida (6-20)
Clemson.....	at.....Georgia Tech (7-14)
Syracuse.....	at.....Maryland
Virginia.....	at.....No. Carolina (31-27)
Vanderbilt.....	at.....Wake Forest (9-6)
Pittsburgh.....	at.....West Virginia (14-0)
<b>MIDWEST</b>	
Illinois.....	at.....Mich. State (16-0)
Georgia.....	at.....Michigan
Missouri.....	at.....Minnesota
Iowa St. U.....	at.....Nebraska (7-14)
Northwestern.....	at.....Notre Dame
Iowa.....	at.....Wisconsin (21-31)
<b>SOUTHWEST</b>	
T.C.U.....	vs.....Arkansas (6-29) (at Little Rock, Ark.)
Navy.....	at.....Oklahoma
Duke.....	at.....Rice
Purdue.....	at.....S.M.U.
Indiana.....	at.....Texas
<b>FAR WEST</b>	
Stanford.....	at.....Air Force
Kansas.....	at.....California
Brigham Young.....	at.....Oregon (13-20)
Oregon St.....	at.....So. California
Ohio St.....	at.....Washington
Saturday, Oct. 9	
<b>EAST</b>	
Notre Dame.....	vs.....Army (at Shea Stadium, N. Y.)
Penn State.....	at.....Boston Col.
Yale.....	at.....Brown (15-7)
Princeton.....	at.....Cornell (17-12)
Pennsylvania.....	at.....Dartmouth (7-27)
Columbia.....	at.....Harvard (0-3)
Wm. & Mary.....	at.....Navy (6-35)
<b>SOUTH</b>	
Pittsburgh.....	at.....Duke
Clemson.....	at.....Georgia (7-19)
Florida St.....	at.....Kentucky (48-6)
<b>SOUTHWEST</b>	
Texas.....	at.....Arkansas (13-14)
Kansas.....	at.....Oklahoma (15-14)
S.M.U.....	at.....Rice (6-7)
<b>FAR WEST</b>	
Washington.....	at.....California (21-16)
Oregon St.....	vs.....Idaho (10-7) (at Boise, Idaho)
Air Force.....	vs.....Oregon (at Portland, Ore.)
Stanford.....	at.....So. California (10-15)
Arizona.....	vs.....Washington St. (28-12) (at Spokane, Wash.)

**SPORT'S****1965 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE**

College

Friday, Oct. 22

**SOUTH**

Miss. State..... at..... Tulane (17-6)

Saturday, Oct. 23

**EAST**

Colgate..... at..... Brown  
 Dartmouth..... at..... Harvard (48-0)  
 West Virginia..... at..... Penn State (8-37)  
 Miami (Fla.)..... at..... Pittsburgh (20-20)  
 Pennsylvania..... at..... Princeton (0-55)  
 Holy Cross..... at..... Syracuse (8-34)  
 Cornell..... at..... Yale (21-23)

**SOUTH**

Florida St..... at..... Alabama  
 Southern Miss..... at..... Auburn (7-14)  
 T.C.U..... at..... Clemson (14-10)  
 Navy..... at..... Georgia Tech (0-17)  
 Georgia..... at..... Kentucky (21-7)  
 So. Carolina..... at..... L.S.U.  
 N. C. State..... at..... Maryland (14-13)  
 Vanderbilt..... at..... Mississippi (7-7)

**MIDWEST**

Duke..... at..... Illinois  
 Washington St..... at..... Indiana  
 Missouri..... at..... Iowa St. U. (10-0)  
 Oklahoma..... at..... Kansas St. (44-0)  
 Oklahoma St..... at..... Kansas (13-14)  
 Michigan..... at..... Minnesota (19-12)  
 Colorado..... at..... Nebraska (3-21)  
 Iowa..... at..... Northwestern  
 So. California..... at..... Notre Dame (20-17)  
 Michigan St..... at..... Purdue (21-7)  
 Ohio St..... at..... Wisconsin (28-3)

**SOUTHWEST**No. Texas St..... vs..... Arkansas  
 (at Little Rock, Ark.)

Texas Tech..... at..... S.M.U. (12-0)  
 Rice..... at..... Texas (3-6)

**FAR WEST**

Utah..... at..... Oregon St.  
 Washington..... vs..... Oregon (0-7)  
 Air Force..... at..... Pacific (Cal.)  
 Army..... at..... Stanford  
 California..... at..... U.C.L.A. (21-25)

Saturday, Oct. 30

**EAST**

Colgate..... at..... Army  
 Columbia..... at..... Cornell (20-57)  
 Harvard..... at..... Pennsylvania (34-0)  
 Syracuse..... vs..... Pittsburgh (21-6)  
 (at Shea Stadium, N. Y.)  
 Brown..... at..... Princeton (0-14)  
 Dartmouth..... at..... Yale (15-24)

**SOUTH**

Florida..... at..... Auburn (14-0)  
 Wake Forest..... at..... Clemson (2-21)  
 Duke..... at..... Georgia Tech (8-21)  
 West Virginia..... at..... Kentucky (26-21)  
 Alabama..... vs..... Miss. State (23-6)  
 L.S.U..... vs..... Mississippi (11-10)  
 (at Jackson, Miss.)  
 Georgia..... at..... No. Carolina (24-8)  
 Maryland..... at..... So. Carolina (24-6)  
 Vanderbilt..... at..... Tulane (2-7)  
 N. C. State..... at..... Virginia (24-15)

**MIDWEST**

Purdue..... at..... Illinois (26-14)  
 Iowa..... at..... Indiana (21-20)  
 Kansas St..... at..... Kansas (0-7)  
 Northwestern..... at..... Michigan St. (6-24)  
 Wisconsin..... at..... Michigan  
 Nebraska..... at..... Missouri (9-0)  
 Navy..... at..... Notre Dame (0-40)  
 Minnesota..... at..... Ohio St.

**SOUTHWEST**Texas A&M..... vs..... Arkansas (0-17)  
 (at Little Rock, Ark.)

T.C.U..... at..... Baylor (17-14)  
 Colorado..... at..... Oklahoma (11-14)  
 Texas..... at..... S.M.U. (7-0)  
 Rice..... at..... Texas Tech (6-6)

**FAR WEST**

U.C.L.A..... at..... Air Force (15-24)  
 Penn State..... at..... California  
 Washington St..... at..... Oregon St. (7-24)  
 Idaho..... at..... Oregon (8-14)  
 Stanford..... at..... Washington (0-6)

Saturday, Nov. 6

**EAST**

Dartmouth..... at..... Columbia (31-14)  
 Brown..... at..... Cornell (31-28)  
 Princeton..... at..... Harvard (16-0)  
 Maryland..... at..... Navy (27-22)  
 Notre Dame..... at..... Pittsburgh (17-15)  
 Oregon St..... at..... Syracuse (31-13)  
 Pennsylvania..... at..... Yale (9-21)

**SOUTH**

Miss. State..... vs..... Auburn (3-12)  
 (at Birmingham, Ala.)  
 Alabama..... at..... L.S.U. (17-9)  
 Duke..... at..... N. C. State (35-3)  
 Clemson..... at..... North Carolina (0-29)  
 Georgia Tech..... at..... Tennessee (14-22)  
 Stanford..... at..... Tulane  
 Kentucky..... at..... Vanderbilt (22-21)  
 South Carolina..... at..... Virginia

**MIDWEST**

Army..... vs..... Air Force  
 (at Chicago, Ill.)  
 Michigan..... at..... Illinois (21-6)  
 Michigan St..... at..... Iowa  
 Northwestern..... at..... Minnesota (18-21)  
 Kansas..... at..... Nebraska (7-14)  
 Indiana..... at..... Ohio St. (9-17)  
 Wisconsin..... at..... Purdue (7-28)

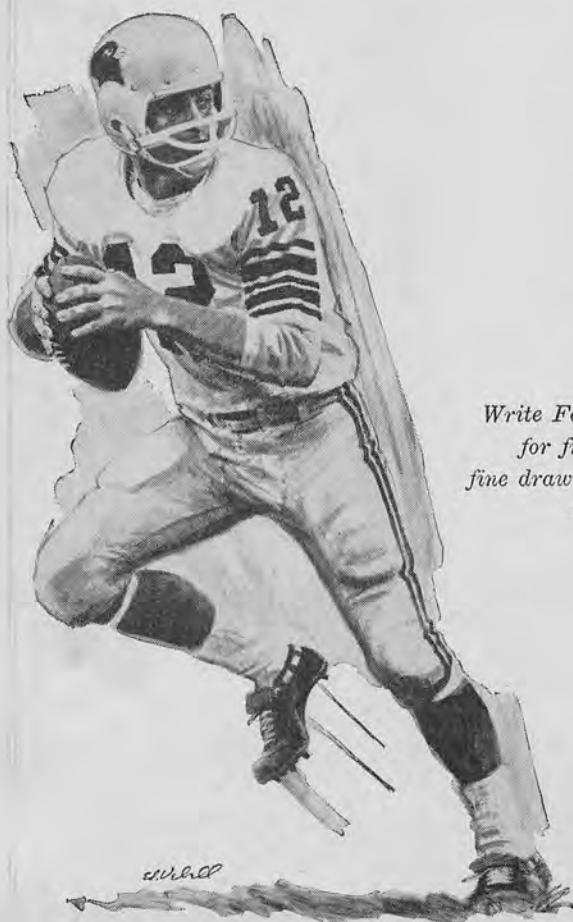
**SOUTHWEST**

Mississippi..... at..... Houston (31-9)  
 Iowa St. U..... at..... Oklahoma (0-30)  
 Arkansas..... at..... Rice (21-0)

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## 1965 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

College

Thursday, Nov. 25

## MIDWEST

Oklahoma.....at.....Nebraska (17-7)

## SOUTHWEST

Texas.....at.....Texas A&amp;M (26-7)

Saturday, Nov. 27

## EAST

Navy.....vs.....Army (8-11)  
(at Philadelphia, Pa.)

## SOUTH

Auburn.....vs.....Alabama (14-21)  
(at Birmingham, Ala.)  
Georgia.....at.....Georgia Tech (7-0)  
Notre Dame.....at.....Miami (Fla.)  
Mississippi.....at.....Miss. State (17-20)  
Vanderbilt.....at.....Tennessee (7-0)

## SOUTHWEST

Baylor.....at.....Rice (27-20)  
S.M.U.....at.....T.C.U. (6-17)

## FAR WEST

Wyoming.....at.....So. California

Saturday, Dec. 4

## SOUTH

Penn State.....at.....Maryland  
U.C.L.A.....vs.....Tennessee  
(at Memphis, Tenn.)

## SOUTHWEST

Oklahoma St.....at.....Oklahoma (16-21)

## FAR WEST

S.M.U.	at.....	Texas A&M (0-23)
Baylor	at.....	Texas (14-20)
So. California	at.....	California (26-21)
Missouri	at.....	Colorado (16-7)
Washington	at.....	U.C.L.A. (20-20)
Oregon	at.....	Washington St. (21-21)

Saturday, Nov. 13

## EAST

Wyoming	at.....	Army
Harvard	at.....	Brown (19-7)
Cornell	at.....	Dartmouth (33-15)
Navy	at.....	Penn State (21-8)
Columbia	at.....	Pennsylvania (33-12)
Yale	at.....	Princeton (14-35)

## SOUTH

South Carolina	at.....	Alabama
Maryland	at.....	Clemson (34-0)
Wake Forest	at.....	Duke (20-7)
Tulane	at.....	Florida
Virginia	at.....	Georgia Tech
Auburn	at.....	Georgia (14-7)
Miss. State	at.....	I.S.U. (10-14)
Mississippi	vs.....	Tennessee (30-0) (at Memphis, Tenn.)
Miami (Fla.)	at.....	Vanderbilt (35-17)
Villanova	at.....	Virginia Tech
Syracuse	at.....	West Virginia (27-28)

## MIDWEST

Indiana	at.....	Michigan St. (27-20)
Oklahoma	at.....	Missouri (14-14)
Michigan	at.....	Northwestern (35-0)
North Carolina	at.....	Notre Dame
Iowa	at.....	Ohio St. (19-21)
Minnesota	at.....	Purdue (14-7)
Illinois	at.....	Wisconsin (29-0)

## SOUTHWEST

Washington St.	at.....	Arizona St.
Air Force	at.....	Arizona (7-0)
Kentucky	at.....	Houston
Nebraska	at.....	Oklahoma St. (27-14)
Arkansas	at.....	S.M.U. (44-0)
Baylor	at.....	Texas Tech (28-10)

T.C.U. ....at.....Texas (13-28)

## FAR WEST

Kansas	at.....	Colorado (10-7)
California	vs.....	Oregon
	(at Portland, Ore.)	
Pittsburgh	at.....	So. California
U.C.L.A.	at.....	Stanford (27-20)
Oregon St.	at.....	Washington (9-7)

Saturday, Nov. 20

## EAST

Brown	at.....	Columbia (7-0)
Penn State	at.....	Pittsburgh (28-0)
Dartmouth	at.....	Princeton (7-37)
Boston Col.	at.....	Syracuse (21-14)
Harvard	at.....	Yale (18-14)

## SOUTH

North Carolina	at.....	Duke (21-15)
Tennessee	at.....	Kentucky (7-12)
	(at S.U. (3-13))	
Tulane	at.....	Maryland (0-10)
Virginia	at.....	Miami (Fla.) (12-10)
Florida	at.....	South Carolina (3-7)
Clemson	at.....	

## MIDWEST

Purdue	at.....	Indiana (28-22)
N. C. State	at.....	Iowa
Missouri	at.....	Kansas (34-14)
Ohio St.	at.....	Michigan (0-10)
Wisconsin	at.....	Minnesota (14-7)
Illinois	at.....	Northwestern (17-6)
Michigan St.	at.....	Notre Dame (7-34)

## SOUTHWEST

Texas Tech	at.....	Arkansas (0-17)
S. M. U.	at.....	Baylor (13-16)
Rice	at.....	T.C.U. (31-0)

## FAR WEST

Colorado	at.....	Air Force (28-23)
Oregon St.	at.....	Oregon (7-6)
U.C.L.A.	at.....	So. California (13-34)
California	at.....	Stanford (3-21)
Washington St.	at.....	Washington (0-14)

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# AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

Saturday, Sept. 11

*Boston.....	at.....	Buffalo
*Denver.....	at.....	San Diego

Sunday, Sept. 12

Kansas City.....	at.....	Oakland
New York.....	at.....	Houston

Saturday, Sept. 18

*Kansas City.....	at.....	New York
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Sunday, Sept. 19

San Diego.....	at.....	Oakland
Buffalo.....	at.....	Denver
Boston.....	at.....	Houston

Friday, Sept. 24

*Denver.....	at.....	Boston
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Sunday Sept. 26

Kansas City.....	at.....	San Diego
Houston.....	at.....	Oakland
New York.....	at.....	Buffalo

Sunday, Oct. 3

Houston.....	at.....	San Diego
New York.....	at.....	Denver
Boston.....	at.....	Kansas City
Oakland.....	at.....	Buffalo

Friday, Oct. 8

*Oakland.....	at.....	Boston
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Sunday, Oct. 10

Kansas City.....	at.....	Denver
San Diego.....	at.....	Buffalo
Houston and New York—Bye		

Saturday, Oct. 16

*Oakland.....	at.....	New York
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Sunday, Oct. 17

Houston.....	at.....	Denver
Buffalo.....	at.....	Kansas City
San Diego.....	at.....	Boston

Sunday, Sept. 19

Chicago.....	at.....	San Francisco
Cleveland.....	at.....	Washington
Green Bay.....	at.....	Pittsburgh
Los Angeles.....	at.....	Detroit
Minnesota.....	at.....	Baltimore
New York.....	at.....	Dallas
St. Louis.....	at.....	Philadelphia

Saturday, Sept. 25

Chicago.....	at.....	Los Angeles
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Sunday, Sept. 26

Baltimore vs. Green Bay.....	at.....	Milwaukee
Detroit.....	at.....	Minnesota
New York.....	at.....	Philadelphia
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	San Francisco
St. Louis.....	at.....	Cleveland
Washington.....	at.....	Dallas

Sunday, Oct. 3

Chicago.....	at.....	Green Bay
Cleveland.....	at.....	Philadelphia
Minnesota.....	at.....	Los Angeles
New York.....	at.....	Pittsburgh
San Francisco.....	at.....	Baltimore
Washington.....	at.....	Detroit

Monday, Oct. 4

Dallas.....	at.....	St. Louis
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Saturday, Oct. 9

Pittsburgh.....	at.....	Cleveland
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Sunday, Oct. 10

Detroit.....	at.....	Baltimore
Los Angeles.....	at.....	Chicago
New York.....	at.....	Minnesota
Philadelphia.....	at.....	Dallas
St. Louis.....	at.....	Washington
San Francisco.....	at.....	Green Bay

Sunday, Oct. 17

Baltimore.....	at.....	Washington
Chicago.....	at.....	Minnesota
Dallas.....	at.....	Cleveland
Green Bay.....	at.....	Detroit
Philadelphia.....	at.....	New York
St. Louis.....	at.....	Pittsburgh
San Francisco.....	at.....	Los Angeles



Sunday, Nov. 14

Buffalo.....	at.....	Oakland
San Diego.....	at.....	Kansas City
Denver.....	at.....	Houston
New York.....	at.....	Boston

Sunday, Nov. 21

Oakland.....	at.....	Denver
Houston.....	at.....	New York
Kansas City.....	at.....	Boston
San Diego and Buffalo—Bye		

Thursday, Nov. 25  
(Thanksgiving Day)

Buffalo.....	at.....	San Diego
Houston.....	at.....	Kansas City

Sunday, Nov. 28

Houston.....	at.....	Kansas City
Boston.....	at.....	New York
Oakland and Denver—Bye		

Saturday, Dec. 4

New York.....	at.....	San Diego
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Sunday, Dec. 5

Denver.....	at.....	Oakland
Buffalo.....	at.....	Houston
Kansas City and Boston—Bye		

Sunday, Dec. 12

New York.....	at.....	Oakland
Boston.....	at.....	Denver
San Diego.....	at.....	Houston
Kansas City.....	at.....	Buffalo

Saturday, Dec. 18

Houston.....	at.....	Boston
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Sunday, Dec. 19

Oakland.....	at.....	San Diego
Denver.....	at.....	Kansas City
Buffalo.....	at.....	New York

Saturday, Dec. 25

San Diego.....	at.....	Denver
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Championship Game (Western Division winner the host club).

Night game.

# NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

Sunday, Oct. 24

Cleveland.....	at.....	New York
Dallas vs. Green Bay.....	at.....	Milwaukee
Detroit.....	at.....	Chicago
Los Angeles.....	at.....	Baltimore
Minnesota.....	at.....	San Francisco
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	Philadelphia
Washington.....	at.....	St. Louis

Sunday, Oct. 31

Baltimore.....	at.....	San Francisco
Dallas.....	at.....	Pittsburgh
Detroit.....	at.....	Los Angeles
Green Bay.....	at.....	Chicago
Minnesota.....	at.....	Baltimore
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	Philadelphia
Washington.....	at.....	New York

Sunday, Nov. 7

Baltimore.....	at.....	Chicago
Detroit.....	at.....	Green Bay
Los Angeles.....	at.....	Minnesota
Philadelphia.....	at.....	Cleveland
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	St. Louis
San Francisco.....	at.....	Dallas
Washington.....	at.....	New York

Sunday, Nov. 14

Baltimore.....	at.....	Minnesota
Los Angeles vs. Green Bay.....	at.....	Milwaukee
New York.....	at.....	Cleveland
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	Dallas
St. Louis.....	at.....	Chicago
San Francisco.....	at.....	Detroit
Washington.....	at.....	Philadelphia

Sunday, Nov. 21

Chicago.....	at.....	Detroit
Cleveland.....	at.....	Dallas
Green Bay.....	at.....	Minnesota
Los Angeles.....	at.....	San Francisco
New York.....	at.....	St. Louis
Philadelphia.....	at.....	Baltimore
Pittsburgh.....	at.....	Pittsburgh

November 25  
(Thanksgiving Day)

Baltimore.....	at.....	Detroit
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Sunday, Dec. 18

Baltimore.....	at.....	Los Angeles
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Sunday, Dec. 19

Cleveland.....	at.....	St. Louis
Dallas.....	at.....	New York
Detroit.....	at.....	Philadelphia
Green Bay.....	at.....	San Francisco</td

## AL KALINE MATURES AGAIN

(Continued from page 29)

himself. In most cases, you'd say, fine, this is a good trait. But when I looked for Kaline to be as dominant in the clubhouse as he was in right field, I was disappointed. It just wasn't in his makeup.

If the players were sitting in the hotel lobby wondering what show to see, Kaline wouldn't offer any suggestions. If they wanted to see Elvis Presley's latest, he'd go see Elvis Presley's latest. If it was Boccaccio 70, he'd go see Boccaccio 70. I always figured Al Kaline thought it was a privilege to room with Paul Foytack. He was a follower instead of a leader, and this used to make me angry.

I wanted him to be the complete ballplayer, the complete personality, and it seemed that every year, for about four or five years, I'd write a story for my newspaper saying how Al Kaline had finally matured. Never fully believing it, of course, but hoping that my power of persuasion could make a bigger man out of him. I used to get kidded about it from the other writers: "Al Kaline Matures Again." It was sort of like "The Lone Ranger Rides Again."

I tried.

Now I can quit trying.

Al Kaline doesn't need anyone's help. He's here, and I mean all the way. As an athlete and as a man.

But don't take my word for it. Talk to anyone in the league. The players. The managers. The owners. The writers. You'll get the same reaction. They admire the guy. They admire his ability, the fact he has been a fine

ballplayer for so long, and the fact he is such a gentleman.

As I think about it, almost no one in the game ever knocks Al Kaline.

And he still disappoints me.

For instance, there was the day in Lakeland last spring. Kaline was having a difficult time of it. He'd been working hard but couldn't find his timing and now, after a long day on the field, I approached him in the middle of the clubhouse.

"I know spring training doesn't mean much but you're hitting only .203 and I was wondering, are you worried?"

There was acid in his answer; vintage 1955.

"I know what I can do," he snapped. "I know what I will do. What I'm thinking about is the rest of these guys. What will they do?"

In the old days, I'd crank up the Hate Machine: That Kaline, who does he think he is, the spoiled brat, why . . .

Now I wrote it off. It was a long, hot day and who doesn't sound off once in a while?

Two weeks later, I had another talk with Kaline. It was in the coffee shop of the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City the night before the season opened.

He was the big guy on the team and I wanted to do a story about how he felt going into the new season. He sat there and his eyes were watery and bloodshot. He'd caught a cold in the weekend series in Atlanta and there was a box of lozenges on the table.

"I'll tell you this right now," he said, looking straight at me, "I'll hustle as much as anyone on this team. I mean anyone. And if they pitch to me, I'll hit .300."

I remembered that day in Lakeland, so I asked him again about his trials in spring training.

"It was the same old story," he said. "They kept pitching around me, giving me bad balls to hit. Sometimes I found myself swinging at them just to get my cuts."

He paused. He picked up the lozenges and shook them in his hand. He, too, apparently had remembered that day in Lakeland, and now he wanted to say it right.

"It's different down there," he said. "I find it hard to concentrate in spring training. You know everybody, everybody's your friend. You just don't have that real urge to beat them."

"But I promise you this: It'll be different when we go out there tomorrow night. It's always different when the season starts. Then I get mad when I make an out."

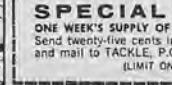
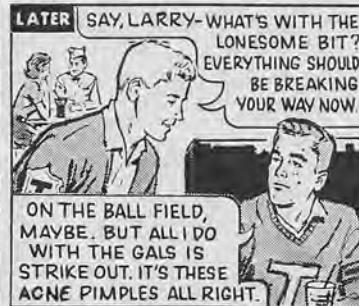
"I'll hustle . . . and I don't mean just running in and out of the dugout."

I believed him. And you would have believed him, too, if you had gone to his house last November and asked him about the terrible year he had in 1964.

He sat there in the living room, after Louise had taken the children down to the basement—even she knew this interview was special—and he openly admitted to all his failures. It was almost like an open confession. He spoke softly, with emotion in every word, and poured forth the feelings he had kept within himself since the end of the season.

## BEHIND 3-1 IN THE NINTH TWO ON - TWO OUT - EVERYTHING RIDING ON ONE PITCH . . .

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. . . And try to put  
some speed on it!"



He had hit .293, which doesn't seem too bad, but it wasn't close to being an Al Kaline .293. He'd hit only 17 homers, knocked in only 68 runs and there was this feeling of distance between him and the manager, Charlie Dressen. They never got close and everyone knew it.

So, in November, he sat in his home and said, "I wish I could forget last season but I know I'll never be able to do that. I'm ashamed of what happened—how I let everyone down. It was the worst season of my life. When it was over, I wanted to go somewhere, just get away, take my wife and my family and not think of what happened. But I knew that no matter where I went, I would think about it. I'll always think about it."

Al Kaline didn't have to say these things. He could have blamed his sore foot, or the percentages, or almost anything, and gotten away with it. But he faced up to it and admitted he was a failure. How many do this even once in a lifetime?

No matter what Al Kaline has been—or hasn't been—he has never been dishonest. He has always said what he thinks, whether it be right or wrong, sharp or soft, sweet or sour.

The most important word in his vocabulary is "respect." In talking to him in his hotel room in Kansas City before the season opened, the word kept coming into his conversation.

"No one should be completely satisfied with what they've done because once you're satisfied then you're just about ready to give up and retire, and this isn't on my mind," he began.

"I think I've done quite a bit in baseball. Mostly in my mind I think I've tried hard all the time. Of course there were times when I was hurt and I couldn't try quite as hard or produce the way I thought I could. But this is something almost all ballplayers have to go through—having to play with injuries. Sometimes it looks like you're not giving your all but it's hard to give 100 percent if you're hurting.

"I think I've gained the respect of most of the players and this is what concerns me more than anything else. It concerns me even more than what the fans think of me. You can fool the fans. A lot of them really don't know what's going on. You can fool them with a lot of false hustle. But you can't fool the players. They know when you're putting out and when you're not. They know when you're hurt and when you're not. The fans really don't care as long as you're hitting for a high average.

"I wish I could have hit more home runs or batted for a higher average. It's not because I didn't try. It's just because I couldn't do it. I tried as much as I could.

"I've never tried to fool the fans. I've done the best I can but sometimes it just wasn't enough for them. But to me, the big thing is getting the respect of the players. We're all professionals and we know what the players should do."

Although he has batted .300 seven times, Kaline has never been rated as one of the "big" hitters in the game. That's because he has never hit more than 29 homers. Before this season, he had batted in 100 runs only three times in 11 years—only once in the last eight years.

"Sometimes I get mad because people are always looking for the home run instead of a good hit-and-run

play, a good sacrifice or a good fielding play," he said. "I think the home run has made the game a lot less interesting than it used to be. I think I could hit more home runs if I tried, even though I'm not a home-run hitter. But I'd only be hurting myself and the ballclub."

What bothers Kaline—and even angers him—is the suggestion from some that he gives less than his best on the field. Because he is only 30, his critics, though they're few in number, feel he should still play with the dash of a young colt—and not sit down in the second game of doubleheaders, as he has done this season.

I may sound like an apologist (this is a favorite word of the critics) but there are two facts to be considered: one, even though Kaline is only 30, he has punished his body for more than 12 years now and this, for most players, is a full career. Two, he has been hobbled by a sore foot for the past two years and this has slowed him down. His critics insist he hobbles only on days he goes 0-for-4. My only answer to that is, if I had the twisted left foot of Al Kaline (the result of osteomyelitis as a boy) with that awful looking lump on the side of it, I'd have had it taken care of long ago. How many ballplayers do you know who run on eight toes? Two of Kaline's toes never touch the ground. Why he didn't say anything about this earlier in his career, I don't know. It probably never bothered him.

To my mind there is no questioning Kaline's courage. I've seen him bounce back from getting beaned, from getting his cheek caved in by a throw, from breaking his collarbone . . . and if you ever saw him decked by a high pitch and then dig in and take a vicious cut at the next pitch, you wouldn't question his courage either. I've seen Kaline hit some of his longest balls after getting out of the dirt.

The game is now hard work to Kaline, and he admits it. What he used to do without effort—race into right-center to cut off a single, go from second to third on a fly to center—he must now force himself to do.

"When you're young and just breaking into the game, like myself, when I first came into the big leagues, boy, I just couldn't wait to get to the park," he said. "I never heard of such a thing as getting tired. But now, now it's different. Other things come into consideration, like your family. You like to spend more time at home, be with the kids a little more.

"Baseball is work, yes. I've always thought this. The only ones who are going to make a success out of it are the ones who are willing to work hard and the ones who are willing to sacrifice something of their body. I think I've done this and I think I'm still doing it. I know that the way my body is now I'm punishing it a lot more than when I was 20 or 21 years old. My foot is worse than it's ever been in my life. I know that. But I also know I have to play on it and do the best I can.

"It's hard work but I still love it. I really do. I wouldn't know what to do if I didn't play ball. I'm going to miss it when I can't play any more. Maybe I'll feel differently about it ten years from now, but now I don't even want to think about quitting.

"As far as getting out of bed and wishing you didn't have to go to work, I think everyone feels this at

one time or another. I know if I worked in an office or in a factory, I know there'd be times when I'd say, boy, I wish I could stay home. I think this is true of everybody. Ballplayers are no different. Sometimes you're tired and depressed because you're not doing a good job, or the team is losing, and you say that, just today, wouldn't it be great just to stay home or go to the lake or something.

"But then you start thinking about it, what would I do if I wasn't playing ball? What would I do? And this gets you going again and it's good to get back to the ballpark."

Kaline occupies the double locker in the corner of the Detroit dressing room. This locker usually goes to the senior member of the team. He is aware of what the locker means and the responsibility that goes with it.

"Sure, I know I've got more responsibility, maybe not in playing but in giving advice to the younger players," he said. "This I enjoy. Whenever a young player asks me for information, I'm happy about it because I like to help anybody I possibly can, even the opposing players if I can. I know when I broke into the league there were players who helped me."

"But as for being the so-called big gun of the Tigers, or whatever they want to call it, I don't feel the pressure like I used to. That's because we've got such fine players as Willie Horton and Dick McAuliffe coming along. They take a certain amount of the pressure off me by driving in big runs and making the key plays. I think they're doing as much as I am."

Horton, especially, has sought out Kaline for advice, not only how to play the outfield but in handling the press. "Tell them the truth and don't knock another player," Kaline told him.

"I look at it this way," Kaline explained. "We're all in the game together. We're all the same type of people. We're doing something our body lets us do. One day you're going to be better and one day the other guy is going to be better. So never sound off and get the other players mad at you."

With only an occasional exception, Kaline has had excellent relations with the press. Personally, I enjoy talking baseball with him. I enjoy it because he has a lot of interesting thoughts—thoughts he never expresses unless asked. Like:

"I always lose a step in the Cleveland outfield. That's because the ballpark is so big that I can't hear the crack of the bat."

"The reason it's so tough to hit .300 nowadays is that the relief pitchers know they don't have to pace themselves. They know they're only going to be in there for a few innings, so they throw as hard as they can."

"Los Angeles is a good place for me to play. The infield is so hard I get three or four more hits a year there."

Concerning sportswriters, Kaline says:

"I hope they like me. I think most of them do. I don't know whether they think I'm worth what I'm making in the game (\$60,000). I think I've gotten along with most of them—I hope I have, anyhow. I know I have never intentionally tried to hurt any of them or sluff them off. Of course sometimes you say things when you're mad but I think most sportswriters understand the situation. I just hope I never hurt anybody's feelings."

Kaline is well aware that the years

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#358

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are adding up on him. He got his 1000th RBI earlier this season and, as this story was written, he was closing in on his 2000th hit. "Al is starting to save some balls," said coach Pat Mullin with a wink.

What's ahead for him? He hopes to play for five more years—"the inevitable five more years," as Arnold Hano pointed out in his recent Mickey Mantle story.

"I'd like to stay in the game," said Kaline. "I don't know in what capacity. Eventually I'd like to manage. But first I'd like to coach for a while to get my feet on the ground."

He has some definite ideas of what a manager should be.

"The most important thing is getting along with the players and gaining their respect," he said. "If you're going to be a manager, I feel it's easier for someone who has played baseball quite a bit and who has had some success in the game. But I understand, too, that some managers who were good players never make it because they expect too much. I guess it must be a real adjustment to watch other players make mistakes that you seldom made yourself."

"Probably the best thing that happened to me is that I've had a chance to play under so many managers (Dressen is his eighth). Some of them were good and some of them were bad. As far as I'm concerned, managing is a difficult profession. Your big purpose is to win ballgames and when you try to win ballgames, you're going to hurt some guy's feelings and make some of them mad at you. But this is where respect comes in. If the players really respect you,

they know that this is what the manager has to do.

"The way I look at it, the manager is the boss of the whole operation. If he tells me to do something, I'm going to do it. I've had managers tell me they don't want me to give myself up at the plate. They want me to go for myself, for base hits, or go for the long ball. But I've also had managers who wanted me to hit the ball to the opposite field to advance runners. Whichever way they wanted it was fine by me, as long as this is what they wanted. I think a player should always respect a manager's feelings and play the game the way he wants. That's what I've tried to do."

Mickey Mantle sat on the trainer's table, getting his left leg baked under the heat lamp.

"Yeah," he said, "I watched Al last night—I watched how he tried to break up that double play and couldn't make it. Believe me, it's no fun when it hurts to play."

— ■ —



# I WANTED TO HIT SOMEBODY—SO I WENT TO CANADA

(Continued from page 45)

Regina was but I knew it was "up there" somewhere.

"We're going to Edmonton tomorrow," Preston said. "You can join us there. We'll wire you a ticket through Western Airlines. Here, I'll give you back to coach Shaw."

"You can watch our game with Edmonton Saturday night," Shaw said. "You ought to be ready to play Monday night against Vancouver. That's the big one. They're in first place in our conference. Then we go to Calgary on Friday. They're in second place. You'll be ready for that one for sure. You've been working for Ewbank so you won't have any trouble learning our system. I worked for Weeb two years at Baltimore and I still use basically the same numbering system, terminology and nomenclature that he uses."

Three games in six days. I had heard they had weird schedules in Canada. I later learned that teams play as many as five games in nine days during the Canadian playoffs. It was all very strange to me. I was going to a new country to play a new game of football for a new coaching staff with new teammates. I was thankful at least that Shaw's offense would be basically the same as Ewbank's. I hoped that 48 hours of dedicated study before the Vancouver game would be enough for me to assimilate some form of an offense.

A year earlier I had joined the New York Titans (now the Jets) just two days before their first regular-season game. I had crammed the Titan offense into my head and put together enough of a repertoire of plays to

move the Titans to three touchdowns. It turned out to be my best day as a pro. Now I was faced with a similar situation in Canada. Could history repeat?

"I'm anxious to play," I told Shaw. "I'm sure I'll catch right on to your offense."

"We'll look forward to seeing you in Edmonton."

"Okay," I said. "Thanks. So long."

I didn't join the Roughriders in Edmonton because that same afternoon Al Davis called from Oakland and told me he'd like to take a look at me. I called Preston the next day and told him I was considering both the Roughrider and Raider opportunities and that I would either be in Regina on Monday or would wire him advising I was on my way to Oakland.

By Sunday night I had decided I wanted to try Canadian ball, so I called the airlines and confirmed my flight plan to Regina for the following day.

My flight to Regina was by way of Pocatello and Idaho Falls in Idaho and Butte, Helena, and Great Falls in Montana. It was a Western Airlines milk run. I had a layover in Great Falls and then another layover in Calgary.

"How long do you expect to be in Canada?" the customs clerk asked in Calgary.

"That depends on the Saskatchewan Roughriders," I said. American football players have been known to fly into Canada, play one game, get fired and fly right back the following day.

I finished battling customs, then bought a bunch of postcards advertising Banff, the famous resort in the

Canadian Rockies. I sent cards to all my friends telling them that Canadian ball was already a glorious adventure and that I was loving every minute of it. I was mostly trying to convince myself. It seemed like I'd already been flying for three days. I walked outside and a German shepherd dog growled at me. Beautiful.

At 1:30 a.m. the next day I finally arrived in Regina. Shaw, his wife and an assistant coach, Bob Dennis, met me at the airport. I had arrived too late to see the Roughriders lose to Vancouver.

"I wish we'd had you tonight," Shaw said. "Our defense played great, but our quarterback couldn't move the ball on offense." The quarterback was Ronnie Lancaster, an American who had played with Ottawa before coming to Saskatchewan.

Dennis drove me to the Drake Hotel and we talked football all the way. Regina reminded me of Green Bay, Wisconsin, where I had traveled twice in 1961 with the Giants. I later learned that Regina was referred to as the Green Bay of the CFL. Like Green Bay, Regina was the smallest city in its league and had amazing civic enthusiasm for football.

Dennis gave me a Roughrider notebook and checked me in at the Drake. I stayed up until four a.m. studying plays. Shaw's offense was basically the same as Ewbank's, but I had to get used to looking at 12 men instead of 11.

The next day I began my formal Canadian football education. Dennis and Gordon Ackerman, Shaw's two assistants, crammed football into me for about eight solid hours in the film room at Roughrider stadium. The locker rooms at the stadium were old and cold and the lighting was inadequate. Most of the heat was provided by a pot-bellied stove. It was a far cry from Yankee Stadium where I had started my pro career with the Giants.

I studied films of recent Roughrider games and asked Dennis and Ackerman countless questions. There were obvious differences in Canadian football such as 12 men, three downs instead of four, longer and wider fields (110 x 65 yards), bigger end zones (25 yards deep), no downfield blocking, and no fair catches on punts. But there was much more. For instance, there was no penalty for backfield in motion. Any or all backs could be in motion simultaneously while the quarterback was counting cadence. Some backs started in motion right from the huddle. It was not at all uncommon to see two backs going in motion one way with a flankerback coming in motion the other way. When I first started looking at Canadian films this phenomenon gave me the sensation of watching perpetual motion. While it was intriguing, it was also distracting.

Another thing I noticed was that the game seemed to be run off much faster. The reason was that in Canada there are no time outs except for injuries and the offensive units are allowed only 20 seconds to get a play off as compared to 30 seconds in the States. During the last five minutes there are no time outs at all.

The punting game was also interesting to watch. Every punt had to be fielded and the unfortunate receiver had no blocking. However, the punt

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"He'll never live this down . . . he ran into a pom-pom girl."

coverage men had to allow the returner five yards so that he could field the punt. After that he was on his own. A punt returner in Canada was truly on a suicide mission. A punt that went into the end zone had to be run out or the offensive unit was credited with one point. This play was known as a *rouge* and could prove very exciting, particularly in tie games when one point could mean victory. In such a case the offensive team would almost always go for a *rouge* rather than a field goal. On rare occasions, a punt fielded in the end zone would be punted back and the returned punt would be punted back again. This all seemed a bit bizarre to me.

I was told that Canadian quarterbacks usually didn't get the big pass rush that U.S. quarterbacks got because the defensive linemen had to line up one yard off the ball. However, blitzing was just as popular in Canada as in the States, particularly on second down. On first down the defenses tended to play it soft, figuring to give the offense a few yards if it wanted to run. Then, on second down, the equivalent of third down in the States, the defenses tended to blow everybody with an all-out blitz of some variety.

The three-down rule obviously changed the thinking offensively. And audible signals were seldom called. With only 20 seconds, a quarterback didn't have time to be "checking off" at the line of scrimmage. "First sound" or "quick count" cadences were common and used more extensively than in the States.

I studied a film of Calgary, the Roughriders' next opponent. "What's that defense?" I asked Dennis.

"That's just an 'Oklahoma' with a 'monster' on the strong side," he answered.

The "monster" was a "rover" who was a combination defensive back and linebacker, and whose position on the field varied according to the defense called or the offensive alignment. He was the 12th man defensively. The 12th man offensively was usually referred to as the "flying wing."

That night I watched more films at Shaw's house. Shaw set up a projector and screen in his paneled basement and we went back to work. By 11 o'clock I was fatigued from too many movies. Shaw decided I was brainwashed, so he drove me to my new residence, which was at the home of Rose and Charlie Smith, a couple of dedicated Roughrider rooters who usually housed one of the Roughrider players during the season.

"I figured you'd like it better out here," Shaw told me on the way to Rose and Charlie's. "Most of the fellas stay at the Kitchener Hotel in town, but you'll have more privacy and you'll be able to study better here."

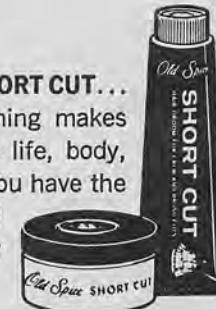
Rose and Charlie welcomed me into their home and showed me to my room. The price was certainly right: Room, breakfast and free beer for \$10 a week. That more than compensated for the eight percent loss American players took on the Canadian exchange. Not all players were that lucky, though. The Canadian dollar was worth 92 cents in American money and Americans, as a result, suffered.

Charlie invited me to join him for a night cap. I drank Labatts beer, one of the local favorites, and Charlie had a glass of Rye. Charlie suggested that I try a shot of Rye with my beer. The

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combination of Labatts, which was 12-point beer, and Rye helped overcome my film fatigue. After that I was ready for sleep.

I showed up at the stadium early the next day and looked at some more film. Then Preston gave me a contract to sign. The CFL Player's contract had no fringe benefits, no pension plan, no life insurance, no major medical as in the United States.

Most of the players started drifting in and some came over and introduced themselves. The only two players I knew were Bob Ptacek, a former quarterback who had become an all-CFL defensive back, and Ken Beck, an offensive guard. I had played with Ptacek and Beck in the 1959 College All-Star game.

Practice did not start until 5:30 p.m. Canadian teams practice later than teams in the States because most of the Canadian players hold regular jobs year-round in addition to playing football. The outside jobs vary. There are lawyers, engineers, school teachers among the players. Often, when a player is traded, he will quit football rather than give up his outside job.

I played catch with Ptacek. The Canadian ball seemed shorter and fatter than the American ball and Ptacek told me the reason the ball seemed shorter and fatter was because it was shorter and fatter. It was better for kicking, but decidedly more difficult to pass. Gradually, I got used to it.

After calisthenics and group work, I got to run some of the plays we would be using that week against Calgary. It felt good taking the snap from center, executing a few pivots,

and throwing some of Shaw's pass patterns. Ptacek and Ronnie Lancaster worked at quarterback with me.

Ken Beck gave me a ride to Rose and Charlie's after practice and an offensive meeting. On the way we talked about old times. At Rose and Charlie's I studied my ready list of plays for the Calgary game and then opened a bottle of Labatts and watched Ben Casey.

The next day a veteran offensive end named Deegan was cut just before practice and a new player named Mike Cooper flew in. Cooper had just been released by the Washington Redskins. I learned that it was not uncommon for NFL and AFL rejects to be picked up in Canada all during the season. This procedure was referred to by players as the CFL "airlift." Toronto had the biggest airlift going and reportedly had already flown over 100 Americans in and out of their camp. In Canada, as in the States, the veterans always hated to see new faces coming into camp. It meant that someone would be traveling. Sometimes, of course, the players who traveled away from Canada—after quitting or being cut—made it later in the States. Among them have been Ed O'Bradovich, Art Powell, Cookie Gilchrist, Herb Adderley and Babe Parilli.

Only 16 Americans were allowed on a squad and, of those 16, only 14 could dress each week for the games. The balance of the squad was made up of young Canadians whose background, in most cases, hadn't prepared them to play the same caliber of ball as the Americans. The Canadians accepted this and did not resent the

higher salaries Americans made. Usually the teams with the most "Canadianized" Americans finished highest in the standings. An American could establish citizenship in Canada by filing for citizenship and then living there year-round for five years. Once an American player became a Canadian citizen he had little worry of losing his job because he no longer had to compete with Americans.

I learned on the late sports news that Shaw had indicated I might start against Calgary; also that Ptacek would be the other quarterback since Lancaster would not be making the trip to Calgary. I began to get that pre-game excitement which makes it hard to sleep. Some Labatts and Canadian Rye helped remedy that.

Practice was early the next day so that the squad would have plenty of time to dress for a dinner flight to Calgary. We were flying on Friday the 13th, but everyone showed up on schedule and the flight was smooth and uneventful. We checked in at the Palace Hotel in Calgary. Beck was my roommate. After a short walk through the town with Beck, I took a sleeping pill and turned in early.

It rained all the next day and I kept looking out the window of my room in the hotel hoping for a break in the weather by gametime. The rain never quit.

When we arrived at Stampeder Stadium, I looked at the turf, then went back to the locker room to have the trainer tape my ankles and left knee. I suited up in my green Roughrider uniform and read the game program.

During pre-game warm-ups Ptacek

whispered to me: "I can't throw a wet ball. Tell Shaw to start you. You can take it all the way, can't you?"

Ptacek evidently felt he'd be getting more than enough exercise playing his regular defensive cornerback position. I also found it hard to throw the wet, fat Canadian ball, but I was still eager to play.

"Are you ready to play?" Shaw asked me.

"As much as you need me," I said. I wondered after if it had sounded like a negative answer.

Before the opening kickoff, I stood bareheaded in the driving rain while the band played *God Save the Queen* and *Oh Canada*. It was the first time I'd ever heard anything but the United States national anthem played before a game and it gave me an expatriate feeling. I imagine every American who plays in Canada for the first time must experience somewhat the same sensation.

Shaw decided to start Ptacek so I grabbed a cape and took a seat on the bench. The first quarter was exceptionally dull and featured a kicking game on the part of both teams. The ball was virtually impossible to throw, so Ptacek didn't try. Calgary quarterback Eagle Day, a former Redskin, tried some rollout passes but Day also stuck mostly to the ground, handing off to his favorite running back, Lovell Coleman, on weak-side sweeps.

Shaw sent me in to start the second quarter. My first call was a hitch pass in the left flat but it flew far over the head of my intended receiver, Ray Purdin. On second down I called a play number pass and that was when I met linebacker Wayne Harris.

I had been warned that Harris, along with Bill Britton, the two middle linebackers in Calgary's 5-2 or Oklahoma defense, were two of the hardest hitters in Canada. Harris, a former Oklahoman, only weighed 185 and it would have been unheard of for him to play linebacker in the States at that weight. However, he belted me as hard as any 225-pounder, if not harder.

It was that way the whole second quarter. Every time I turned around, Harris was looking me right in the teeth. I was fast becoming acquainted with blitzing, Canadian style. At half-time I had attempted four passes, completed none and had been thrown for numerous losses.

Shaw went back to Ptacek in the third quarter. Ptacek still seemed skeptical about throwing the wet ball and stayed with his ground game practically all the way.

I went back in to start the fourth quarter and came right away with a play pass, hoping to go for a bomb to my halfback, Bob Good, a young Canadian. I faked twice and dropped into my protective pocket. This time Harris wasn't coming and I had time to set up and sight Good running free toward the left corner.

My wobbly pass was far enough but Good wasn't looking and the ball hit him right in the back of his head and fell to the ground. The play brought laughter from the crowd. I did not laugh.

With only a few minutes left in the game and the score tied, 4-4, I finally started to move the club with two straight completions. First, I hit flanker Bob Light with a hook and then lobbed a screen to Purdin.

On the next play I looked for Light again but instead I got Wayne Harris. Harris hit me hard while I was extended to pass. The impact was so great it rattled my jaws and my teeth bit into my tongue. I thought for a moment I had bit the end of my tongue right off.

I swished water around in my mouth on the sideline and watched Eagle Day try to move Calgary into position for a rouge, but our defense held and the game ended in a 4-4 tie. It sounded more like a baseball score. Both teams had scored a field goal and a rouge.

After I had showered and dressed, Calgary guard Bill Crawford, a former roommate of mine when I was with the Giants, picked me up and we drove to a party. Canadian beer and post-game Calgary social life helped me forget about Wayne Harris and my sore tongue.

We had two days off after the game, but Tuesday we were back at it, this time in full pads. Shaw was so infuriated by the poor offensive showing against Calgary that he ordered two consecutive workouts in full equipment. Our next opponent would be Edmonton, the last-place team in the Western Conference. I was disappointed that I hadn't been able to look good against Calgary and I knew I'd have to come up with a good performance against Edmonton if I expected to keep my job.

I did want to keep that job. And, of course, I wanted to star. In Canada, as in the U.S., stars got extra benefits—radio shows, modeling work, endorsements. Like in the States, Canadian fans worship their football players. Some of the most popular players are former U.S. All-Americans: lineman Tom Brown of Minnesota, now

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with the B.C. Lions in Vancouver; quarterback Joe Kapp of California; another Lion, halfback Sherman Lewis of Michigan State, now with Toronto; quarterback Bernie Faloney of Maryland, now of Hamilton.

On Wednesday it turned very warm and someone announced that Indian Summer had officially come to Regina. So had the mosquitoes. Regina mosquitoes have no peer for pestiness, at least to my knowledge. They swarmed all over everyone during the long, hot practice, causing much grumbling, especially from the veterans who could think of any number of more suitable ways to enjoy Indian Summer.

A rumor circulated during practice that Shaw was going to bring in another quarterback within the next two days. If this were true, it meant that Lancaster or myself, or both, would be traveling. No one knew who the quarterback was, but everyone said he was a name player and that it would be a very big story when it broke.

Hugh Campbell, another 49er reject, had arrived the previous day, which meant that either an end or flanker back would have to be cut or deactivated before Saturday's game with Edmonton.

Dale West, a swift Canadian flanker who had played college ball in the States, wrote on the blackboard after practice: "Buy stock in T.C.A. (Trans Canadian Airlines)—Bid 275, Asked 475." Ptacek added his contribution, which was a growth chart showing how T.C.A. had profited from the comings and goings of American football players.

The quarterback rumor was true. Frank Tripucka was coming in from Denver. Tripucka had played with the Roughriders twice previously and was a local hero in Regina. He held most of the club passing records. Tripucka's return was a big story and the sports news media made the most of it.

With Tripucka coming in, it seemed very likely that I would be going out. I hoped Shaw would give me a chance against Edmonton. I needed a real opportunity to establish myself with the club. I certainly hadn't had it the week before in Calgary. I concentrated hard during practice and studied my ready list of plays for the Edmonton game which would supposedly be played before a packed house in beautiful Indian Summer weather.

The next day Tripucka arrived and worked out with the team. I had played against Frank when we were both in the AFL, but we'd never met officially. We shook hands and talked of mutual acquaintances, particularly in the east since Frank was a native of New Jersey and I had lived three years in New York.

After practice I chatted with Lancaster, my locker mate. "Which one of us do you think Shaw will fire?" I asked Lancaster.

"I'm gone" he said.

"Don't bet on it," I said. "I have a real talent for losing jobs."

Just then Shaw walked up. "I don't want this Tripucka thing to upset you two," Shaw said.

"Look, that's show business," I said. Lancaster looked stunned. Shaw laughed and walked away.

Bob Good, the young Canadian halfback I'd hit in the head with a pass in the Calgary game, picked me up the next afternoon and we drove to the Drake Hotel for our pre-game

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meal. I ate a big filet mignon with my teammates and then went to a quarterback meeting with Tripucka and Lancaster. Shaw would certainly have to deactivate or outright release one of us. Obviously it wasn't going to be Tripucka. I wondered if Shaw was enjoying this game of "musical quarterbacks." At least he'd waited until after we'd finished our steaks.

Shaw went over the ready list and drew up a few things on the blackboard. Then he said the magic words: "Lee, you stay here, I want to talk to you."

They were the words that precluded being placed on waivers and I knew them well from previous experience.

"This is the toughest thing I've ever had to do," Shaw began.

"Save it," I interrupted. "I know what you're going to say. I've been through this a couple times before. This is a tough business." Al Sherman had taught me that line when he cut me from the Giants.

"I'd like to sign you to a contract for next year," Shaw suggested. "We know we didn't give you a decent look but we had this chance to get Tripucka—we have a numbers problem here, you know—"

"I know," I said. "I understand. I'll think about next year. I'll let you know."

We shook hands and I wished Shaw luck in the game and for the rest of the season. Then I asked Good to give me a ride back to Rose and Charlie's. Charlie suggested that I drown my sorrows in Rye. I tried some, but it didn't taste good.

I had been placed on 48-hour waivers. I rationalized that I might

be pulled off waivers if Tripucka or Lancaster were injured or if Lancaster had an exceptionally bad game.

It didn't work out that way. Neither quarterback was injured and Lancaster had an exceptionally good game. In the fourth quarter, after Tripucka had thrown four interceptions, Lancaster came in and moved the Roughriders 109 yards to a touchdown. The Roughriders beat Edmonton, 7-6.

Two days later I was officially waived out of the CFL. I had now been waived out of the NFL, the AFL and the CFL. It was getting monotonous. I went in to see Ken Preston about a game check and expense money for my return home.

"You don't get a game check," Preston told me, "because you were fired before the game."

"But Shaw told me I'd get paid for the game," I said.

"He was wrong," Preston said. "You can call the league commissioner on my phone if you like."

I called the commissioner and he confirmed that in the CFL, if player is fired any time prior to the game, he is not paid for that game.

"Just give me my expense money home then," I told Preston.

That night Charlie drove me to the airport and I bought a plane ticket to Salt Lake City. That night I saw the northern lights for only the second time in my life and I was &

"That's a beautiful sight."

"We get great sunsets out," Charlie said. "But that cigarettes either."

— ■ —

## THE COOKIE ROJAS BEAT

(Continued from page 35)

He must be extremely adaptable. He did not let Fidel Castro's domination of Cuba destroy his life and he did not shrivel up and blow away on Gene Mauch's bench.

The idea of living under Fidel Castro and playing for Gene Mauch seems humorous somehow. Both love baseball and both love being dictator. One of them brandishes rockets and the other brandishes spareribs. Both of them play their particular game with passion, the fundamental difference being that Castro talks much longer than Mauch. These two men became central figures in Cookie Rojas' world and Cookie Rojas came out of it smelling like a rose—Pete Rose.

Rose was the All-Star second-base man this season and Rojas was his substitute. Mauch named Rojas to the team although Frank Bolling had more votes. "Well, it was up to Gene because I didn't play enough at one position to get enough votes," Rojas recently said. That was true. Playing three positions, Rojas was overlooked at each one.

"It wasn't hard for me to pick him," Mauch said. "He was in the top ten in hitting. If I went, he went."

Being named manager of the All-Star team gave Mauch certain powers of patronage that mayors and aldermen would understand. Mauch is stimulated by power.

Naming Rojas to the team was most certainly Mauch's way of telling him: "You belong, buddy." The manager is quite sensitive that way. He benched John Callison on the last day of the 1962 season so that Callison would not endanger his .300 batting average.

Mauch works on the egos of players he considers important. Perhaps that is the ultimate measure of

how far Rojas had come by this summer.

"You've got a wonderful subject for an article," Mauch said recently. "Cookie Rojas is a wonderful baseball player. He does all the little things that win ballgames. He practices better than any ballplayer I've ever seen."

The only bad thing people said about Rojas by mid-season was that he might not be for real. The best way to deal with that possibility is to concede that Rojas is not a .300 hitter and All-Star player and go on from there.

"Cookie Rojas has made himself, with the help of the Good Lord and, I suppose, Gene Mauch, into a valuable player," says Reggie Otero, the Cuban third-base coach for the Cincinnati Reds. "He is one hell of a nice kid and he worked like hell. He had qualities nobody else saw."

"Work, work, work, work," sighs Hiraldo Sablon (Chico) Ruiz, the friendly Cincinnati infielder from Havana. "As long as I know Cookie, he is always working."

"He would give you the shirt off his back," says Chris Short. "The only thing is, it wouldn't fit you."

The most common observation about Rojas is that he worked very hard to get where he is today. It took him six years to escape the minor leagues. "I was always impatient as a kid but I think the years in the minors were good for me," he says. "If they had hurried me up, I might never have made it. Some guys are big and strong and can make it in one year. I wasn't that type. I'm a slow learner. It was not easy for me to learn. I got jammed a thousand times. But I watched hitters like Frank Robinson and Stan Musial and I tried to improve."

He finally hit the majors in 1962 with Cincinnati, but Don Blasingame

was having the year of his life and kept Rojas on the bench. "Cookie used to say, 'Tell Hutch I can play this position and that position,'" Otero recalls.

"I asked, 'Cookie, did you ever play this position or that position?'"

"He said, 'No, but I know I can.'"

Manager Fred Hutchinson farmed Rojas out that summer. The way back didn't seem easy and Rojas looked to help himself. "I tried switch-hitting," he recalls. "I wanted to see if I could. My first time up in a game, I won a game with a double off the wall. But I hit .241. It was too late to change. It would have meant two more years in the minors. I didn't want that."

He was traded to the Phillies that winter for Jim Owens. He had hit .221 at Cincinnati in 1962 and he hit the same for the Phillies in 1963. "Geez, who ever would have thought he would hit?" says Gordie Coleman of the Reds. "Geez, when he was with us he couldn't hit at all."

That's what most people thought about Rojas in the spring of 1964. Slick fielder, no hitter. "Every time I heard that, something went 'bong' in my head," Rojas says. "I always thought I could hit, but nobody else thought so."

Only Gene Mauch's nimble mind may have saved Rojas that spring. Playing for Mauch has its good and bad points. Few players become very secure but nobody ever gets completely lost, either. Somebody is always coming out of a game for a pinch-runner, a pinch-hitter, a defensive replacement or somebody whose horoscope is coming up extra-base hits that day. Mauch once called in Johnny Klippstein with a 3-and-2 count to pitch the last strike of the game to Pumpsie Green. You have to hang loose around Gene Mauch; that is one of Cookie Rojas' best qualities.

Mauch was thinking, as usual, in the spring of 1964. He was wondering whether he could get by with two catchers, Gus Triandos and Clay Dalrymple and he didn't think he could. Neither of them would hit for average and neither of them could run at all. Mauch could see that some maniac ninth inning he would need a third catcher. But he couldn't see cluttering up the roster with somebody who could merely catch.

The great awakening came. "One of our coaches, Al Widmar, had managed in Puerto Rico that winter," Mauch recalls. "Cookie Rojas was on that team. Widmar told me that one day, in an emergency, Cookie Rojas caught an entire ballgame. He had never caught a game in his life. Widmar said that not one ball touched the ground that day."

The serious little infielder-outfielder suddenly took on new proportions. He was a very nice little six-position man. Why couldn't he be a very nice little seven-position man?

"He was fighting for his major-league life," Mauch said. "I mean, in his own mind he was fighting for his major-league life."

"The way it is in baseball today," Rojas said, "unless you have super ability, it is better to play more than one position. You have to do it. It's a way to stay in the major leagues. You sign a contract, it doesn't say where you're going to play."

Rojas practiced his catching that spring and he made the team. As it turned out, he caught only one inning



all season but that inning made Mauch very glad he had been so smart.

"We were in Cincinnati," Mauch says. "Triandos was hurt and I think I pinch-ran for Dalrymple in the top of the ninth. I put Cookie Rojas behind the plate with a one-run lead in the bottom of the ninth. He played as perfect an inning as I have ever seen and we won the game."

That made Rojas a seven-position man as he somehow escaped first base and pitching. He filled in for Tony Taylor at second base. He filled in for Tony Gonzales in center field. He filled in for Bobby Wine and Amaro at shortstop. He filled in for Richie Allen at third base. He filled in for John Callison in right field. He filled in for the cast of thousands in left field. But when the others returned, they weren't filling in for Cookie Rojas; they were reclaiming their own positions.

"That's all right," Rojas says. "This is not a one-man personal thing. As long as baseball has been known, no one man has won a pennant. The Jonkees (that's how Latins pronounce that magic name) had their DiMaggio and their Mantle. But they also had their Hector Lopez and their Johnny Mize. The important thing is to win. You must be ready."

This year, the two positions he played most were second base and left field. In each case, the man he replaced was a fellow Cuban expatriate, Taylor or Gonzalez.

"There is no rivalry," Rojas says. "We try to help each other. This is our bread and butter, though. Whoever does the best, plays. Last year Tony Taylor was playing a beautiful second base. I rooted for him just as if it had been myself." Taylor and Gonzales do not seem to resent Rojas, a minor miracle attributable to Mauch's handling of the situation.

Rojas does not seem to resent his own impermanence at any one position, either. "I thought they were going to play me when I came from Cincinnati," he says. "I wanted my chance. I think I've proven that I can play regularly now. But I don't care where it is."

"This way, I get more tired mentally than physically. You have to practice everywhere. Sometimes when we use pinch-hitters, I run out to the field and find I am in the wrong position. But you have to have pride. You have to be ready. You should have determination. Sooner or later, it's going to pay off. I feel happy to be in the major leagues. I give a lot of credit to the men who have made it."

Although there is some doubt as to how long Cookie's permanence will last, it is good to see him have something steady for a while. Most major-leaguers have homes; Rojas has suitcases and airline tickets.

Home used to be Havana, right in the city, where all the boys wanted to be baseball players. He was Cuqui Rojas—"just a name my mother gave me"—and later the name was Anglicized to "Cookie."

He had one ambition and his father had one ambition but they were not the same. "I always wanted to be a ballplayer," he says. "My father always wanted me to be a doctor."

Señor Rojas was not pleased when Cookie packed spikes, glove and an English-Spanish dictionary and went off to West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1956. "My father said I could try it

for a year, and, if I didn't make good, I would go back to the books."

Life was not easy at West Palm Beach. "My English wasn't too good," he recalls. "I ate a lot of hot dogs because that was all I knew how to say. Finally I found a cafeteria where I could point at what I wanted." When he returned to Havana that fall, he could speak English (he is even more fluent now) and he had batted .275 and was the all-star second baseman in the Florida State League.

"I told my father that baseball was a profession, too. I told him I was serious in my profession. If I put on my uniform, I put it on right." The father understood the son. "My father is proud I am a ballplayer," Cookie says. "He gives me advice on how to conduct myself."

Cookie never went back to the books. "It's a good thing," he says. "I'd have made a lousy doctor. I faint at the sight of blood."

He was doing what he loved best and the future seemed secure. Then on January 1, 1959, Fidel Castro marched out of the mountains and liberated the city from the dictator Batista.

"I am in baseball, not politics," Rojas says. "The first year, it was all right. I played for Havana that season (the Sugar Kings won the pennant) and I played winter ball. Things looked like they were going to be all right." But in 1960 there were rumblings in the stands and the Cincinnati organization switched the Havana franchise to Jersey City.

The barriers between Cuba and the U.S. grew bigger and bigger. Some players who spent their winters in

Cuba had trouble getting spring. Castro's countryside, talking

Since his government is virtually an autocracy, pleas for visas can get lost in the pocket of his fatigue jacket for weeks. Ballplayers lost jobs by the time their visas were signed. Cookie took no chances; he has not been back since 1960.

"I lived in Miami for a while," he says. "Then I went to Puerto Rico for winter ball. This is my living. I must do it year round."

He soon learned that foolish inconsistencies are not confined to any one country or any one regime. Major-league baseball has curious limitations on winter baseball and the Cuban expatriates suffer cruelly.

"It is \_\_\_\_\_," Rojas said recently, cursing for the first and last time in the presence of a visiting reporter. "This is the only way we have to make a living. American players have homes and jobs in the winter. We do not have this. Why can't we play winter ball every year?"

Most of them can't. Latins may play every winter in their native country—Puerto Ricans in Puerto Rico, Dominicans in the Dominican. But all major-league aliens are limited to three years of winter ball, then they may not play any more. American players shrug their shoulders and find a job back home selling insurance and shaking hands. The Cuban players hang around Miami and wonder what kind of people run baseball.

"I understand that baseball is trying to protect its star players," says Pedro Ramos of the Yankees. "If the Yankees don't want Mickey or Gil

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with those  
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S P O R T

Blanco or anybody to play, they should be able to stop them. But if the club doesn't mind, we should be able to play. We don't have many years to make money. What will baseball do when we are finished? Give us a job as clubhouse man?"

Ramos and Otero wrote a letter to commissioner Ford Frick last winter requesting a change in the rules. "Nothing," Ramos says.

"I can understand their point of view," Rojas says, "but I think our point of view is greater than theirs."

Rojas played his third and last winter in Puerto Rico last year. He faced unemployment this winter but the managing job at Arecibo came up and he was allowed to take that. "I have already signed a contract for two years," he says. "It is a good opportunity for me."

He brings his wife and two sons to Puerto Rico with him and they live with friends. He has invested in some cattle down there and thinks that some day he might try ranching. He talks about returning to Cuba "at some future time" but is currently reversing the trend.

Rojas estimates that 21 of his family have followed him to this country. "I was the first of my family," he says. "Now there are some in California, some in Atlanta, some in Puerto Rico and Miami. Everyone is pulling together now."

At first it was only he who was pulling. "Yes, I had to pay the transportation for most of them," he admits. "I was just living. I didn't care if I saved any money. We just wanted the family together."

The day he was named to the All-Star team in July was doubly joyous in his household. His wife's parents flew in from Havana by way of Madrid. "It was a happy occasion," he said. "They had not seen their grandchildren before. They had not seen my wife in four years."

Rojas gives thanks to John Quinn, the general manager of the Phillies.

"Mr. Quinn has been very good to me," he says. "I know he has helped some of my people get visas and transportation."

"I did the best I could," Quinn says. "I would do the same for anybody on my ballclub. You want to make your players happy. How would any player feel if he was separated from his family?"

He would feel the way Rojas feels. "The only thing you can do is call them on the phone. I talk to my mother and father once in a while. I hope to have them come over some day or I will visit them. I am a baseball player, not a politician. I don't think the government would try to stop me from leaving Cuba if I went there for a visit. Some day I will go back there."

Until that someday, Rojas works at his profession. He rents a home in the Wynnwood Heights section of Philadelphia and goes south in the winter. "The others tell me it's tough getting used to winter in Philadelphia," he says. "I have never been through it yet."

He says he is happy in Philadelphia and has only good things to say for the fans. "The night we come back from losing the pennant," he says, "there were ten or 12,000 people at the airport. They carried banners and cheered us. I was a little frightened at first. I didn't know what would happen. But I saw that they were cheering us, thanking us for a good season. I grew up a lot in those few minutes."

Rojas was neither brilliant nor terrible during the Phillies' ten-game losing streak that cost them the pennant and earned them a special place in baseball history. He was merely consistent—a serious man who calls baseball a profession.

"Because of the glasses, I look like a school teacher," he says. "They call me 'professor' a lot. I'm very serious and that makes people think I'm older. I've been playing since I was 16, out

on my own, making a home for myself, buying my own clothes. I'm not the type of guy to joke around with strangers. If I don't know the people real well, I'm quiet."

Chris Short claims that Rojas is really a funny fellow. "We go out at night, you never know when Cookie is going to say something or play a joke on you."

Short remembers the clubhouse meeting Rojas called last summer. The Phillies were leading the league and Gus Triandos was suffering from painful feet. Triandos compared himself to a giant California sequoia tree—"It's half dead, like me."

Rojas was very serious as he called the meeting. The players crowded around and Ruben Amaro, who is the talker of the two, announced that there was a very serious matter concerning Gus Triandos that they had to settle immediately. A hush went over the clubhouse until Rojas presented Triandos with a set of flappy clown's feet he had picked up in a novelty store.

"That's the kind of thing Cookie does," Short says.

Still, there are gayer blades around, just as there are better ballplayers. Rojas isn't the life of the party or the star of any ballclub. He worked his way out of anonymity and there is the suspicion that anonymity is always there waiting to claim him back.

Anonymity as a player, that is. Cookie Rojas has a different kind of future in baseball. "I think that Cookie Rojas is gonna be a successful manager," says Reggie Otero, who has managed in the minors himself. "He pays attention to everything. He looks like a schoolboy in street clothes but since I know Cookie, every ballplayer always respects him. Myself, with 30 years in the game, I respect him very much."

"Managing this winter will be good for Cookie," says Chris Short. "He knows a lot about baseball and you listen to him when he talks. He knows a lot about pitching, more than you'd think an infielder would know. He'll walk in from second base and tell you what kind of pitch this batter likes. He knows what he's talking about, too. More than some infielders would know. You know whatever job he gets in baseball, he's gonna give it 150 percent."

"I'll get some gray hairs," says Rojas, whose hair is black as of now. "You get 25 players and they're liable to have 25 different personalities. The greatest manager I ever played for was Preston Gomez (now a Dodger coach). Gomez tried to know everyone and make everyone feel important. Even the guys on the bench. I don't say the manager has to be real close to the players but he doesn't have to have an iron face, either."

Mauch's face is tempered steel; he is involved with his players but hardly close to them. Rojas and Mauch are not overtly alike. But there is admiration there.

"If his club in Puerto Rico is almost as good as any other club in that league, he'll win the pennant," Mauch says.

And future pennants, perhaps. Cookie Rojas has made the All-Star team and Cookie Rojas will long be remembered.

But not as an All-Star. As a manager.



"I've been very impressed by your work on the World Series Pool!"

## AL LOPEZ: "HE'LL ACCEPT A MISTAKE ONCE, BUT NEVER TWICE"

(Continued from page 57)

attract Peters' attention on the mound, then motion with his body to show Peters what he should do. In 1954, when he managed the Cleveland Indians to the American League pennant, Lopez moved third-baseman Al Rosen on virtually every pitch throughout the season. In 1959 he moved rookie rightfielder Jim McAnany on virtually every pitch for the half-season that McAnany played. The trouble is, ultimately, that Lopez can make the decision and flash the signal but he can't make the play. He remembers one critical play when he moved the fielder to the correct spot only to see the ball go right between the fielder's legs. That's the kind of thing that keeps him—and his stomach—up late at night.

The measure of a manager is not, of course, the intensity of his pain. Nor is it solely the number of pennants that he's won. (Lopez has won three—the first with Indianapolis in the American Association—and finished second 11 times in 17 years of managing.) It's really the response he gets from his players—however mediocre their talents—and the effectiveness he gets from his pitching staff.

In handling pitchers, Lopez has been an unparalleled success. In 1961 he acquired Juan Pizarro, who'd been a disappointment in Milwaukee. "The first day I throw in batting in spring training I didn't throw no more than three pitches when the manager came out and told me I was rushing delivery," Pizarro said later. "He said I should slow up because when I rush, my fastball rises and I haven't good control." Lopez and his pitching coach, Ray Berres, found other flaws in Pizarro—awkward motion, improper balance, bizarre pitches—and corrected them. The result: Pizarro won 61 games for the White Sox in four years.

Gary Peters had spent six seasons in the minor leagues and—at the age of 26—was ready to quit baseball when he came under the tutelage of Lopez. "Peters, like Pizarro, was rushing his delivery," says Lopez. "But he had another fault—dropping his elbow and getting it too tight to the body. He wasn't staying on top of the ball; he was throwing uphill." In his first two years under Lopez, Peters won 39 games.

Joe Horlen had difficulty controlling his curveball. He was bouncing it into the plate around the dirt. "He was short-arming the ball, bringing his arm down across the front of his body instead of going straight out in front with his arm," says Lopez. He corrected the problem and came up with a 1.88 earned-run average in 1964. "John Buzhardt was dropping his arm down too much," says Lopez. "His sinker and curveball are more effective from a three-quarter motion than sidearm. He also babied his arm a little. We got him to throw more between starts." Eddie Fisher had a knuckleball but not much confidence in it when he joined the White Sox. Lopez and Berres worked with him on learning to use it—and control it. Once he came into a game in relief and had two knuckleballs called for balls against Rocky Colavito. He

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threw a slider and Colavito hit it for an upper-deck home run. Lopez yanked Fisher. "He should have stayed with the knuckler. He knows that's his 'out' pitch." By mid-1965, Fisher had so much confidence in his knuckler—and Lopez had so much confidence in Fisher—that Eddie had won 11 games and saved 18 others and played an enormous part in keeping the Sox in the pennant fight.

"If a player has a small talent, Lopez will find a way to make it work for him," Casey Stengel once said. "He's a string-saver at heart."

"Lopez gives the impression that he doesn't pay any attention to you, yet he's always watching you," says one of his former players. The watching is most discreet. He does not believe in fraternizing or in trying to run a popularity contest. He gave up playing cards with players when he became a manager. He rarely holds clubhouse meetings. "Half the players are thinking of something else anyway." And he has only three spoken rules for the club: (1) everybody obeys the curfew; (2) outfielders must always throw to a cutoff man, never to a particular base; and (3) all runners must round first aggressively if another runner is trying to score from second on a single.

Lopez also has two unspoken rules—much more important—for success on his ballclub.

The first is: all players must try 100 percent all of the time.

Lopez possesses an almost reflexive antipathy towards men who give less than the best, whatever their calling. He is mystified by one or two sports-writers who rarely cover baseball, who rarely go to the ballpark, yet

who are vehement in their claims that the club's morale has been low in some seasons. He is disturbed by at least one umpire whose errors are due—he feels—to a lack of effort. He is abrupt with players—whatever their record—who let down even for an instant. Midway through the current season, he suspected that outfielder Floyd Robinson—one of the three men in the American league with lifetime batting averages over .300—had not made an all-out effort to catch a ball that dropped for an extra-base hit. When Robinson returned to the bench at the half-inning, Lopez told him to shower, get dressed, and go home. "I think we'll look for somebody who can run faster," he said. Robinson did as he was told—but when he went back into the lineup, he was trying harder than ever.

The second rule is: "Don't tread on me."

Lopez is a proud and sensitive man. His is not the pride of vanity. It is the pride of heritage: he can no more escape it than he can banish the hiccups. His parents were born in Spain and he has the pride of the Spanish. It is not a macabre, erosive pride but an uplifting one—a pride in the dignity of an individual. Anything that demeans that dignity touches off a firm—and sometimes emotional—reaction in Lopez.

As a 16-year-old working out with a minor-league team in Tampa, Florida, he was shouldered out of the batting cage during batting practice one day. "Get that busher outta there," growled somebody from the bench. "He ain't got no right to hit with us." He has always considered the word "bush" as the height of contempt.

Lopez swung angrily around. "Who said that?" he snapped. "I'll lick the man who said that right now." All he got in response were a few toothy, tobacco-juice grins. It was an infuriating and frustrating moment for Lopez. "I couldn't hold back my tears," he said later. "I sat down at the end of the bench and had a good cry."

A FEW years later, an admired teammate—pitcher Adolph Luque—tried to embarrass Lopez on the Brooklyn Dodger bench. Luque was a smart and very tough pitcher—physically and temperamentally—who had a good curveball. One day he explained to Al that—though he was a curveball pitcher—there were certain times when it was better for him not to throw the curve. One of those times was when there was a runner on first base. In this situation, the first-base-man must play close to the base; that opened the gap between the first-baseman and second-baseman through which it was easier to rap a curveball on a hit-and-run play. Also, on a curveball the runner has a much better chance to steal second—the pitch comes up to the plate slower and is more difficult for the catcher to handle in order to get off a quick throw to second. Lopez and Luque talked all this out.

Shortly, there came a situation exactly like this and Lopez called for four consecutive fastballs. Luque missed with the first three and the batter, Curt Walker, hit the fourth for a single that sent the runner on first to third. Eventually he scored.

Between innings, Luque sat on the bench and called out in English, loudly enough for all the players to hear: "Hey, keed, I'm a curveball pitcher. Not fastball. What are you calling for four straight fastballs like that?"

Lopez said, "What do you mean, Adolph?"

Luque repeated himself and added, "You call the wrong pitch, keed."

Lopez became excited. "Adolph, don't you remember what you told me. You told me that you didn't want to throw a curveball with a man on first. You told me that yourself, Adolph," he said. Then he gave Luque the way out. "You must have forgotten, Adolph."

There was silence on the bench as the players waited for Luque's reaction. Lopez then had a readily inflammable temper—much more so than today—and Luque's effort to "tread on him" might touch off a violent struggle. Luque thought it all over.

"You right, keed," he said at length. "I forget I tell you."

Luque never tried to show up Lopez again.

Over the years, Lopez has even been sensitive to slights that are thoughtlessness in some men, meanness in others. When he was manager at Cleveland, he usually asked the starting pitcher for the next day to go back to the clubhouse to watch the opposing team on television in hopes of getting some tips. When other players used the sets to watch cartoon shows, the Mouseketeers, and other uplifting cultural events after the game, a front-office man suddenly ordered the set removed—without Lopez' knowledge. That fact, plus several others like it, planted in Lopez' mind the decision to quit as Cleveland manager. Not because he cared about the television set but because the front office had invaded his prerogatives as manager to

decide how to run the clubhouse. Early this season, Lopez learned that Joe Horlen had complained to a newspaperman about being yanked from a game. When Lopez heard of the complaint after the game, he rushed out of his office and chewed out Horlen in the clubhouse. He advised Horlen of the duties of a pitcher—to take orders—and the prerogatives of the manager: to decide when to relieve the pitcher. When Horlen was manager, Horlen was told, Horlen could decide whom and when to pitch. But as long as Lopez was manager, Lopez was going to make the decisions.

In retrospect, Lopez was abashed over his explosion. He would have lectured Horlen in any case—but he would have much preferred to do it privately in his office. For his part, Horlen reacted brilliantly: he pitched more effectively than ever in his next few starts.

Not every player reacts so well to a Lopez tongue-lashing. Some of them sulk. Some of them withdraw. Some of them poor-mouth him. It is one of Lopez' flaws that his temper is not trimmed and altered to the temperamental indifferences of men: it shows no shade of difference in ego or strength among the men it sears. It is only the men who have a peculiar strength who go on to brilliant careers under him; the rest are demolished by the very force of his being.

NOT long after Lopez took over as manager of Cleveland in 1951, he had occasion to relieve Early Wynn, a pitcher with considerable pride of his own. Wynn greeted Lopez by tossing the ball contemptuously away instead of handing it to the manager. Lopez barely controlled his temper in the middle of the diamond—it might have been one of the great fights of all time, between two very proud and sensitive men. "If you have anything to say," said Lopez with elaborate control, "say it in the dugout. In the meantime, your job is to get mad at the batters, not mad at me." Wynn got the hint: he wasn't boss any more—Lopez was. He went on to enjoy his most brilliant years under Lopez. And he came to respect Lopez enormously. "He's one of the few managers in baseball who'll give you a sign for the next pitch if you're in a tough situation," Wynn once told me. "A lot of managers, when they see you signal for a sign, get up and walk to the water cooler or turn their back and pretend they didn't see you. Lopez gives you the sign for the next pitch back as fast as he gets your sign."

Wynn had two of the three qualities necessary to succeed under Lopez: respect for himself and respect for his profession. He developed the third: respect for Lopez as the manager. "Al is at his best with a club that acts and plays as intelligent professionals should," Bill Veeck once said of Lopez. "He's not the type to get along with screwballs. If Al has a weakness as a manager—and I said if—it is that he is too decent. Unlike me, he will not have a roistering or even troublesome player around. He's a fine, honorable, intelligent, careful man. He does not climb all over people. He would rather advise than admonish but he does demand a full effort."

Lopez has played with screwballs. In his 20-year major-league career (1928-1948) he caught more games than any major-league catcher in history (1918) and possibly more non-conformists, Van Lingle Mungo and

Dazzy Vance among them. His greatest skill was not as a batter (lifetime batting average, .261), but as a catcher and handler of pitchers. He had the respect of the nonconformists as well as the conformists and enjoyed playing with and being with both sorts of men. But as manager his taste for the raffish and reckless has waned. In Lopez' mind there are some things a man doesn't do: he doesn't betray himself, his family or his high standards. Lopez has refused to consider very attractive offers—once to become manager of the Yankees, another time to become general manager of the Cleveland Indians—because he felt himself bound in honor not to consider violating his contract with the White Sox, a scruple which bothers very few men in sports.

Lopez has the instinctive belief that ballplayers—as adults—will behave as adults. The trouble is that not all ballplayers are adults, except in a physical sense. Some of them stopped growing mentally at the age of nine; others stopped growing emotionally at the age of 14. But Lopez does not see himself as a handholder of children. He will not weary himself with the disagreeable task of disciplining those few men who are still boys. He prefers to trade away a player rather than suffer his infantile problems. One married player whose skill Lopez admired began running around with other women and the carousing began to affect the player's competence. Finally, Lopez—to his surprise and regret—began to lose respect for the player. The player was traded away.

For years, Lopez labored to avoid fining his players. Instinctively he saw the human side of every question. At Indianapolis in the late 1940s, one of his veterans down from the majors broke curfew—an automatic \$200 fine. The player was in a deep slump and realized that his days of glory were over. Lopez knew that the player couldn't afford to pay the fine. "Okay, we'll forget it for now," he said. "But if it happens again—or if anybody finds out about it—it'll be \$400 instead of \$200." It didn't happen again. Another time, at Cleveland, one of his pitchers was so late for a train that it had to be held up for him. On another occasion, the pitcher caught the train only as it paused at a suburban stop. Lopez didn't fine the player. He merely told him he'd be traded away if it happened again—traded away from a pennant contender. It never happened again.

Finally with the White Sox, Lopez had to impose his only fines. One player was running around with the ex-wife of a former teammate. He was fined and traded away. Another had a Narcissus complex. He'd parade up and down the sidelines before a game, elaborately combing his wavy hair. Lopez was disgusted by the pretensions. He hates showboating; he himself won't even wear the glitter of rings or wrist watches. One night the player stayed out all night with a girl and virtually defied Lopez' knowledge that the curfew had been violated. He was hit with a \$500 fine. The next day the player saw the girl sitting in the box seats at the ballpark. He went over to her, took off his cap, brushed back his hair, and told her she wasn't worth the \$500. "A real gentleman," said an observer. Not too long afterward the player was traded away. He became a vocal non-admirer of Lopez.

A trade is not—in Lopez' view—a

punitive move. It should strengthen the club. The increase in strength may be essentially defensive—the departure of a troublesome player. But Lopez much prefers that it help the club in a positive way. After the pennant in 1959, Bill Veeck—then president of the White Sox—hoped to preserve the speed and defensive strength of the ball club by keeping its down-the-middle lineup: center-fielder Landis, Aparicio and Nelson Fox at short and second, and Sherm Lollar behind the plate. With the pitchers, these were the key men in the Sox pennant. Veeck looked to strengthen the "shell" of the club—left and right field, first and third base—through trades. He also wanted to win another pennant in 1960. "It was good thinking on his part, I thought it was," said Lopez. So Veeck traded away some of the White Sox younger talent—catchers Earl Battey and John Romano, outfielder Johnny Callison—in order to get power at the plate. He brought in Roy Sievers, who hit 28 home runs—a high number for the spacious Sox park. He brought in Minnie Minoso, who batted in 105 runs. He brought in Gene Freese, who produced 122 runs. The White Sox batted .270, their highest team batting average in history. But the defense and the speed diminished and they also finished third in the American League. It was the first time in 13 years of managing that Lopez had a club that finished lower than second.

The following year, Veeck had to retire from baseball because of a very serious illness and it was up to Lopez, working with Ed Short—Veeck's successor in running the front office—to rebuild the club on youth. They embarked on a policy of trading older players of promise. Some of the trades years left in order to get younger players of promise. Some of the trades failed: Nellie Fox went to Houston in a trade which produced nothing enduring for the White Sox. Other trades had belated results: Pitcher Billy Pierce went to the San Francisco Giants, had a brilliant year, and helped them win the pennant in 1962. But the Sox emerged with Eddie Fisher, whose knuckleball was to mean so much in relief to the Sox in 1964 and 1965. Other trades had immediate results: Pitcher Ray Herbert went to Philadelphia in a trade which brought Danny Cater to the White Sox—and it was Cater's .400-plus hitting that inspired the Sox offense early in 1965. Still other trades had beneficial results for both sides. Pete Ward, Dave Nicholson, Ron Hansen and Hoyt Wilhelm came to the Sox in the trade that sent Luis Aparicio to the Baltimore Orioles. Aparicio has played brilliantly for Baltimore but Hansen and Ward have given the White Sox some batting punch and Wilhelm has been exceptionally valuable in the bullpen. By the start of 1965, there was not a player on the team who'd been with the Sox in the glorious year of 1959. "They told us it would take five years to rebuild, that we'd drop deep into the second division before we'd rebuilt," said Arthur Allyn Jr., who became sole owner of the Sox not long after Veeck left the club. Actually the Sox dropped as far as fifth place—still in the first-division in the expanded American League—before bouncing back.

Now 57 years old, Lopez has little to drive him except the hope that his team will be better. He's been paid



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well in baseball: his managerial income is said to exceed \$60,000. More important, he made investments during the 1930s, including some oil leases—which have given him an income insurance that baseball could not. He has a ballpark named after him in Tampa, Florida, his home town.

Lopez already has a record of accomplishment. Like any man, he'd

like to build it but not at the cost of health or happiness. His success—however eventual or immediate—will not depend upon the pastel personality of legend. It will depend upon the purpose and patience, the intelligence and inspiration, the subtle mixture of control and leadership that he brings to the game.

## JIM TAYLOR: THE TAMING OF A PRO FOOTBALL TOUGH GUY

(Continued from page 33)  
all week, firing himself up to playing pitch, then often spends a sleepless Sunday night, unwinding. "We play five pre-season games, 14 league games and we have been in a post-season game every year since 1960," says Taylor. "Throw in an intra-squad game and that's 21 games. That's 21 weekends to be up."

Though he may have altered some of his style, Taylor has in no way, obviously, altered his desire. He has simply become, says Lombardi, "a very matured young man." And, in his maturity, Taylor can now pick the times when all-out power is the important thing. He still, he says, "stings" a defensive back in secondary when a "sting" is called for. "If that goal line is in sight and I have an angle to score," he says, "I'll cut back right into the defender. If you're on the eight-yard line and you slant out, he's got a better shot at you when he comes up for the tackle. He has less chance when you run right to him

because you're moving and he's standing. But the down and yardage situation will most times dictate how you run it."

And when Taylor does sting somebody, he stings as hard as he ever did. He hits the line as hard as ever, too. He is as tough as ever. "I only tackled him once in a scrimmage," says Jordan. "I grabbed him by the shoulders and he carried me five years before Willie Wood came to the rescue."

"As long as I have my desire—and my legs—I'll continue playing," says Taylor. "When I can't give 100 percent, I'll be ready to step down. The way I feel now, I'm good for at least three or four more years."

"The way it looks now," says Lombardi, "he'll last a long time."

People were hardly predicting such longevity for Taylor a few years ago. When he was trying to "sting 'em" on every play and when he was asking them to hit him harder, they were predicting instant doom.

# THE SPORT QUIZ



FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 104



**Jimmy Dudley** airs Cleveland Indians games on radio station **WERE**. He's been at that mike for 16 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series.



**Gene Elston** broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special regional sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK television in Houston.



**Bob Elson**, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers—(he's been at it for 30 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago.



**Dan Daniels** is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast.

1 During the 1964-65 NBA season the San Francisco Warriors set a record for consecutive games lost. How many did they lose to set the record?

2 Only one man this century has won three straight NCAA tennis singles' titles. He later became a top professional. Who is he?

3 No pitcher since 1945-46 has had the lowest ERA in a major league two years in a row. Who had the lowest ERA in the AL in 1945 and 1946?

4 Only one West Coast football player has ever won the Heisman Trophy, given annually to college football's top star. Name him and his school.

5 Hack Wilson holds the National League home-run record with the 56 he hit for the 1930 Cubs. How many other years did he hit over 40 homers?

6 Has Floyd Patterson ever lost a professional fight to anyone other than Ingemar Johansson and Sonny Liston? If so, who else beat him?

7 When a new baseball commissioner is named this year, he will be only the fourth man to hold the job. Who were the two men preceding Ford Frick?

8 The first American to run the mile in under four minutes:  
a Jim Beatty  
b Wes Santee  
c Don Bowden

9 The lowest 72-hole score ever shot at an official PGA tournament was a 257 shot in the 1955 Texas Open at San Antonio. Who shot it?

10 He is the only two-time Olympic decathlon winner:  
a Bob Mathias  
b Rafer Johnson  
c Milton Campbell

11 Three major-leaguers had playing careers lasting from the 1930s to the 1960s (from at least 1939 until 1960). Can you name them?

12 When this team won the NCAA college-division basketball title this year, it was the second time it had won two straight titles. Name the team.

13 He threw seven TD passes in one AFL game:  
a Jackie Kemp  
b George Blanda  
c Babe Parilli

14 Match the baseball player with his Big 10 college:  
Dick Radatz-Ohio State  
Frank Howard-Illinois  
Tom Haller-Michigan St.

15 In his rookie year, 1950, he hit .322, had 34 home runs, drove in 144 runs to lead the league, and was named Rookie of the Year. Who is he?

16 This football team led the country in scoring in 1964:  
a Tulsa  
b Notre Dame  
c Utah State

## THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WILT CHAMBERLAIN THREATS

(Continued from page 27)  
dogging it. If I concentrate on defense they say I'm only playing one end of the court. I get disgusted having to prove myself over and over again. Another guy does something and says he does his best and that's all right. I say I've done my best and they won't accept it. How much of that can you take? It's got to get to you."

Wilt recently said he was thinking of seeing a psychiatrist. He said, too, of course, that he was thinking of becoming a prize-fighter. Most people thought Wilt's prize-fighting announcement was purely a ruse to get more basketball money from Richman. Richman said it was no ruse. Soon after the announcement, Richman reported:

"I was sitting in on the conference when Wilt was offered three times what he makes in basketball in one season. He asked me to come with him as his lawyer, not only as his employer. I told him I couldn't compete for that kind of money. And it was money in front. He didn't have to fight. All he had to do was go into camp and learn, and whether he fought or not the money would be his."

Wilt was so serious that all last summer he secretly trained at the Harlem YMCA, where he punched the bag, skipped rope and shadow boxed.

"Why?" I asked him, because though he isn't docile, he is not a man who would want to hurt others.

"This is one way to hit back," Wilt said, "and what I'd do in the ring, it would be me doing it and not team-

mates. If I won I'd have to get the credit. If I lost I'd get the blame. It would be individual effort."

"It's more than that, of course," said Gottlieb. "He got talked into it that he could have a couple of quick bouts and then maybe one for the world's championship and he'd make a quick million and then he could do what he wants for the rest of his life and never have to worry."

"He doesn't believe anybody can beat him in anything," said Cohen. "He'll play you cards or checkers. It's the vanity in him. He's a marvelous athlete. He's a great dancer. He's a magnificent competitor. He has the confidence he can accomplish anything."

Cohen knows. One year, when Chamberlain was still in amateur basketball, Chamberlain asked Cohen: "How much money do you think I'm going to be able to make in the league?"

"Quite a bit," Cohen said, "but not until you're in it a few years."

"I'll make more than you think," Chamberlain said and then he mentioned a salary no player had ever earned.

"You're out of your mind," Cohen said. "That's more than half a season's receipts for some teams."

The day Chamberlain signed his first pro contract, Cohen got a call from Gottlieb.

"I finished with the big guy," Eddie said to Cohen. "He wants to talk to you."

"You remember our conversation in your car that time about how much

I'd get when I signed?" Chamberlain said. "Well, I got what you said couldn't be done."

"Why shouldn't he always feel that way?" says Richman. "When he was a kid he liked track and field better than basketball, maybe because you were judged as an individual and not because of your height. Whatever, he was the best in the high jump, the shot put, the javelin and in the 440. Once he matched his marks against Rafer Johnson's and whatever Johnson could do, he could do. Now I'll tell you something. I'll challenge any pro athlete against him in any individual sport, eliminating golf and tennis. Wrestling, track, bowling and mention any stakes you want. Take any football guy in the league and Wilt will weight lift against him or hand wrestle him. This guy can do it all."

Chamberlain's confidence is accompanied by dedication. He will take his weights along on a vacation. He will always try to learn new things, things like electric-guitar and congo-drum playing, say, as well as sports techniques. The combination of sports skill, confidence, hard work and appetite for learning has made him a rich man. When he retires from competitive sports he will be a millionaire. "I'd say," says Richman, "that he is better off than any other professional athlete."

Chamberlain shies away from discussing his financial situation. "I've made some bad investments and I've made some good ones," he says. "If I go broke tomorrow it will not be from

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neglect or being irresponsible with my money."

He owns a 39-unit apartment house development in Los Angeles with an estimated value of \$600,000. He has about \$250,000 cash invested in it. He owns two houses in Philadelphia and two apartments in New York City. He owns Big Wilt's Small's Paradise, a lucrative Harlem night club. He owns 20 percent of three harness horses. One of them is Rivaltime, the second best three-year-old in the nation; three times Wilt and his partners have been offered and have turned down \$200,000 for the horse. Further, he has for many years put \$12,000-\$18,000 annually into annuities and mutual funds.

Chamberlain has come a long way since he worked in a Philadelphia garage at 14 and bell-hopped at Kutsher's Country Club at 17. Yet it is not all that far back in Chamberlain's mind. Just as he cannot escape from his size and the stares and comments it attracts, he cannot escape from the memories of a financially troubled boyhood.

"Consider the large roll of money he carries," says Richman. "He used to be so busted, he didn't have carfare. He didn't tell anybody. His pride wouldn't let him. A man who never had ten cents has got to have a sense of insecurity even when he's got money. If there was a time when you never had any, you never can have too much. I think he'd put some in his shoes now so that if he runs out of pocket money he wouldn't be caught short."

Chamberlain will cadge sodas or ask you to buy his lunch (and he'll eat for \$5 worth) or chisel a malted milk from a friend at a lunch counter. Then, he'll sit at a bar with friends, put a hundred dollar bill down on it and watch them drink it up while he sips on a Coke. One time he brought

two young basketball players to the All-American Basketball Camp at Camp Anawana in Monticello. Chamberlain and Clair Bee are partners in the camp and Wilt could have put them through the course at no cost. Instead, he paid \$250 apiece for them out of his own money.

Chamberlain's shift in spending habits sometimes confuses people. A couple of years ago he traveled by train to Boston for the NBA's All-Star game. Two secretaries from the NBA office were on the same train and when they all got off at the station they found Boston covered with snow and no cabs available.

The girls wondered how they'd get their luggage to the hotel. Wilt didn't say a word. He bent down, picked up their luggage, stowed his own under his arms and trudged through the snow with the girls following behind. When they reached the hotel, Wilt set the bags down and said, "That'll be \$2, ladies. You knew me when I was a bellhop."

The girls stared, then started to pay. Wilt laughed as though he'd pulled off the greatest joke and invited them into the bar for drinks.

The Chamberlain contradictions go beyond his financial habits. On the surface he may seem supercilious, smart-alecky and, at times, downright nasty. Such a pose is, of course, his protection against people who have been pulling and hauling, hugging and hammering at him ever since high school. With his friends, he is another kind of man.

"Don't embarrass him in public and he's the easiest man to get along with," says Richman. "Don't make him a goat or he'll kill you."

Says Chamberlain: "I like people around me who don't want to be around me just because I'm Wilt Chamberlain, the basketball star."

He always has people around him.

Many of them are people he wants to assist financially. He gives them small jobs.

"You always got guys hanging around," Cohen once said. "What do you need them for?"

"I need somebody," Wilt said, "and they can use a few bucks. Why just give it to them and make them self-conscious? Why not have them doing some work for the money? Isn't it better that way?"

Chamberlain hates to be caught in such little acts of generosity. Sometimes it seems he wants people to think him hard and mean. So, he will often be gruff when doing a favor because he doesn't want to seem an easy mark.

But even Wilt's friends must be careful not to rub him the wrong way because he irritates easily. Invariably he heals, but each healing leaves some scar tissue, some barrier.

Chamberlain is sensitive and inquisitive and curious and active and calculating and tortured. He knows his way around streets, fine hotels and restaurants all around the world. He can talk fluently and deeply on the troubles of our times, music, travel, religion, world problems, but all people want to keep asking him is, "How's the air up there?" and Wilt wants to spit.

"I like having what I got," Wilt says. "I like wearing the best clothes and being able to go where I want and do what I want and being who I am. But do you think I don't know that some people look at me and still consider me some kind of a freak? You think I like that? I've had to learn to live with it and it's not easy."

So he searches on, looking for himself and personal tranquility, trying new things, threatening to try other new things. Such a search indeed is not easy.

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## THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL: NO. 13—BOB LILLY, DEFENSIVE TACKLE

(Continued from page 37)  
pass rush has broken down."

Lilly's pass rush seldom broke down. Middle linebacker Jerry Tubbs, a player-coach this year, talked about one reason why the big tackle could barrel in so effectively on almost every play. "Your defensive ends have a little more responsibility than your tackles," Tubbs said. "They don't have as much freedom. There are even situations on a dog defense where an end will have to peel back and cover the hook (pass) zone. Tackle is a position . . . at least in our system . . . which allows a man to use his instinct as much as his mind. Lilly has great instinct, great quickness, great strength and . . . what people a lot of times forget . . . a good mind for understanding his man."

Robert Lilly, a 6-5, 265-pound All-America from Throckmorton, Texas; Pendleton, Oregon; TCU, and the Southwest Conference, is, in his fifth NFL season, probably the best defensive tackle in football. Two years ago he was an ordinary defensive end, and in one year he not only made the difficult conversion to tackle but made All-Pro and very nearly took middle linebacker Tubbs and the entire Dallas defense with him.

TCU got Lilly with a three-cent stamp. But the Cowboys, victims of the times, had to shell out two first

draft choices (the one used to draft him, and the one they gave Cleveland to give them a chance to draft him), defensive tackle Paul Dickson (who went to Cleveland in the trade and is now a standout with the Minnesota Vikings), a \$4000 bonus and a muscular contract befitting a man who made a college career of lifting tiny sports cars onto the library steps.

Lilly was a near legend by his junior year at TCU. The Outsiders, naturally, called him "Tiger," but the Insiders knew him as "The Purple Cloud."

Purple is TCU's color. "That cloud part," explains TCU's cracker barrel coach, Abe Martin, "aww, I think Ol' Lilly got that when we played Texas his junior year. Ol' (All-America James) Saxton, he came around end with enough blockers to bust out of jail, and Ol' Lilly cleaned 'em out in one move and got Saxton with the other."

Only three tackles in SWC history were consensus All-Americans. Martin had two of them at one time. Don Floyd made it in 1959, Lilly's junior year, even though TCU coaches unanimously agreed Lilly was their best man. Lilly made it the next year. Scott Appleton (Texas, 1960) was the third.

One of the other great linemen in SWC history was Allie White, who

played on TCU's 1938 National Championship team and now coaches the Frog line. White had once seen Lilly play volleyball in Throckmorton. That was the year before Lilly's father moved to Pendleton, Oregon, to bulldoze trees. Chancing across Lilly's name in a high-school magazine the following year, White remembered the big cat on the volleyball court, filched a three-cent stamp from Martin's strong box, inquired would Lilly be interested in coming to Fort Worth and charged it up to three pennies' experience when Lilly didn't seem interested. Two months later Lilly got his mama to pack him some sandwiches and lemonade, drove his 1947 Studebaker 1600 miles in 35 hours, and stalked into Martin's office.

"You look a little skinny to me," Martin said.

"It was a hard trip," said Lilly, raking his blond Joe Palooka hair out of his eyes and melting Abe with his teddy-bear grin.

Four years later the Cowboys drafted Lilly because Tom Landry thought he would be the best defensive end since Gino Marchetti. Landry was wrong. "But I think he'll be as good in his position as Marchetti was in his," Landry says, now that the jury has listened to Lilly's arguments through an entire season. Actually, Lilly switched to tackle halfway

through the '63 season, although he didn't study the position in the close quarters of training camp until last year.

"Lilly's temperament was really not suited for defensive end," Landry says. "An end must be more disciplined than a tackle. End is a very confining position. Lilly relies so much on his physical talents—his great quickness, agility, balance, strength—he can be out of position and still get back to make the play. Ours is a very disciplined defense, but usually when I've used it in the past I've singled out one man and given him unusual freedom. I did it with Rosey Grier in New York because of his great size and speed and strength. I turned him loose to play his instinct. That's what we're doing with Lilly. As long as we don't get hurt . . . as long as he can make a mistake and still recover . . . it's a sound system. But it takes a great athlete to do it, and this is what surprised us about Lilly. His first two years he didn't show this. He didn't seem to have much enthusiasm. This is the first time since I've been in football I've seen a really amazing change after a player switched positions."

Without exception the first word NFL observers use on Lilly is "quickness." Landry says, "I've never seen a big man so quick. Henry Jordan (Green Bay's All-Pro defensive tackle) is probably as quick, but Jordan is ten or 15 pounds lighter than Lilly. The difference between Lilly and Jordan is you can overpower Jordan. No one is strong enough to overpower Lilly."

Bridging that defense which rose from 14th in the league in 1963 to second last year were three major changes—the addition of rookie Mel Renfro to the secondary, a trade which brought tackle Jim Colvin from Baltimore, and Lilly's switch to tackle. Colvin and Lilly teamed like the Smothers Brothers, Lilly the flip intruder against norm, Colvin the artful straight man against whose experience and savvy Lilly glittered in greatness. Behind both was Tubbs, a good middle linebacker who had never had the size or working conditions to be great.

"Before we had the proper personnel at tackles," Landry says, "Tubbs was worrying not only about his responsibility but about someone else's. He was really trying to play two positions. When someone broke down, Tubbs' natural instinct was to go to the trouble area instead of filling his own responsibility. Another thing, Tubbs isn't real big. He's about 220. (Myron) Pottios at Pittsburgh will go 245 and he doesn't need real impressive tackles to help him. The same with (Ray) Nitschke at Green Bay. On the other hand a guy like (Joe) Schmidt at Detroit has those two giant tackles (Alex Karras and Roger Brown) in front of him . . . and by golly that equalizes his size in a hurry."

Landry armed Lilly with a defense basically contrary to the Cowboy theory of individual responsibility. It's called a "flex" and Dallas used it about 65 percent of the time, always with Lilly crashing and pursuing like a crazed Comanche from the weak side and Colvin playing conservative defense on the side the play would likely attack.

"I would line up as close to the ball as I could get without being off sides,"

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Lilly explains. "In essence, my job was to pursue the ball. If the guard pulled, I would go with him because he would almost always lead me to the ball. If the guard fired, then I worked either an inside or outside move (i.e.—to the right or left of the blocking guard), depending on a predetermined set of rules I worked out with the end and middle linebacker.

"We used basically three defenses," Lilly says, "the inside, the outside and the flex. I think we used the flex more because it was the most simple to work with our limited experience. We'll make a lot of variations in the flex this year, and we'll use it less. The other two take more coordination and recognition (of what the offense will likely run off a given formation in a given situation).

In a sense there is a paradox here: Lilly was moved to tackle because that's where his great instinct would best serve, the flex plies on that instinct, and now Lilly is being asked

to take more responsibility. But there is still the problem of an effective pass rush. . . . "Lilly was probably twice as effective in this area as any other lineman we had," Landry says, and hopes to make him even more destructive this season. "If we can get our left end to learn the same escapes Lilly learned last year, that limits how many men they can put on Lilly."

Offenses had very large troubles containing Lilly with two men. One man trying to handle him alone could end up a strait-jacket case. Lilly is what we call a penetrating tackle," Landry says. "Most of your really good tackles in the league are the big, strong, overpowering type . . . the Olsens and Griers and Browns. Their big thing is bulk. But Lilly has the great ability to penetrate even before he knows where the ball has gone, and if he guesses wrong he can still recover and make the play."

Lilly himself feels he will be harder to handle this season. "Last year was

the first time I really studied the guards," he says. "I have learned a lot since then. I would beat a guy bad in one game and the next game against the same guy things wouldn't go right . . . and the trouble was I couldn't figure out why. Now I think I can."

"For instance, there are two basic types of pass blockers—and you have to face it, pass blocking is the bread and butter of an offensive line. There is the pop-and-recoil type like Darrell Dess in New York, and there's what we call 'riders' like John Wooten at Cleveland.

"Wooten is the big strong type with good agility. He sits back off the line of scrimmage and waits for you to come to him, then he just tries to stay with, to screen you away from the passer. He never hurts you, but the problem is getting around him. Against Wooten I try to get away faster at the snap and catch him off balance. Or when that's not working I'll try shooting the gap (between guard and center, or guard and tackle, depending on the defense) before he can set up strong. I found out last year I had to vary my escapes from one game (against the same man) to the next. I found out if I could get a shoulder under Wooten and an arm around him real quick, I was halfway there. Guys like Wooten are not too vulnerable to my moves.

"It's different with Dess. He'll fire out on me, then move back and set up for my first charge. New York runs a lot of play action stuff so I could never be sure whether it was a pass or a run; even when Dess would zone block as you would for a run I could never be sure he wouldn't back up and get set for a pass block. By the second New York game I found out all I could do was anticipate. Normally I would anticipate a pass and take the gamble. I'd wait for him to fire, shoot the gap and let him have a limp leg: I would plant my left leg, relax my right and then try to make him slide under me until he was off balance and I was back in stride. I figured if he didn't knock me down with his initial punch I could get by him before he could recover and set up again."

**A**GAINST the Cardinals in the season opener, Lilly started with a cat's grin: He knew a secret. He had watched Irv Goode, St. Louis' talented young guard, and learned that a quick inside move could catch him unprepared. It worked. Dallas lost anyway. Lilly realized it wouldn't work a second time, so he devised another plan:

"I would fake to the inside, grab him real quick and cut to the outside. I didn't like to do that because my inside move is my best, and, besides, it's the quickest path to the passer. But it didn't really matter 'cause I found out Goode had thought the same way. He anticipated my fake. So during the game I had to adjust . . . I did a double fake and went back inside, but it didn't work very well either."

Again, Lilly's suit is quickness. Put a man directly in front, tell him to match agility and Lilly will go around him like a roadrunner on roller skates. "Lilly has this fantastic ability to kind of slither around people," says Cowboy guard Mike Connelly. "He has a technique for getting through the smallest hole. He's not so fast. I can beat him in the 40. But he's so

quick. Unless you have an angle on him, he'll grab you and be gone. Not only that, but he hogs the line. He lines up so close to the ball that you couldn't put a hair between him and the line of scrimmage."

Quarterback Don Meredith, a man with some tragic firsthand information on NFL pass rushers, says, "Tackles like (Merlin) Olsen and Grier give their blockers what you call a hand swipe . . . just hit them in the head with a forearm is what it amounts to, then take the inside. Statistically you can prove that the inside is the shortest distance to the passer. Lilly can do the same thing, but what makes him so fantastic is he doesn't have to. He can go outside and around and still be there before anyone else."

Lilly says a pass rusher should think of three things: line up as close as possible on the ball, have at least four predetermined moves in mind before taking a step, and fire through when the center moves his hands.

"I predetermine every move according to the down and the distance," Bob says. "Say it's second and 11. That tells me pass. It could be a deceptive—like a screen or a draw—but we have to depend on our recognition in that case. When I have decided it's going to be a pass, I determine the type of rush I'm going to use. Whether that first move works or not, I'll fake it next time. Or, sometimes I'll find a move and then save it for a crucial period.

**L**IKE last year against Cleveland in Dallas, Larry Stephens (who played end next to Lilly) and I had this little trick where I would grab both Wooten and (Dick) Schafrath (the guard and tackle on Lilly's side) . . . just grab them and hold them while Stephens came off my back foot and into the backfield. It worked. But after that we decided to save it for a crucial time. Next time they were set for Larry and that let me free. I got their passer."

Great pass rushers have this in common: arrogance. Tell Marchetti there was a pass block he couldn't escape and he would regard you as a lunatic, which would be a proper evaluation. By himself Lilly escaped double blocks to singlehandedly throw the passer seven times last year, and it is from such sensationalism that All-Pros are honed. But there is a pedestrian aspect to football so common and so bound in necessity that no great defense is without it and no defense that has it will long be denied greatness. At TCU, Abe Martin called it "chase 'em." The sophisticated world of pro football prefers to call it "pursuit."

The happiness of pursuit, you could call it: the genuine passion and pleasure of the chase. If pass rushing is his bread and butter, this is Lilly's apple jelly. In the terminology of a lineman, pursuit usually involves a running play, and it wouldn't exist if someone hadn't made a mistake at the line of scrimmage.

Lilly isn't as sensational against the run, but he's as effective. "The first thing I try to do on a run," he says, "is get myself between the blocker and the ball, then stay there. I know that sounds simple, but there's an art to it. If my blocker is on my right and the play is going to the right, it means I'm going to have to react very quickly or else the blocker has the advantage. If I can't get around him I have two choices: spin away, or try

to throw him up field and go in behind him . . . which is pretty tough to do. In this case you usually find the play has gone off and left you."

"There's no panic at a moment like this because it isn't my responsibility. My job is to protect my area at the line of scrimmage . . . but this is where pride pays off . . . and this is why our defense was such a proud bunch last year. It got so that we were hurt when the other team made a first down, and the reason was this: we found out that no matter how many of our men got knocked down, we could get that ball-carrier if we would hustle. When you look at the films, a good tackle is nice, and it's fun when you get the passer, but what gave all of us that great feeling was seeing everyone hustling after a man out in the open."

**T**HREE GENIUS behind the great Giant defenses of the '50s, Landry is marshalling the same immovable objects in Dallas. George Andrie isn't yet a Robustelli or a Katcavage; Lee Roy Jordan won't pass these days for Sam Huff; no one has approached Renfro and asked for Jim Patton's autograph. Lilly is the first breakthrough, a major one.

"A man that good," says Landry, "can bring a defense together."

Well before that 1960 draft Landry had charted Lilly and concluded here was a live one. (Keeping him that way, that's something else. Landry was appalled a couple of years ago to learn that Robert and Kitsie Lilly had matching His-and-Hers motorcycles and enjoyed racing them up mountains; they have three children now, live the quiet life in Fort Worth where Bob is a promising insurance executive, and only occasionally does Bob ride his motorcycle or play catch with tiny sports cars).

"There were two big names in our mind when we went to the '60 draft . . . without a first choice to our name," says chief scout Gil Brandt. "Lilly and E.J. Holub, the backer from Texas Tech. Landry's idea was this: good linebackers come along nearly every year; in every draft there's a Jordan, a Butkus, a Nobis. Athletes like Lilly may come along once every five years, maybe not that often. Did you know he averaged 30 points a game as a sophomore basketball player in Throckmorton?"

So the Cowboys wanted Lilly; how to get him without a first-round choice, that was the problem. Paul Brown had the answer. Cleveland desperately wanted Jim Tyrer, a giant tackle from Ohio State, and had already handed the draft slip to Pete Rozelle when Brown learned that Tyrer was signing with Dallas of the American Football League. Brown walked over to the Cowboy table and made an instant trade—his first choice now for Dallas' in 1961, with tackle Dickson thrown in for flavor. Dallas got Lilly. It's interesting that the Eagles, next up on the board, had already written Lilly's name on their draft slip.

"Lilly was just a big old country boy," Brandt laughs now that he can afford it. "I remember putting him on the plane for the Chicago All-Star game that next summer. I asked if he had enough money or enough changes of clothes . . . then I looked down at his feet. He wasn't wearing socks."

And what did Brandt say? "What would you say to Bob Lilly?"

## WHY McDOWELL STARS WHEN HE'S SCARED

(Continued from page 65)  
season, as connoisseurs of strikeouts are linking him with Feller and Sandy Koufax. Sam says he is not even sure he belongs in the majors.

"I just don't believe in being confident," says Sam. "I believe that the moment I feel I can beat a team, I'm licked. I hope I never get confident enough to think I can beat anybody."

Sam, who probably has done as much self-psychanalysis as Freud, says, "I don't try to get myself up for a game, I tear myself down. I know it sounds funny, but I have to be in a scared frame of mind to be at my best. I make a mental picture of just how I'm going to throw to every hitter. Before a game, I don't want to talk to reporters or anybody. I like to be alone to prepare myself."

Earlier this season, Los Angeles broadcaster Buddy Blattner interviewed Sam before he pitched. "I had agreed the day before, not realizing that I was going to pitch," says Sam. "I went through with it and I lost the game, 1-0. That's the last time that will happen. It's tough enough to get by in this league."

Wagner loves to "reassure" McDowell by telling him how easily everybody hits him and how nervous all the players are behind him in the field. When serious, however, Wagner says, "Deep down Sam knows he is better than three-fourths of the pitchers in the league right now. Seventy percent of the guys I see tell me they're scared to face Sam."

When firing his hopping fastball with all the power in his 6-5, 210-pound body, McDowell can indeed intimidate people. Sometimes, with his long sideburns, square jaw and narrow eyes, and in the cowboy clothes he occasionally wears, Sam looks like he could intimidate people away from the ballpark, too. Though he comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he seems as if he comes from Pittsburgh, Texas.

And though he was admittedly an indifferent student in high school, he can speak fluent Spanish and passable Italian. In his spare time, he is liable to do a still-life painting in oils or water colors, or work with guns (he is a registered gunsmith and has a collection of more than 175 firearms which he enjoys refinishing). Or he might take on a couple of pool-room hustlers, or continue on the book he is writing.

Away from the mound, Sam can relax. But, says he: "I don't want to be relaxed out on the mound. All I have to do is start thinking about those hitters and I begin to worry. The only thing that makes me worry more is when I'm not worried enough. Whenever I begin to relax or take it easy before I pitch, I just picture Joe Adcock, Mickey Mantle or Willie Horton hitting one at me through the box. That one works every time."

"It's funny, I know, but I only pitch my best out of fear. The moment I put a uniform on, I get scared as if it were my first game. I just have to get scared to pitch good. For me, pitching never can be great fun. Oh, I get fun out of having done well. But I really go through the wringer out there."

One day last season, Sam succeeded so well in worrying himself into a nervous state that he had to be rushed to the hospital. Everyone believed he

had an attack of food poisoning. Not so. He had become so nervous his stomach muscles had locked tight in a painfully cramped knot.

Sam swallows stomach pills now to prevent such an occurrence and he avoids fried foods on the day of a game. Sam's wife and three-year-old daughter, Deborah Ann, plan family events around his mound assignments. They leave him alone the day he pitches.

Ralph Terry, Sam's roommate on the road, has watched Sam's anguish. "Sam goes through a lot before a ballgame," says Terry. "But he is smart and knows how to get the most out of himself. Sam is a great pitcher, probably the only one in the league right now aside from Whitey Ford of the Yankees who has a chance at the Hall of Fame."

Says Tebbetts: "He has all the things you want a great pitcher to have: temperament—he likes his trade no matter what he says; desire to pitch—he is not afraid to work at it; equipment—ability is important obviously, and pride—a love for the game."

Recently, after a tough afternoon against Sam, Elston Howard of the Yankees said, "He is the fastest pitcher I've ever seen." Whitey Ford said, "I don't see how anyone could be faster."

"Sam is fast," says Tebbetts. "He is above average certainly. The big thing going for him is that he is consistently fast and can maintain it for a full nine innings."

Sam once said he wanted to break all of Bob Feller's strikeout records. He now says, "That was a silly thing to say. Besides I don't pitch often enough to break it. I really don't think that much about strikeouts. If Tebbetts said go in there and strike out a certain guy, I wouldn't know how to go about it. I just throw the ball to keep the hitters off balance and keep them from getting good wood on the ball. A pitcher can't throw a ball by a batter. Not in the big leagues. You have to set them up with other things. A change up, a curve. I strike them out a lot on both."

McDowell and Koufax, both speedball strikeout artists, both lefthanders, are often compared. Says Frank Howard, who played on the Dodgers with Koufax: "Sam's as fast as anybody I've seen. Both have great changeups, Sandy's curve might be better. But Sam is young yet."

Sam dislikes being compared to Koufax. "Sandy's a fabulous pitcher," Sam says. "I'm just a mediocre pitcher right now. How can a kid like me be compared to a Koufax?" At the All-Star Game this year, Sam saw Sandy for the first time. They were both in the lobby of a Minneapolis hotel the day before the game and Sam was surprised that Sandy was "as short as he is." Sam was also too shy to introduce himself. "He wouldn't even know my name," Sam said to a bystander. "I have no right to assume that he'd be interested in talking to me."

Later Sam and the bystander continued discussing insecurity. "I try to get as scared and insecure as I can when I pitch," said Sam, "because I guess I'm scared and insecure to begin with. Even as a kid I was this way. I was born nervous."

Sam was pushed into baseball by his parents. He says his dad, Thomas Mc-



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Dowell, is a perfectionist, impossible to please.

Sam, his parents, five brothers, a sister, a grandfather and an uncle, lived in a four-bedroom home in Pittsburgh's East Liberty section. There was always good food on the table, but little money for luxuries. "I don't think I had a suit of my own until I was able to help pay for it myself," Sam says. Sam began his baseball career as an eight-year-old rightfielder on a teen-age sandlot team in Highland Park. His dad managed the team. "Ever since I can remember," Sam says, "my dad always played me with kids older than I was. I can remember him saying it would make me better."

"I think I feel the way I do about baseball because of the way he brought me up. My dad has never complimented me yet. He'd always find something wrong. No matter what I did, he found a way that I could do it better."

"I recall when I pitched my first no-hitter. It was for the Morningside Bulldogs. They gave any pitcher who did that a quart of ice cream. I got the no-hitter and was feeling great. I was just dying to pick up that ice cream, but my dad said, 'Heck with that, you're coming home.' My mom went out and sneaked it home for me."

Sam, now, is grateful that his dad demanded so much of him. "I was getting all kinds of sports awards and praise while I was growing up," Sam says. "But I had no chance to feel big about it. I just wanted to please him more than anything else. It just made me try all the harder. And since he would not let himself be pleased, I could not let myself be either. I hope to repay my folks someday for all they did for me" (he recently bought them a new 15-room house and a car).

One summer his parents had him playing baseball with three teams. He played at least six times a week. To play with one of the teams he had to travel 32 miles by streetcar and hitchhiking.

"It got so that sometimes, I couldn't care less for baseball," he says, "One summer I was ready to give my right arm—not the left one—to have a little free time. One time I put on my uniform over my street clothes. I said 'so long' and as soon as I got out of the neighborhood, I peeled off the uniform and killed the day doing nothing. When it came time to go home I put the uniform on and rubbed dirt all over it so they'd see that I had played, 'But they found out.'

"I always knew that my folks loved me and had my best interests at heart," Sam says. "This was the anchor. Otherwise, I suppose, the chance

for rebellion against baseball might have developed."

Strangely, Sam never really considered becoming a professional ballplayer until he was a senior in Central Catholic High School. Central Catholic is only four blocks from Forbes Field, home field of the Pirates, and scouts often watched him as he put together an 8-1 record, 152 strikeouts in 63 innings and an earned-run-average of 0.00 as a senior.

The Indians outbid 14 other clubs and, in June, 1960, signed Sam for a bonus estimated at \$75,000 in June, 1960. Sam went to Lakeland in the Class D Florida State League, where he was 5-6, with 80 walks and 100 strikeouts in 105 innings. In 1961 he went to Salt Lake City, where he was 13-10 with 152 walks and 156 strikeouts in 175 innings.

Late that season, Sam made his debut with the Indians. In his first major-league game he had a three-hit shutout for six innings, then cracked two ribs throwing a fastball. Team physician Dr. Donald Kelly reported at the time that there had been only 200 such cases in medical history. Sam's muscles were so strong and his pitching effort so great that he had cracked his own ribs.

Splitting time among Salt Lake and Cleveland and Cleveland and Jacksonville in 1962-63, Sam had a 6-8 minor-league record and a 6-12 major-league record. He suffered from an arm ailment called tendonitis all of 1963 and reported to spring training in 1964 with the same "toothache" in his arm. Indian pitching coach Early Wynn told him: "Sam, you've got the best arm in the business. Start throwing your fastball and forget your change of pace for the time being. Just throw the ball as hard as you can and concentrate on getting it over." The next five days Sam practiced his change-up and he was assigned to Portland of the Pacific Coast League before the Indians broke camp in Tucson, Arizona.

When he learned he was being sent down, Sam experienced the most frustrating moment of his life. "Here I was a failure at 20," he recalls. He was ready to quit baseball. In fact, he wrote an apologetic letter of resignation to Paul. The letter said, in substance, that he was deeply sorry for having let the organization down. He regretted having hurt Hoot Evers (the scout who signed him) and was ready to return the balance of his bonus money. He showed the letter to Portland manager Johnny Lipon. Lipon told him to hold onto the letter for a while and try just a little longer. Sam agreed and said he'd stay on the condition that he be allowed to pitch the way he wanted to.

"I made up my mind to stop taking advice from everybody," he says. "If my career was going to be ruined, I wanted to be the one to ruin it. Not somebody else. If I was not gonna make it, it was going to be because of me."

For three years Sam had tried everything suggested to him. Anyone with an idea had drawn Sam's attentive ear. Sam had followed the advice of milkmen, passersby on the street, waiters and bellhops. "One guy told me I wasn't throwing my slider correctly," he says. "And I didn't even have a slider at that time. That's when I began to think that something might be wrong with too much advice."

After his meeting with Lipon, Sam struck out 100 batters in eight games and pitched five shutouts. The Indians recalled him at mid-season and the first day back in the big leagues, he beat Washington in relief. He went on to an 11-6 record, with 177 strikeouts in 173 innings and a 2.17 earned-run average.

"Everybody just wanted me to fire my fastball down the center of the plate," Sam says. "I wanted to use my other pitches too and go for certain pitches in certain spots. Also, I think I finally began to mature as a man, not as a pitcher. I finally realized that all the time I was taking advice I was looking for an out, someone to shift the responsibility to. You have to learn alone. Pitching is the loneliest job in baseball. You are on your own. When I finally realized this, it made a lot of difference."

"He is one of the smartest pitchers around," says Terry. "For his age and experience it is amazing. He has a lot of sound ideas. Usually, they room a veteran and a young player together so that the younger one might pick up some of the older one's knowledge. And you know? Sam helped ME with my slider."

Sam keeps an up-to-the-moment card file on every hitter. Every batter from time to time has trouble with a certain pitch, or hitting the ball in a certain area. Sam records what pitches the batter looks bad on and good on, what pitches the batter hit and where the ball was hit. Sam's records show that hitters change over the years and within a season.

Each day, Sam says, he continues to get smarter about all aspects of baseball. He hopes, he says, "to win 20 games in a season, then repeat and repeat. I think that would make my dad happy. But he'd probably expect me to win 25. Which, come to think of it, would make me happy too. But not for long. Happiness, relaxation and pitching just don't mix."

— ■ —

## DRAMA ON THE DODGERS

(Continued from page 49)

lead because it's a consistently good lead and because he'll take long gambles to help us win. Not many will risk looking bad out there. Maury does it every day with things like running at reduced speed to first on a bunt, then turning it on to force a hurried throw . . . and like stealing even when he knows they're pitching out. The way he feels this year he'd be running the way he has if the second-basemen carried knives and the catchers were set in concrete.

"You see, all that makes Maury really happy is one thing. His contribution to a first-place finish."

Wills was able to contribute so well to the fight for a first-place finish—and the pursuit of a stolen-base record which went with the more important fight—because of:

**Condition**—Through most of 1965, Wills' legs were uninjured. Further, he has put on weight through the years and, at a solid 175 pounds, he is no longer bruised as often in collisions.

**Challenge**—"They're back to sanding the basepaths on me," Wills says. In Pittsburgh before the All-Star Game, I stole two times, then Harry Walker loaded down the path to second with so much sand I was up to my ankles in it. So I dug in and stole another one."

**Support**—This season the Dodgers have three men batting behind Wills who are capable of regularly advancing him or aiding his steals by not fouling off balls and by "taking" pitches—Wes Parker, Jim Gilliam, Lou Johnson. "I've never been so rich that way," says Maury.

Symbolically, Koufax' locker and

Wills' locker face each other in the Dodger clubhouse in Los Angeles. They regularly review each game. After they beat the Giants, 2-1, that July night, their conversation began with a question from Wills.

"How's it feel?" asked Wills.

"Not good," said Koufax. "I had good stuff out there—real good—but the arm hurt and my control went bad. I'd want the ball in and would get it out. I got way too high on Mays and that's when he hit the triple that almost beat us."

"I thought you were working too fast," said Wills.

"Yeah. I had Jim Ray Hart with two strikes, no balls, and instead of wasting one, I threw one in there and he hit the ball right through the middle. I gave them a run by hurrying."

"Don't do any throwing the next couple of days. Just rest," said Wills.

"Bet your life I will. But I like to loosen up a little the day after a game. This waiting until the third day bugs me."

Wills got up and paced back and forth. He leaned over Koufax and said, "Sandy, I know this much about you. You got big trouble, yes. Maybe you'll always have trouble. But if something even worse than what's happened already should happen, you'll find a way to keep going. YOU WILL FIND A WAY!" Wills sat down, dramatically.

All summer Wills was telling friends that Koufax has such fortitude deserves that "he'll always find a way to keep pitching." Even on his greatest pitching days, Koufax was not without pain. His arthritis can be relieved, but cannot be removed by drug-injections or surgery. "He's a remarkable patient," says Dr. Robert Kerlan, the Dodgers' physician. "He sticks with therapy very well. He keeps his worries to himself."

"After a game," Wills was saying recently, "I always talk to Sandy about his arm even though he's sick of people asking about it. My motive, of course, is sincere and in the club's interest, so he talks to me. During a tight spot in a game, I'll go to the mound and talk to him. But if you know Sandy the way I do, I don't advise him on what to do. He has a mind of his own and it's a good idea not to make suggestions. Sometimes I'll talk about something entirely different than the situation at hand. I'll give him a little break in his concentration, because sometimes he bears down too hard and needs a breather."

Wills understands Koufax, Koufax understands Wills, and Alston understands them both. Once, Wills and Alston misunderstood each other. In 1959, Wills, thinking Alston did not want to give him a chance, asked the manager to send him back to the minors. In 1963 there was another problem. "The Skipper and me had to work it out," says Wills. "In '61 and '62 he'd let me steal any time I thought I could make it. But 1963 opening day came and went and he didn't say anything at all about what he wanted. I was baffled, so the second day I went to him and asked, 'What's the program? Can I go down when I feel like it?' He said, 'Let's talk about it.'

"I said, 'Tell you what, Skipper—if I can't prove to you that I can make it work by making my own decisions, then I'll take signs from there on out'

and you'll never hear a squawk from me.' He said, 'That's a deal.'

Alston's comment on this situation, today, is that he assumed Wills knew in 1963 he could steal without asking permission. But to Wills such an assumption would have been unthinkable. He wanted to hear it from the manager, as a direct strategical order. "Maury stole 104 in 117 attempts the year before this question arose," Alston says. "I didn't think he needed any further vote of confidence from me."

There was another misunderstanding, too. "At one time," says Wills, "the Skipper wanted me to 'take' quite a few pitches, and I figured he lacked confidence in me. That he was looking for me to get a walk, or get hit or force a wild pitch, or something. Then I found out I was all wrong."

Explains Alston: "I was paying him a big compliment, only Maury had trouble seeing it. I was telling him he was such a fine hitter that he didn't need three strikes to get on base. That he could go to a three-and-one count and still get a piece of the ball. Any time I think a man can stand in there and make a pitcher work harder by delaying tactics, by handicapping himself on the count, it's a tribute."

All misunderstandings have now been cleared away. Wills is the Dodger captain ("a terrific thrill and compliment," he says) and he knows Alston has confidence in him ("Getting close to the skipper is another reason I'm going so good this year," Wills says). But still, Wills has his insecurities. "There are times I feel so all alone at bat I'm dying to hear the guys on our bench yelling encouragement to me," he says. "I go down the bench and tell the rookies—Willie Crawford, Mike Kekich and others—to holler it up. I need any kind of strength I can get behind me."

To the one young Dodger who criticized Wills for such action, and, in fact, to all critics of Wills, Alston says, "Where do you think this club would be, with all our injuries, without Wills getting us those one and two-run wins?"

Against the Giants one game Wills stole three bases on strongarmed catcher Tom Haller. Against the Cincinnati Reds he stole three bases in one game and in another reached first base four times without hitting a ball out of the infield (walk, two dribblers beaten out, an error) and stole two bases. Against the Pirates, after being hit on the arm by a pitch, he crashed into second-baseman Gene Alley so hard the Pirate bench emptied in anger. "But while they screamed," says Gilliam, "Maury stole two bases and we won another. Get Maury angry and you're just askin' for it."

Koufax' heroics were equally impressive as the Dodgers rolled into the pennant stretch. He had a chance to break the major-league strikeout record, he beat just about everybody. "And after every game," Koufax said, "I head for my ice, saying a prayer of thanks that I made it again."

The Dodgers undoubtedly said similar prayers. As the pennant stretch run began, the chances of a World Series in Los Angeles rested largely with two men. One had to continue doing "the impossible." The other had to continue proving everybody wrong.

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## MEL ALLEN'S ALL-AMERICA PREVIEW

(Continued from page 60) ecstatic in praising the two hard-running halfbacks. Stanford coach John Ralston calls Garrett "one of the best halfbacks I've seen in a long time." Texas coach Darrell Royal says Anderson "has more good moves than anyone I've seen." Garrett may tend to get more publicity than Anderson this year, partially because he's more of a crowd-pleaser. Anderson is occasionally rapped by his critics for not always giving 100 percent. "He will make a great run and then on another play he just stands there," says one coach. The answer to that, of course, is when you gain nearly 1000 yards you can afford to stand a bit.

The Southeastern Conference may have a minor monopoly on fullbacks, but the top-rated halfbacks are parceled out to all areas. Our first-team halfbacks are from the west and southwest while their backup men are from the east and southeast. And some backup men they are! Floyd Little of Syracuse and Rodger Bird of Kentucky. Little is the more volatile, Bird the more versatile.

Little ran the 100-yard dash in 9.6 in prep school and he showed this speed last year as a sophomore when he returned punts 90 and 71 yards, both for touchdowns. He gained 828 yards from scrimmage to break the school record set by the late Ernie Davis. At 5-11, 195 pounds, Floyd has great balance, and coach Ben Schwartzwalder insists Little cuts better than Davis or Jimmy Brown ever did in college. He scored 12 touchdowns last season, including five against Kansas. Like a pitcher who hits a home run, Floyd is probably proudest of the two passes he attempted and completed—one for a touchdown.

Bird can pass, too, and run, and catch, and return punts, and play defense, and make interceptions. He did it all very, very well last year while playing for a losing team. This season he will be asked to do less (resting on defense) which could help him improve on his 671-yard rushing total of '64. Operating as a tailback, Rodger led the Southeastern Conference with ten touchdowns.

IT'S difficult to see how any of our first four halfbacks could be replaced by someone else, but it might have happened if Bill Wolski and Nick Eddy didn't both play for Notre Dame. They give the Fighting Irish college football's finest halfback tandem in years. Wolski gained 657 yards rushing last year, Eddy 490. Since Wolski is the senior and Eddy the junior, coach Ara Parseghian has been issuing more praise of Wolski. But according to one pro scout, Eddy is the brighter pro prospect. "He blocks, he has home-run speed and is the all-around type," the scout told us. "He's a definite candidate for the Heisman trophy." The chances are, though, that while Notre Dame will reap the benefits of having two outstanding halfbacks, Wolski and Eddy may end up sharing the yardage and taking enough votes away from each other so that neither will wind up with a plurality.

Other excellent halfbacks include Michigan's Carl Ward, the best in the Big Ten, who is a twisting, driving runner. Phil Harris of Texas moves from wingback to tailback. He's not flashy, but he's a solid performer and

threw the key block for Ernie Koy in the Orange Bowl game against Alabama. Another exceptional tailback is Mike Dennis of Mississippi, who caught 29 passes and rushed for 571 yards last year.

QUARTERBACK has always been football's glamour spot and it took on even more glittering dimensions last year when the two biggest pro bonuses were paid to Namath and Huarte. Gary Snook, our first-team quarterback, has already broken 15 Big Ten and Iowa records and the record he's after now is Namath's alleged \$400,000. Whether Gary can convince the pros he's worth that much depends a great deal on how much he likes money. Snook is one of the finest pure throwers to come along in years but is said to be temperamental and flighty. He can also be undisciplined on the field, but he does get spectacular results. Attempting a whopping 311 passes last year, Snook completed 151 for 2062 yards and 11 touchdowns. All this after he had completed only 34 the year before. At 6-1, 181 pounds, he's not quite as big as the pros seem to like their quarterbacks these days, but there's no denying his passing skills.

This is not an especially vintage year for quarterbacks, and, like fullbacks, the Southeastern Conference seems to have hoarded some of the best of them. We're picking Steve Sloan of Alabama as our No. 2 choice even though Florida's Steve Spurrier and Kentucky's Rick Norton are better passers. Sloan is nicknamed "Mr. Clutch" by his teammates, which tells you a lot. When Namath was injured last year Sloan came off the bench to lead the Crimson Tide through the roughest part of the schedule. Two weeks in a row a wire service named him back-of-the-week. Always in control, the 6-0, 185-pound Sloan completed 45 of 72 passes for a 62.5 percentage. As a runner Sloan gained 351 yards. "He stumbles, he falls," says coach Bear Bryant, "but some-

how he gets the important yardage. He's a winning quarterback."

Spurrier was the SEC's sophomore of the year in '64 and third in total offense. Bryant calls him the class of the league in sheer ability, but his chances for All-America are lessened because Florida is, at best, an outside contender for the league title. "Tell me the winning teams," says one coach, "and I'll pick your All-Americans for you." Norton should be on a slightly better club than Spurrier but the Kentucky star is downgraded, despite his great passing ability, because he's interception-prone.

Since we're making no attempt to pick a pro-style team, we've selected two split-ends to our first team, and without regrets. They're Purdue's Bob Hadrick and Florida's Charles Casey. Both are seniors, stand 6-2 and weigh between 195 and 200. Neither are exceptionally fast, but both have superb moves. What's also important is that each has an outstanding quarterback passing to him: Casey has Spurrier and Hadrick has Bob Griese. Last year Casey caught 47 of his team's 88 completions and Hadrick caught 37 of Purdue's 87.

It's a good year for quarterbacks in the Big Ten and the passers have the ends to match. Two of the league's most prolific receivers should be Iowa's Karl Noonan and Michigan State's Gene Washington. They make an interesting contrast, these two. Washington is a solid 6-2, 205-pounder while Noonan is Del Shofner-like in appearance at 6-3, 176. Even more striking, though, is the route each took in making our second team. Washington is a junior and last year burst onto the Spartan scene by catching 35 passes for 542 yards and setting school records. Noonan, on the other hand, didn't catch a pass as a sophomore. Instead, he understudied Paul Krause. But last year Noonan caught 59 and was highly thought of by every coach who saw him play.

Another surehanded Big Ten receiver is Bill Malinchak of Indiana and Kentucky's Rick Kestner and Doug Moreau of LSU are two of the better ones in the SEC. Tulsa's Howard Twilley will miss the record-breaking passing of Jerry Rhome but should still rank high as a flanker.

Any pro team with a weakness at offensive tackle is bound to have Glen Ray Hines of Arkansas and Joe Bellas of Penn State high on its prospective draft list. Despite their size, both are quick. They are also smart, aggressive and excel at their prime duty—blocking.

Hines, at 6-5, 240, is the biggest regular coach Frank Broyles has had in his seven years at Arkansas. "He represents all you look for in an offensive tackle," says Broyles. Hines is the weakside, or left, tackle, and two-thirds of the Razorbacks' running plays go over his position.

You can't question Bellas' durability. He led Penn State in playing time last year and he also helped lead his team to victory in the last five games after a disastrous 1-4 start. He's 6-2, 230 and earns this accolade from his coach, Rip Engle: "He must be the equal of any interior offensive lineman in the country."

THE Big Ten continually leads the nation's conferences in sending men into the pros and this season seems to be no exception. Our second-team tackles are both from the Big Ten—Randy Beisler of Indiana and Doug

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Van Horn of Ohio State. One thing the pros seem to like about Big Ten linemen is that they usually are pro size while still in college. Beisler goes 240, Van Horn 236. Worthy of special mention, too, is Cincinnati's Bob Taylor (6-0, 245). Drafted as a future by Oakland, Taylor follows the tradition of fine offensive tackles set by Ken Byers, Ron Kostelnik and Max Messner.

There are two holdovers from SPORT's 1964 All-America preview team—Garrett is one and Mississippi offensive guard Stan Hindman is the other. Garrett, of course, more than justified our decision by his showing during the season. Hindman, frankly, didn't, but there were reasons and most of those reasons were centered in his legs; he suffered a series of leg injuries. He's expected to be 100 percent fit, and in that case there's no way we can leave him off our first team. Murray Warmath calls the 230-pound Hindman "a professional," and that says it all. Hindman is so versatile that he would be on our defensive first-team if he were to go both ways this year. But he is so superb a blocker that coach Johnny Vaught prefers to use him mainly on offense.

One important move that paid off well for Notre Dame coach Ara Parseghian last year was shifting Dick Arrington from a two-way tackle to offensive guard. It's paid off well for Arrington, too, because the change has made him a bona fide All-American; we can't think of a more suitable running mate for Hindman on our first team. A fine all-round athlete, the 5-11, 225-pound Arrington was Notre Dame's wrestling captain as a junior and finished third in the NCAA tournament. Just as impressive was the fact that the Notre Dame school paper named him the outstanding player on the football team. He beat out, among others, John Huarte and Jack Snow.

It's a good thing John Niland of Iowa was noted for his speed last season: otherwise we would hesitate to put him on our second team. There's something about a college lineman going from 238 pounds to 265 in one year that makes you wonder whether it's carelessness or calculated. In Niland's case, though, it's all part of the mammoth plot to get Iowa back up among the Big Ten leaders. Niland's always been agile enough—so agile that he played fullback in high school. Now he's out to anchor, literally, that Hawkeye line.

Larry Gagner of Florida will probably be at middle guard on defense most of the season, but we still want him on our second-team on offense since that's where he made all-SEC last year. He's 6-3, 244 and runs the 40-yard-dash in 4.75. Florida coach Ray Graves feels Gagner has the potential to be the finest lineman in school history.

The toughest decision this year is at center. Two men stand far above the crowd—Syracuse's Pat Killorin and Alabama's Paul Crane. Each is 6-2, but there the similarity ends abruptly. Killorin weighs 230, Crane 194. We have to go with Killorin and if you want to accuse us of sounding like a pro scout, well, maybe we deserve it. But when Schwartzwalder tells you that Killorin's a better college center than Syracuse alumnus and former all-pro Jim Ringo, that's something worth considering. "He has the same attributes as Ringo," says the Syracuse coach. "He's quick and smart." Killorin is especially adept

at getting downfield on punts.

Alabama has had exceptional place-kicking the past two years and Crane can take much of the credit. Pro scouts—while saddened by Crane's lack of size—are greatly impressed by Paul's ability to center the ball in perfect placement position. His snapback always has the ball's laces facing the line of scrimmage, which can add 25 percent accuracy to kicks. Bryant also calls him "the best blocking center I've ever had."

The best way to switch from our offensive team to our defensive one is to tell you about two rugged performers who will be playing both ways. They are Aaron Brown of Minnesota and Milt Morin of Massachusetts and we've listed them as our first-team defensive ends. Both are so invaluable to their clubs, however, that they also play tight end. But neither are outstanding receivers, so defense seems the place for them. They have a lot of other things in common, too, with size heading the list. Brown is 6-4½ and 245 while Morin is a half-inch shorter and the same weight. Both have attracted much attention from the pros—so much so, in fact, that they could both be No. 1 draft selections.

Brown, of course, has had the easier road to recognition. He's with a major-college team that traditionally has big, fast linemen. But he's earned his acclaim in his own right. He has marvelous speed and it helped him make 27 catches last year to lead the Gophers in receiving. A late starter, he didn't play football until he was a high-school senior and then he was a fullback.

Morin, too, is a relative newcomer to the end position. He began there as a college freshman. His coach, Vic Fusia, calls him "better at this stage than Mike Ditka was." (Fusia was on the Pittsburgh staff when Ditka was still in school.) Morin caught only 13 passes last year but he is such a powerful runner that he gained 21.8 yards per reception—impressive for a tight end.

There's also a two-way end on our second team—Pete Lammons of Texas—to go with a fellow who plays strictly defense—Bo Wood of North Carolina. Lammons led the ground-minded Texans with 13 receptions last year. At 6-3, 220, he's not overwhelming for a defensive end, but they don't come much bigger in the Southwest Conference. Says Arkansas coach Frank Broyles: "Lammons is a real football player. He makes the big play." Wood is ten pounds heavier and just a junior. He excels at rushing the passer.

"If Bill Yearby had concentrated on it, he could have made our basketball team." So says Michigan basketball coach Dave Strack, whose team was NCAA runnerup this year. Yearby preferred to concentrate, instead, on football and he's concentrated so hard that he's probably the Big Ten's No. 1 candidate for the Outland Trophy awarded to the nation's top lineman. Says North Carolina coach Jim Hickey: "All I know about him is that everybody raves about him." And they rave a great deal about his quickness. He's 6-3, 230 pounds and has run down passers and halfbacks with his pursuit.

Our other first-team defensive tackle is Arkansas' Loyd Phillips. He was the Southwest Conference's "Soph-Lineman-of-the-Year" last year, a title which means less to us

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than the things Darrel Royal told us about Phillips. "He is a real stud," said Royal. "He is big (221 pounds) and can really run. He is one of those guys that's in a bad humor from the opening gun. I guarantee him." Adds Broyles: "He is potentially as good as anyone the conference has ever produced. He's never had a bad practice or a bad game."

Gary Pettigrew of Stanford is one of our second-team choices. A converted end and an all-AAUW, he adjusted well last year to tackle. Southern Cal coach John McKay calls him "the quickest and finest tackle on the West Coast." Pettigrew weighs 215—quite a contrast to our other second-team selection—250-pound George Rice of LSU. Few offensive tackles can handle Rice, and Syracuse's Floyd Little found that out in the Sugar Bowl game. Rice broke through to tackle Little for a safety.

Defensive tackle is one of the strongest positions in the country this year, made so by the likes of John Strohmyer (Nebraska); Gale Gillingham (Minnesota); Fred Forsberg (Washington); Willie Townes (Tulsa); George Patton (Georgia) and Bob Kowalkowski (Virginia). Deserving special mention, too, is Arkansas' Jim Williams, who is not as big as teammate Phillips but makes the big plays and was an all-SWC choice last year.

Michigan State's Harold Lucas has been making the grand tour of the Spartan interior line. He was a tackle his first year, a center last season and now will be playing middle guard. At 6-3, 265 pounds, and based on past performance, we figure he'll play it quite well—well enough to be on our first team. Deceptively mobile, he got under a blocked punt against Purdue and took it for a touchdown.

Another versatile man at middle guard is Nebraska's Walt Barnes, our No. 2 choice. Barnes, 6-3, 240, can play offensive tackle or guard and probably would have done so last season if the Cornhuskers hadn't gone to the two-platoon system in the second game. It was a wise choice for Nebraska because it ranked second nationally in defense, and Barnes was the key man behind that ranking.

When you pick All-America linebackers this year, you automatically put Tommy Nobis of Texas at the top of the list and work down from there. Army coach Paul Dietzel calls him "the finest linebacker I've ever seen in college football." Nobis made his impression on Dietzel by making more than 20 tackles against Army, just as he did against Oklahoma, Arkansas, Rice and SMU. Nobis doesn't have great size (6-2, 215) and he doesn't have great speed, but what he does have is smoldering desire. Says one Texas coach: "He's totally dedicated to being the best in the country and if he's not it isn't his fault because he gives you all he's got and then some." Nobis is so talented that he could easily be on our first team as an offensive guard if we weren't against naming the same man to two positions. He's the best blocking lineman Texas has had in Royal's eight years as head coach. Even though he'll be in on every defensive play of the season, barring injury, he'll still play half the time on offense—Says Royal: "If we have a winning team this fall we'll have the ball more than the other team does. I'd have to be out of my mind to have Tommy with me on the bench."

Carl McAdams comes from White

Deer, Texas—a small town that left him unprepared for the ways of the world. He was one of Oklahoma's greenest freshmen ever and when he arrived on the campus his long hair hung down over his eyes. He was called "Sheep Dog" by his teammates and for a long time he stayed in his room during free hours rather than have to talk with anyone. Gradually he lost his shyness and gained respect and it was all triggered by his football ability. As a sophomore he was second-string behind co-captain John Garrett. Garrett returned the next year and was re-elected co-captain but he soon lost his job to McAdams. Carl was by far the Sooners' most effective player last year despite vast amount of publicity given such seniors as Ralph Neeley and Jim Grisham. A former fullback, McAdams, now 6-3, 215, has retained all his speed. Missouri quarterback Gary Lane couldn't believe McAdams' quickness last season. "Our guy was wide open when I threw the ball but McAdams came from somewhere," said Lane. "The ball was two feet from our receiver's hands. But McAdams got it." The Texas-Oklahoma game will be particularly fascinating this season because of the personal duel between Nobis and McAdams. Last year Carl was named the Associated Press' Lineman of the Week after the game, despite Oklahoma's 28-7 loss.

Joining Nobis and McAdams as a first-team linebacker is Dwight "Ike" Kelley of Ohio State. Kelley is the

the 1963 Navy team. If Jim is elected captain next season it will give the Lynch family one of the great honors in intercollegiate football history. Failing that, Jim still won't have to take a backseat to his brother—not the way he handles his position.

The third linebacker we referred to is Doug Buffone of Louisville, who has had to overcome the stigma of playing for a relatively small school. Louisville coach Frank Camp calls the 6-2, 221-pound Buffone: "... the most complete ballplayer I've ever coached." Camp, you may recall, was Johnny Unitas' college coach. Last year Buffone averaged 13.8 tackles a game. "Buffone," says Murray Warmath, "is in the same class as Kelley of Ohio State."

Rounding out our two-platoon All-America team are the defensive backs. We have picked three defensive backs since most teams will be lining up on defense with five men up front, two outside linebackers and a middle linebacker (called a "monster" in many formations), who will roam deep back on pass coverage and up close on runs. Our defensive backs are speedy men who likely could be bigger "names" on offense but who like to hit and who are more valuable to their teams on defense. Most spectacular last year—at least statistically—was Tony Carey of Notre Dame's right cornerback. He intercepted eight passes and returned them 121 yards. He leads one of the finest defensive backfields in the country.

Another of the first-team backs would be just as much at home on a track team—Charley Brown of Syracuse. Brown is 6-2, 200 pounds and rambles through the 100-yard-dash at 9.8. He intercepted three passes for 131 yards last year. He took one 54 yards for a TD against UCLA and assured a victory over Army with a fourth-quarter interception. Brown lines up at left cornerback but moves across if the opponent's best receiver lines up on the other side of the field. This is a tactic reserved for very few defensive backs, even in the pros.

Johnny Roland of Missouri is such a versatile halfback that coach Dan Devine has trouble deciding where to play him. As a sophomore Johnny gained 830 yards for a 5.2 average. Last year he played only defense and established himself as a smart pass defender. He was drafted as a fourth-round future pick by the St. Louis Cardinals. This past spring he showed so well both ways that Devine decided he would have to give Roland at least spot duty on offense.

Our second-team defensive backs are Bruce Bennett of Florida, Dick Gingrich of Penn State and Jackie Brasuell of Arkansas. Florida's defensive secondary was best in the nation last season and the quarterback and gangleader was Bennett. He was the second leading tackler on the entire team. Gingrich is Penn State's defensive captain at safety. "The ideal player," says coach Rip Engle. Brasuell gained 542 yards as a tailback last year, but has been switched to safety. It's expected that he'll come close to upholding the tradition set by Arkansas safeties in running back punts. They've led the nation four of the last five years in that category and the other time finished second.

There you have it, the nation's best college football specialists, the men we think will dominate the action these upcoming Saturday afternoons.

### The SPORT Quiz



#### Answers from page 94

- 1 17. 2 Pancho Segura. 3 Hal Newhouser. Detroit Tigers. 4 Terry Baker, Oregon State. 5 None. 6 Yes, Joey Maxim. 7 Kenesaw Landis, Happy Chandler. 8 c. 9 Mike Souchak. 10 a. 11 Ted Williams, Mickey Vernon. Early Wynn. 12 Evansville. 13 b. 14 Radatz-Michigan St.; Howard-Ohio St.; Haller-Illinois. 15 Walt Dropo. 16 a.

shortest (5-11) and the heaviest (220) of the three. Like McAdams, Kelley was a high-school fullback and when Woody Hayes recruited him, chances are Hayes envisioned him as another typical Ohio State indestructible fullback. But linebackers of Kelley's talents are rare and he's obviously in the right position.

Our three second-team linebackers all have one big thing in common: Each has had to haul himself out of the shadows to win widespread recognition. The most dramatic case is Craig Christopher of Rice, who was largely unappreciated last year because of the publicity given All-America Malcolm Walker. Christopher is 6-3, 225 pounds and superquick in getting to ballcarriers and breaking up passes.

Notre Dame has a 6-1, 215-pound junior linebacker named Jim Lynch. And Jim has an older brother named Tom who just happened to captain

## ARE YOU READY FOR A NEGRO MANAGER? I COULD DO THE JOB

(Continued from page 24)

We resent this. Plenty of Negroes think they could be playing in the big leagues, or sitting on the bench. They feel they aren't there because of the color of their skin. That is, they had white boys to beat out and since the white boys could do the job just as good, the Negroes were sent out. If the Negro stays, he's got to be better—much better.

This problem will be magnified for the Negro manager. He'll get it from the whites who can accuse him of prejudice and/or from the Negroes who will call him an Uncle Tom. Negroes aren't perfect, either. They put their interests first, too.

I'll give you a small example. Couple of springs ago, when we complained about training conditions in Florida, the only person whom I met who was really angry that we were going to move into the hotel with the other players was the woman who had been renting us rooms. She didn't want to lose the business. White people don't have a monopoly on selfishness.

It's never easy for a manager to send a player back to the minors, or tell him he's been used in a trade. And if the manager is a Negro he's going to be open to criticism. A white player could say, 'Well, he's a Negro and he doesn't like me.' But this is said in reverse now about the white managers. There is going to be resentment no matter who is the manager.

A Negro manager will have to handle these situations the same way a white manager does. You call a player in and give him your reasons. That's all you can do. There are no extra explanations for it. You tell him, honestly. No one should expect more than that.

On the field the differences will be minimal. The players will play for a Negro because they're professionals and get paid to play. The player is like everyone else. When you strip him down he, too, is a selfish animal. He's worried mostly about himself. I grant you that a player will often hate to see a manager cut loose because the player is aware that the manager got a raw deal. But this feeling wears off. A player plays just as hard for a new manager as he did for the old one.

Once in a while I still get a few slings from the stands. Some people say nasty things, but these people, I am convinced, are the ones to be pitied. They're the losers—not me. They have so much hate they strangle themselves with it. And I let them choke. I just can't be bothered with them.

I hold as much respect on my ball-club and in the league as anyone else around. I can walk into our clubhouse and joke with anybody. We joke with each other, white and black, and without ever getting nasty. Some of my best friends in baseball are southern boys.

I have been with Eddie Mathews for 13 years and he's never said anything out of the way. Mathews was born in Texas and raised in California. If he were to become our manager, I'd play for him. I'd be delighted. And he'd be delighted to play for me.

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Five, six or eight years ago I'd hear an occasional snide remark. An opposing player might throw something at me, just loud enough for me to hear. Maybe I was hitting good and they were trying to upset me. I don't know. But this is gone now.

One of the big jobs of the managers today is handling the writers. But I don't think a Negro manager would have any trouble with the press. Most of the writers I've met have been fair. I've never heard a writer yet say anything bad about Willie Mays. And I've never heard anybody rap Junior Gilliam or Bill White. The press would give a Negro just as good a shake as the white man. As for public appearances and speech-making, I see no problem there, either. Many Negro players make just as many speeches as white players. Some of us make more.

YOU must understand that 90 percent of the common managerial problems have nothing to do with the color of a man's skin. Probably the best way for me to illustrate this is to present a brief sketch of the managers I've played for and show how they differed. Or at least how they differed from my view, which is a personal one. I can best judge from what I've seen, not from what I've read or from what I've been told by other people.

My first manager was Charley Grimm. I didn't get to know him well. I played for him in '54 and '55, when I was breaking in, and I'd have to say he gave me the biggest chance in my life. He gave me a glove in the spring of '54—after Bobby Thomson broke his ankle—and he said, 'Kid, left field is yours.' He gave me the big job and there were two other guys in front of me, players who had more experience and who had been in a higher minor-league classification the season before. He showed a lot of confidence in me.

Grimm was easygoing. He had no rules on the club. He wasn't one of the type of managers who played the game like a robot or as if it were a science.

We played a game, we lost, we hung up our caps and we got out of the clubhouse. We didn't think about our own mistakes. Grimm got fired (in mid-season of 1956) not because of his mistakes but because of ours. As I look back I'm sure we could have won a pennant for him if we had had more determination.

Fred Haney replaced Grimm. Haney inherited a veteran club. He knew we had a good team and he let everybody go his own way. He played baseball on the field, and not off the field. I was in my third year then. He never bothered me. We were veterans. We had the Burdettes and the Spahns, the Buhls, the Mathews and the McMahons. And we got Schoendienst on the trading deadline. Haney was like Grimm in one respect: he was a happy guy. He was loose.

But Haney kept everybody happy, or almost everybody, and in this regard he was lucky because we had a lot of injuries. This gave him a chance to play some of the kids. He pitched Juan Pizarro and he pitched Joey Jay and Carlton Willey. He brought Wes Covington up from the minors and played him in left field. Remember Hurricane Hazle? He was a kid up from Wichita. Haney played

him the last six or seven weeks, platooning him with Pafko. And Hazle was a big help to us down the stretch.

Charlie Dressen was my third manager and here's a guy who has more baseball knowledge than any manager I've played for. But I personally think when he came to our club he handled things wrong. He tried to make Spahn and Burdette do things they weren't capable of and they resented it.

Dressen would have a clubhouse meeting and in going over the hitters he'd say, 'Spahn, if you had a curveball like Podres I could tell you how to pitch to this hitter.' Spahn didn't have Podres' curve but he had won a lot more games. A man wins as many games as Spahn and no one has to tell him that if he had certain types of pitches he could get this or that batter out. A lot of the batters Dressen talked about didn't have as many hits as Spahn had wins.

Once, in the Coliseum, Burdette hit a homer off Koufax. Dressen used to talk about Koufax' overhand curve. He called it a drop. When Burdette hit the homer he sat down a few feet from Dressen in the dugout and he said, 'That's what I think about your drop.'

Dressen was always great to me. Of all the managers I've played for I hold the most respect for Dressen and the man I'm playing for now. I could talk to Dressen. I could go up and tell him things and he could tell me things.

BIRDIE Tebbetts was next and he is the greatest manager I've seen for a club with a lot of kids. I know Tebbetts has never won a pennant. But he has patience and he knows how to handle young players. He would always make a big show of treating everyone the same.

One day he jumped down my throat. We were catching a plane and on the way to the airport I'd always stop and pick up Amado Samuel, a kid shortstop we had. I had a flat tire and was 15 minutes late. Crandall was late, too, but Crandall had come alone and Tebbetts didn't say anything to him.

But when he saw Samuel was with me he fined us both—and he fined me twice as much and bawled me out right on the spot. I know why he did it. He wanted Samuel and the other kids to know they were just as big on the club as I was. This was his way of doing it.

Bobby Bragan is our manager now and I think he has been like a ball-player coming up from the minors. I saw him manage at Pittsburgh. I don't think he was ready then to handle a big-league club. He's learned how to cope with the players and with the umpires. Today, there is no longer any ill feeling between him and the umpires.

Bragan is good with young players. I know he had trouble with Spahn. I can't say what brewed and what started the argument. I know last year, when Spahn was on the club, Spahn thought he should be pitching.

The Braves had a lot of kids they had paid big money for and they didn't want the kids sitting and rusting. Spahn wasn't winning and he was 40 years old. The front office told Bragan to go with the kids. I'm not going to say who was right or who was wrong.

So all of these managers have had their styles and Hank Aaron, Negro manager, would have his own style, too.

I've heard it said that star players don't make good managers and maybe this would eliminate me and Willie Mays and some others from being considered as managers. Maybe this is true and holds some merit. But I don't think you can put everybody in the same category. Just because some of the players who had good success on the field didn't make good managers doesn't mean Willie Mays or Stan Musial can't manage. It just means that a lot of the stars who tried to manage weren't managerial material.

I can think of quite a few Negro players who would make good managers. If I were given a choice, I'd pick Jackie Robinson first and Bill White second.

Why do I choose Jackie Robinson? Because he has the intelligence to cope with the different problems that I've been speaking about. The fact that he was the first Negro player in the majors wouldn't enter into it. He is the type of fellow who knows the game. He'd know how things should be run.

So would Bill White. He can get along with all of the ballplayers, and this is the big thing that would be in his favor. He'd make a helluva manager and he'd make a helluva handball player. He'd make a good anything.

Junior Gilliam would be another potential big-league manager. The Dodgers made him a coach this spring and this was supposed to be a big advance for the Negro in baseball. But do you know that no one ever mentioned this to me, white or black. It was just a guy getting a job, keeping a guy who had done a lot for the organization.

Gilliam wasn't a superstar and a lot of the things he was able to do he had to learn the hard way. He could teach others. He wasn't a natural.

A lot of players come to me and say, 'Henry, how do you hit certain pitches? Can you teach me?' I can only tell them how I do it. I probably haven't been too much help. Hitting is like getting into an automobile and shifting gears. It just comes to you naturally.

Frankly, I'm not so sure I'd want to be a major-league manager. I'd like to stay in baseball, and hope I do. I'd like to do what Stan Musial does for the Cardinals and roam through the organization and help out wherever I can, helping the young players, especially. There are many ways I could be of value.

BUT managing, I suppose, is always the big challenge. Spahn doesn't need a dollar; he's not wanting for money. But I once asked him what else he wanted out of baseball and he said he wanted to manage. I asked him why. 'Henry,' he said, 'because managing is a challenge.'

I'm sure that Negroes will have this opportunity, this challenge. Personally, I don't think there is any general manager in baseball today who would be afraid to hire a Negro manager. People in sports have learned that you forget who's white and who's black. You go with the man who does the best job.

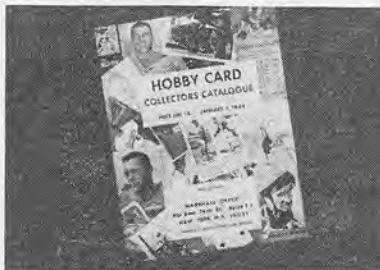
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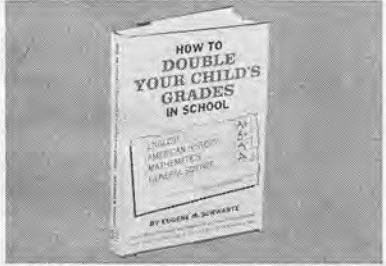
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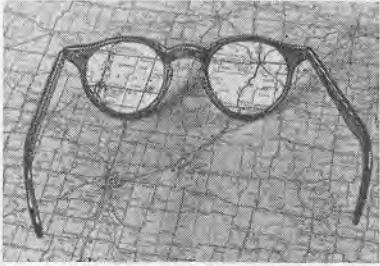
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Marblehead, Mass.: Sandy Koufax, Denny Federle, 2344 Fairgreen Dr., Cincinnati 30, Ohio: Deron Johnson, Mike Stevens, Wester Mills Rd. R.F.D. #2, Pittsfield, N.H. 03263; Willie Mays, Pat Ryan, 1928 West Fletcher, Chicago, Ill.: Ed O'Bradovich, Lana Kamba, 3428 West 64 St., Chicago, Ill.: Ronnie Bull, Larry Lyon, 2114 Cyrus Place, Alexandria, Va. 22308; Bob Schweikert, Gary Cotton, 99 N. Medina St., Ruttman, Ohio: Don Trull, Milton J. Schloss, 975 Marion Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45229; Billy Gambrell, Thunder Thornton, Jim Rioux, 920 Oxford Rd., Glen Ellyn, Ill.: Mike Ditka, David Goldstein, 504 N. Grand St., New York 2, N.Y.: The Hangar #1 Fan Club of the New York Jets, Michael Bondarenko, Rural Route #1, Melrose, Wisc. 54642; Green Bay Packers, Connie Critzer, Route 2, Box 173, Afton, Va. 22920: Tom Tresh, James Tozzo, 156 Lockwood Ave., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801; Rocky Colavito, Art Williams, 32 Park Road, Scranton, Pa.: Dennis Musgraves, Brent Smith, 458 Togstad Glen, Madison, Wisc. 53701: Ron Swoboda, Mark Shuket, 224-59 77th Ave., Bayside 64, N.Y.: New York Yankees, Mary Phelan, 4219 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618: Lou Burdette, Diana Stahl, Box 126, Endicott, N.Y.: Joe Pepitone, Bobby Richardson and the New York Yankees, Barbara Marski, 5039 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60641: Dick Ellsworth, David Anderson, 4 Cross St., West Brookfield, Mass. 01585; Lee Thomas, Janice Waldkoetter, Rural Route #2, Shelbyville, Ind.: Tom Tresh, John Brower, 2772 E. 75th, Chicago, Ill. 60649: Gus Triandos.

This person reports he does not have a fan club for the following: Russell Kubesch, 2412 N. 45th, Milwaukee, Wis.: Arnold Palmer.

# THE SPORT BONUS REPORT

## COACH'S CORNER

By **RED SULLIVAN**

Coach, New York Rangers



### How do you set up a power play?

Possession of the puck is the key to a successful power play. By that I mean possession in your own defensive zone as well as the offensive zone when your skaters are moving into position for the shot on goal.

With that in mind let's analyze the power play from its start—behind your own net. You will have five skaters going for you; preferably one defenseman and four forwards. The defenseman should be the kind who can feed a good pass out of your own end to set the play in motion.

Your forwards should include the best possible combination of shooters who can put the puck in the net, since that's the aim of the power play. Your point men should be able to shoot the puck hard and accurately, and pass well. I recommend that the men up front include one player along the lines of a Camille Henry, the type who is crafty around the net; another who is rugged for the heavy checking and digging along the boards and a third who, if possible, combines the attributes of the first two.

In starting the play behind your net the first objective is to dupe your opponents' harassing forwards. Should one of these forwards chase your puckcarrier behind the net, your man should move out via the opposite side of the net. However, if the man doesn't move in, you should have a forward stationed along the left and right boards ready to take a pass. You're now ready to move forward with an assortment of potential plays.

Once the puck is moved out of your zone it should be sent to the center lane, *if possible*, because the center has that much more ice in which to work. While your men are moving the puck ahead, the opposition's penalty killers will be attempting to disrupt the attack. My advice is to slow the play down and let the enemy forwards take their swings.

Once your men cross the border into enemy territory they then must spread into formation. At the point when the puckcarrier penetrates ten feet into the enemy zone, the point men must hustle up to the "points" (the imaginary spots just inside the blue line at the wings).

If the attack has been successful so far, the next move is up to the puck-carrying forward. He has several possibilities. One is a pass back to either point man for a shot on goal, or a pass to a man zeroing in on the net. Another is a shot off the boards (assuming the boards are lively as they are in Toronto and Detroit) on the theory that the puck will carom in front of the net permitting a close-in shot on goal.

The defense will try to stop the power play by employing a box—two defensemen and two forwards in front of the goal in a box pattern. One way to break up the box is to keep shooting on goal so the defenders will have to scatter for the puck.

Remember, though, not to be lulled into a state of security just because you have a man advantage. Some players have the unfortunate habit of relaxing—instead of concentrating harder—during the power play. Success in the power play, as in other aspects of hockey, depends on HARD WORK. Without it, you'll be skating in mud.

# TALK TO THE STARS /

Have you wanted to ask questions of your favorite ballplayers and been unable to do so? This new feature, part of SPORT's special bonus section, lets you find out behind-the-scenes facts

**BOBBY HULL:** Which defenseman do you find the toughest to get around in the National Hockey League and who is the most difficult goalie to score on?

—Stuart Sosonko, Brooklyn, New York

**HULL:** Probably the toughest defenseman for me is Bill Gadsby of the Detroit Red Wings who throws his body in front of you when you shoot. You always have a chance to outmaneuver somebody, but it's impossible to shoot through a guy. Not too many defensemen have enough courage to block a shot every time and that's what makes Gadsby so tough to get around. As for goalies, I'm very fortunate in that I don't have to play against Glenn Hall. Glenn is the best goalie in hockey, especially on stopping breakaways. Very few players have been able to score on Glenn when they have come in all alone. His reflexes are so good that he can wait until the last split-second after you have committed yourself. So, I'm glad he's on the Hawks and I don't have to shoot against him. As for the rest of the goalies that I do have to face, I guess it depends a lot on me. If I'm having a bad night, they all look tough. But sometimes, you get lucky and shots go in that shouldn't. Then the next time, you do everything right and they stop you. Terry Sawchuck and Johnny Bower of Toronto have always been tough for me and so has Gump Worsley of Montreal.

**MICKEY MANTLE:** Who is the best pitcher you

have ever faced in a single World Series game?  
—LeVere Curren, Brockport, New York

**MANTLE:** I've never seen anybody better than Don Drysdale was in the third game of the 1963 World Series. Of course, we had trouble with Sandy Koufax and Johnny Podres in that Series too, but Drysdale beat us, 1-0, and only five Yankees got on base. We had only three hits. He got us out in order in six innings, striking out nine. It was quite a pitching performance.

**GARY CUOZZO:** Do you ever have any regrets being an understudy on the Colts to Johnny Unitas?

—Bill Cain, Melrose, Massachusetts

**CUOZZO:** I naturally have ambitions to become a starting quarterback for the Baltimore Colts, but in the meantime I'm learning a lot about the job and when the time comes I'll be ready to do it.

**LUIS APARICIO:** In stealing a base, is your start or your slide the most important thing to perfect?

—Tom Wildey, Rochester, New York

**APARICIO:** The start is most important. You have to get a good jump on the pitch. Getting started quickly is the big thing. I actually don't

take much of a lead off the base, only a few steps, but as the pitcher winds up I start walking off the bag and when I'm going to steal I can be running hard after one or two steps. But by taking the short lead to start with, I can change my mind and go back if I want to. When you're caught you can usually tell halfway down that you didn't get enough of a start and that a good throw is going to get you. You don't steal on the catcher, you steal on the pitcher. You have to watch to see when the pitcher isn't concerned about you, like when he's behind on the count and he's worried more about the hitter than about you. Stealing against a lefthander you're taking a chance. If you start too soon and he throws to first, forget it, he's got you. But when there's a righthanded pitcher, you can usually get back no matter how good a move he has. It's going to take him long enough to turn toward first; if you've guessed

wrong, you can just about always get back in time.

**PHIL LINZ:** *How do you feel about having to fight for an infield job on the Yankees every day? Is this kind of competition in the Yankee infield good for the team?*

—Robert Smith, Deland, Florida

**LINZ:** Having to fight for a job in the Yankee infield is a great test for me and I love it. It makes me want and appreciate the job more. You're battling every minute in a situation like that and you're always trying your best. The competition is also good for the team since you have several players fighting hard for jobs. It's the only way for me to give my best. Of course, everybody wants to be a regular and play every day, but having it this way is a good, healthy situation.



This feature is designed to let *you* talk to the stars. If you have a question you'd like anyone in sports to answer, send it to us. Tell us who you would like to answer the question. We will select the best questions, have them answered by the stars and print the questions, answers and names of the persons submitting the questions in the magazine. You can ask them by submitting them to "Talk To The Stars," SPORT Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.



# *A Beginner's Guide To* **Horseback Riding**

*By Tap Goodenough*

**HORSEBACK RIDING** is a healthy, exciting sport, one that exercises many parts of the body, and makes you think. There's no age limit, either.

Equipment consists chiefly of clothing, which can be simple and inexpensive. Well-fitting—but not tight—riding pants or jodhpurs can be worn—or, even, dungarees. Plus, short boots (worn with jodhpurs) or high boots, which provide better protection from constant rubbing against the horse or the skirts of the saddle. Gloves are not necessary, yet may be useful at times. A riding crop is definitely not necessary; do not buy one.

For instruction, find a reputable and reliable riding school. Visit the prospective stable before signing for any instruction; a dirty stable usually indicates sloppy teaching and inadequate horses. Make sure your instructor is affiliated with some professional horseman's association in your state or region, and has had much experience.

In your first lesson, you should not be taught too much or confusion will result. Basically, you should learn the following six things:

1) To mount, you approach the horse from the left—or “nigh”—side, never from the right. A school horse should be very quiet, standing still for the beginner. Gather the reins in your left hand, placing the right hand on the pommel—front—of the saddle. Then, your left foot goes into the stirrup, and your right foot is swung over.

To dismount, hold the reins in your left hand, which rests on the pommel. Kick your right foot out of the stirrup, then reverse the entire procedure.

2) The “aids”—the legs, weight, reins and voice—should be explained, although they won't be utilized a great deal in the first lesson. Weight is important; when you lean forward, the horse will

want to move into a gait. And the reins are the media through which you “telegraph” commands via the horse's mouth and bit in his bridle.

3) To decide the length of your stirrups, let your feet hang down loosely; the irons should be at a level with your ankles.

4) When you sit your mount, don't slouch; keep your back straight, your head up. Have your heels DOWN always, or you'll get off-balance. Stirrups should be under the balls of your feet, with knees and toes lined up.

5) To begin, you will have single reins, which are held in BOTH hands. One rein separates your little finger and fourth finger, thumbs UP and on the reins. Always hold your elbows in at your sides; they're not wings.

6) You will walk your mount around and around the ring, striving to sit properly, hold the reins well and display good form.

Eventually, as you progress, you will learn how to ride and guide a horse at all gaits: walk, trot canter and gallop. The walk is a slow, flat-footed, four-beat gait. The trot is a two-beat gait, in which the diagonal fore and hind legs move together. The gallop is a fast, three-beat gait, in which the horse's two diagonal legs are paired, while the canter is a three-beat gait done under restraint, slowly and smoothly.

Naturally, you should be in complete control of your mount at all times. To stop, you simply pull on the reins—not quickly or harshly—and shift your weight back in the saddle. To go to the right or the left, you use the right or left rein in a logical manner.

Strive to gain “light hands” and a “good seat.” If you achieve the right form early, it will carry you to advanced riding—even the show ring.

**IN HIS BEDROOM,** Ernie Provost has piles of books and magazines that detail how to condition legs, arms and shoulders through calisthenics, isometrics and weight-lifting. He spends hours studying them then in the fall and spring he puts into practice what he has learned. At George Washington High School in San Francisco, when rain sends other football players and track-and-field men indoors, Ernie Provost can be found outside, running, bending, stretching and lifting. On nice days, he can be found doing similar work long after his squadmates have quit.

The result of such dedication, coupled with natural speed, grace and strength is that 17-year-old Ernest E. Provost, a six-foot, 180-pound halfback and sprinter, is rated "the best high school athlete in San Francisco." His football coach, Al Lubamersky, predicts Provost will have from 35 to 40 scholarship bids when he graduates in June of 1966.

This fall, George Washington is favored to repeat as the San Francisco high-school football champion simply because its offense is built around Provost. He will play halfback and end, and "certainly our opponents will stack their defense to contain Provost," says Lubamersky. "Let 'em stack. They still won't be able to stop Provost. I expect him to score an average of ten points a game."

Yet, football is Ernie's secondary athletic interest. He much prefers track. He has never been defeated in either the 100 or 220 in an official dual meet. He has broken school and city records with times of 9.6 and 20.5. He so far outclasses the rest of San Francisco's prep sprinters that he usually finishes a 220 with a 15-yard lead.

Redlick says it is possible Ernie will match or surpass the national high-school sprint records of 9.4 and 20.2. Provost's own goal is "to represent the United States at the Olympic Games in Mexico City in 1968."

In football last year, Provost, because of a knee injury, did not play until Washington's fifth game. Washington had a 2-2 record until then, but with Provost on the team, it won its next seven straight games and the city championship. Used primarily at end, Provost caught 17 passes for 358 yards and seven touchdowns. Three of his receptions were for gains of 44, 47 and 76 yards. Running from halfback occasionally he had an average of 15.5 yards per carry.

Ernie has, in addition to speed, an excellent change of pace. He seems to float toward a defender and then burst past him. He is also an excellent blocker and a fine safety on defense.

Both on and off the athletic field, Provost is a quiet, unassuming, mild-mannered young man. He has a B-minus scholastic average and his major in high school is commercial art. His hobbies are sketching, rock 'n' roll music and shooting pool. He has been elected president of the high-school's letterman club and to the honor patrol.

He comes from athletic stock. His father played halfback in high school and for the Pacific Coast League professional San Francisco Clippers during and shortly after World War II. In high school, Ernie's father also ran the 220, 440, 880 and put the shot. Together, father and son built starting blocks at home and practiced for hours to find the correct placement of the blocks for Ernie's feet. Starts are vital to a sprinter and Ernie now explodes from the blocks. "My dad did as much as anyone to help me get a good start by working on the blocks and perfecting my stance," says Ernie.

"That's nice of him to say," the elder Provost remarks, "but let's face it; Ernie is far past me."

Ernie is usually far past everyone.



# TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

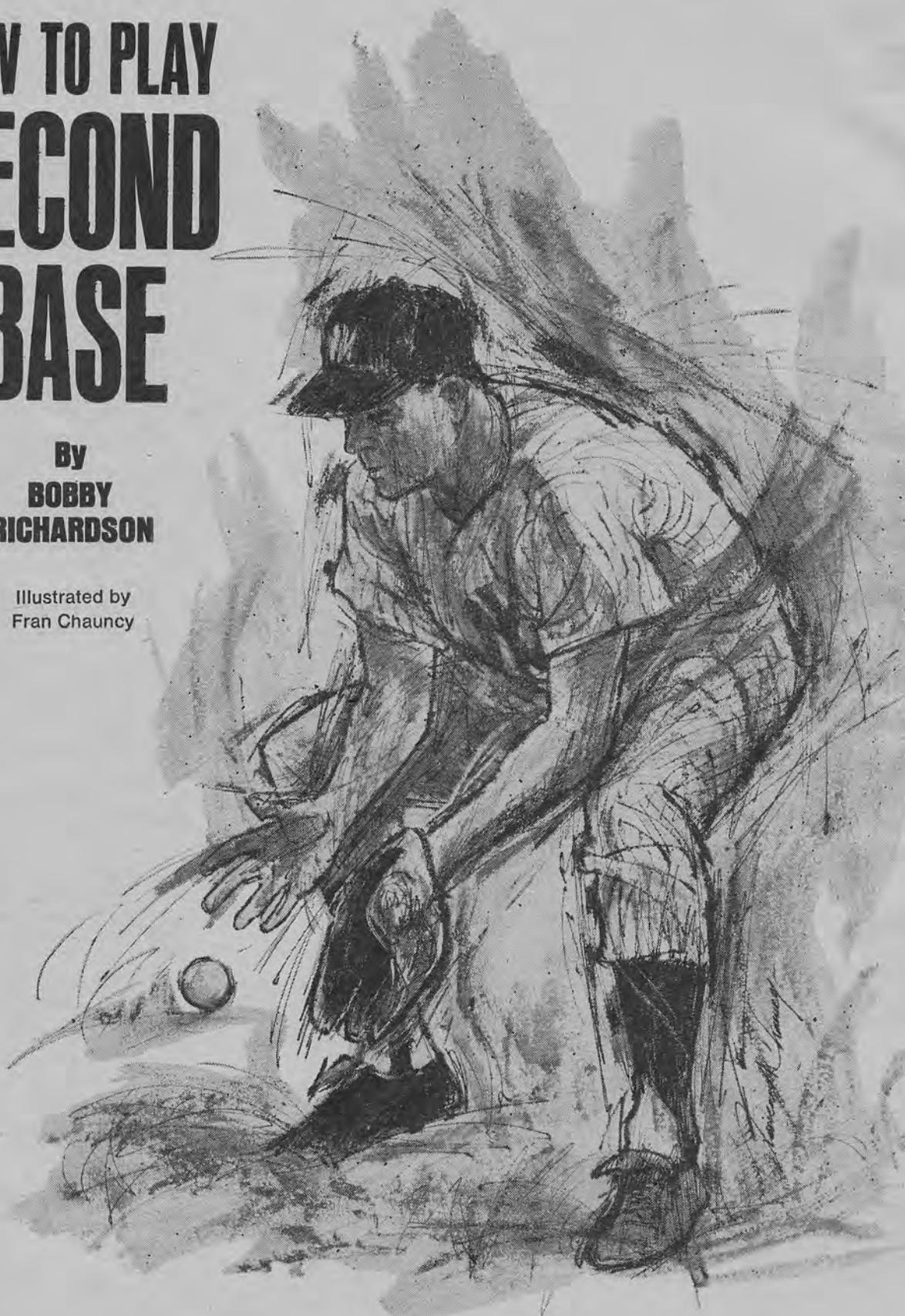
## A Two-Sport Star

BRUCE LEE

# HOW TO PLAY SECOND BASE

BY  
**BOBBY  
RICHARDSON**

Illustrated by  
Fran Chauncy



**BASEBALL**, they say, is a game of inches, and I'll venture to say there isn't a ballplayer alive who won't agree.

Yet, there is another axiom which is of much importance to second-basemen. I know I've been regulated by it just about every minute of my playing time in professional baseball.

If baseball is a game of inches generally speaking, then it follows that it is specifically a game of split-seconds for second-basemen. There is no position on a baseball team which places such a high premium on timing.

I think the correct evaluation of timing comes from a sort of togetherness which must exist between the second-baseman and the shortstop. A second-baseman just can't know his partner at shortstop too well.

For example, Tony Kubek and I have been teaming up around second base and on double plays ever since 1956. As a result, I don't think there is any way I can get the ball from Tony that will surprise me. On any given situation—and there are lots of them—I honestly feel I can anticipate how my shortstop is going to make his flip to me.

Another thing in this togetherness angle is a ritual Tony and I pursue before every game. We always warm up on the sidelines with each other before infield practice. No one ever told us to do this, but we do it anyway.

As long as I've been playing second base, I am still oftentimes surprised how hard it is to keep yourself in the ballgame 100 percent of the time. I guess you can call this alertness. You've got to be alert all the time, even though the temptation to let your mind wander sometimes gets to be too much to withstand.

Some infielders prefer to call this attention to details concentration. I like to describe it as alertness. The alert second-baseman never leaves anything to chance. He's in the ballgame on every pitch.

There are, of course, tricks of the trade which make the job easier for you. In the last few years, for instance, I've been more and more struck by the fact that it's more important for a second-baseman, or any infielder, for that matter, to play the pitcher rather than play the hitter.

Take sinkerball pitchers like Mel Stottlemyre or Pete Mikkelsen. A righthanded batter is more apt to pull the ball on these pitchers, so, as a second-baseman, I cheat a bit to my right. Now if it's a lefthander swinging, I do just the opposite. I pull over to my left a little.

Now when you've got an Al Downing or Jim Bouton pitching, you don't do this. They throw hard and the batter is not so apt to pull the ball when they're pitching.

The important thing is that there should be a reason for any position a second-baseman takes. This makes it mandatory that you know your own pitchers, what they throw and what the batters are most likely to do against them.

Playing the batter also is important, but, in my mind, not as important as playing the pitcher.

Playing the batter, though, gets to be very important at various stages of the game. There would be little sense, for instance, for any second-baseman to play a fast runner like Luis Aparicio too deeply. Nor would there be much sense to playing a slugger like Harmon Killebrew in shallow. Each hitter should be played differently.

This is what I like to think is the common sense approach to the game. In other words, the working day for a second-baseman should mean more than grabbing a glove and running out to his position. You've always got to have your mind tuned to expecting the unexpected.

The bunt play, for example, will develop lots of unexpected plays. The second-baseman, of course, is expected to cover first base on the standard bunt play since the first-baseman is charging to make the play on the ball.

It gets a little sticky, though, when the bunt is unexpected and the second-baseman must dash over to cover first. This play must be made at full speed if you want to beat the runner to the bag. Then there's the situation when the runner is going with the pitch and the batter is bunting. If you are covering second to make the play on the attempted steal, you're in pretty much of a sweat if the bunt is laid down the first-base line.

As any infielder will tell you, there are certain plays which are particularly tough to make. The second-baseman has several of these difficult fielding plays.

One of the toughest is the groundball hit to your right. On this play, the second-baseman must make a sliding stop and throw the ball across his body. Then there is the pivot on the double play, probably the most important maneuver any second-baseman must learn to master.

Another tough play results when the batter hits the ball to the left of the second-baseman with a runner on first. You've got to field the ball, turn your body completely around and then hope you've got enough zip on your throw to force the runner at second base.

No résumé of second-base play would be complete without reference to what I consider to be the starting point of all winning baseball. And that is keeping yourself in proper physical condition.

Any second baseman worth his salt must not cheat himself in this. Getting the proper amount of sleep and the right foods give him the edge, however slight it may be, to prevail when confronted with a tough play.

Another thing the winning second-baseman must develop is the ability to keep his head high after he makes an error.

Don't hang your head on a ballfield.

Don't get down on yourself after you've had a tough day.

Do try harder on the next play.

# Inside Facts

*By Allan Roth*

**ONLY FIVE ACTIVE** major-league players have been able to score 100 runs, make 200 hits and knock in 100 runs in the same season. They are Hank Aaron (1959 and 1963), Al Kaline (1955), Tommy Davis (1962), Frank Robinson (1962) and Bill White (1963).

Hank Aaron and Willie Mays have the most entries on the 100-run, 200-hit and 100-RBI lists, each with 20, followed by Mickey Mantle and Eddie Mathews, each with 13 . . . Vada Pinson ranks fifth, with nine . . . Aaron and Pinson are the only active players who have had three 200-hit seasons. Three players have had two 200-hit seasons: Roberto Clemente (1961-64), Curt Flood (1963-64) and Harvey Kuenn (1953-54) . . . Of the 18 players who have had at least one 200-hit season, 15 are in the National League (although two of them, Kuenn and Nellie Fox, had their 200-hit years while playing in the American League).

The only active American League players who have had 200-hit seasons are Al Kaline (200 in 1955), Bobby Richardson (209 in 1962) and Tony Oliva (217 in 1964) . . . In the last nine full seasons (1956-64), only two American League players made 200 hits in a season.

There are 34 active major-leaguers, 17 in each league, who had at least one 100-RBI year going into the 1965 season . . . At the start of the present season there were five players who had knocked in 100 or more runs in at least five seasons, Willie Mays, who has never led the league in RBI, topping the list with eight, followed by Hank Aaron (7), Ernie Banks (6), Rocky Colavito (5) and Eddie Mathews (5).

Four players carried consecutive 100-RBI streaks into the current season, Willie Mays (six years in a row), Bill White (three years), Ken Boyer (2) and Dick Stuart (2).

The big four in the run-scoring department in recent years have been Mays, Aaron, Mantle and Mathews . . . For 11 consecutive seasons, from 1954 through 1964, Mays scored more than 100 runs per year, tying Stan Musial's National League record for most 100-run seasons and most consecutive 100-run years . . . Aaron entered 1965 with a record of having scored more than 100 runs in the past ten seasons . . . Mantle had a string of nine successive 100-run seasons, from 1953 through 1961, leading the league six times . . . Mathews had eight 100-run seasons going into the current season.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

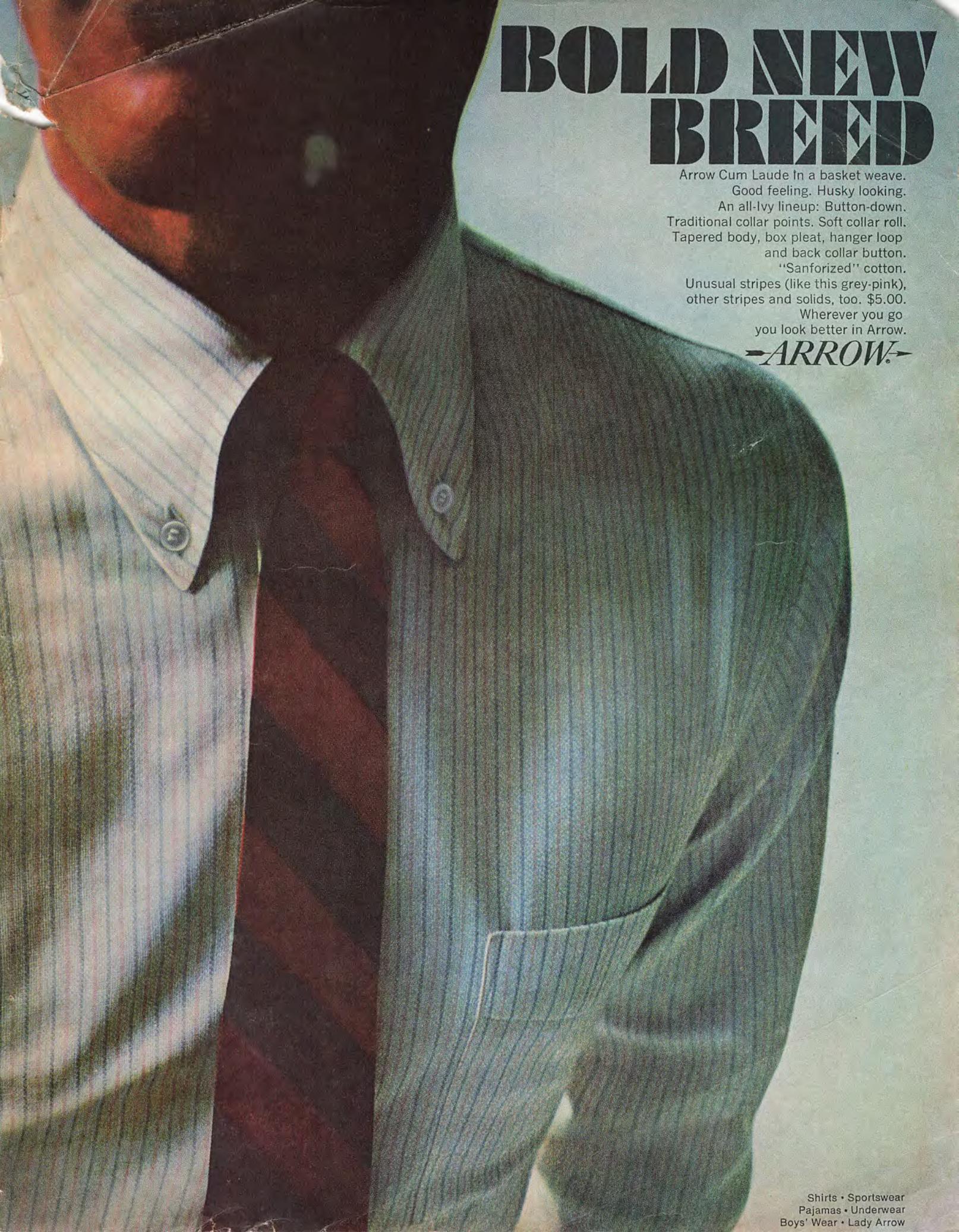
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To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write today to Circulation Department, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, New York, 10017.

Under the Retail Display Plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon your request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This Plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you subsequent to the date your written acceptance of the formal MACFADDEN-BARTELL CORPORATION RETAIL DISPLAY AGREEMENT is received and accepted by our Company.



# BOLD NEW BREED

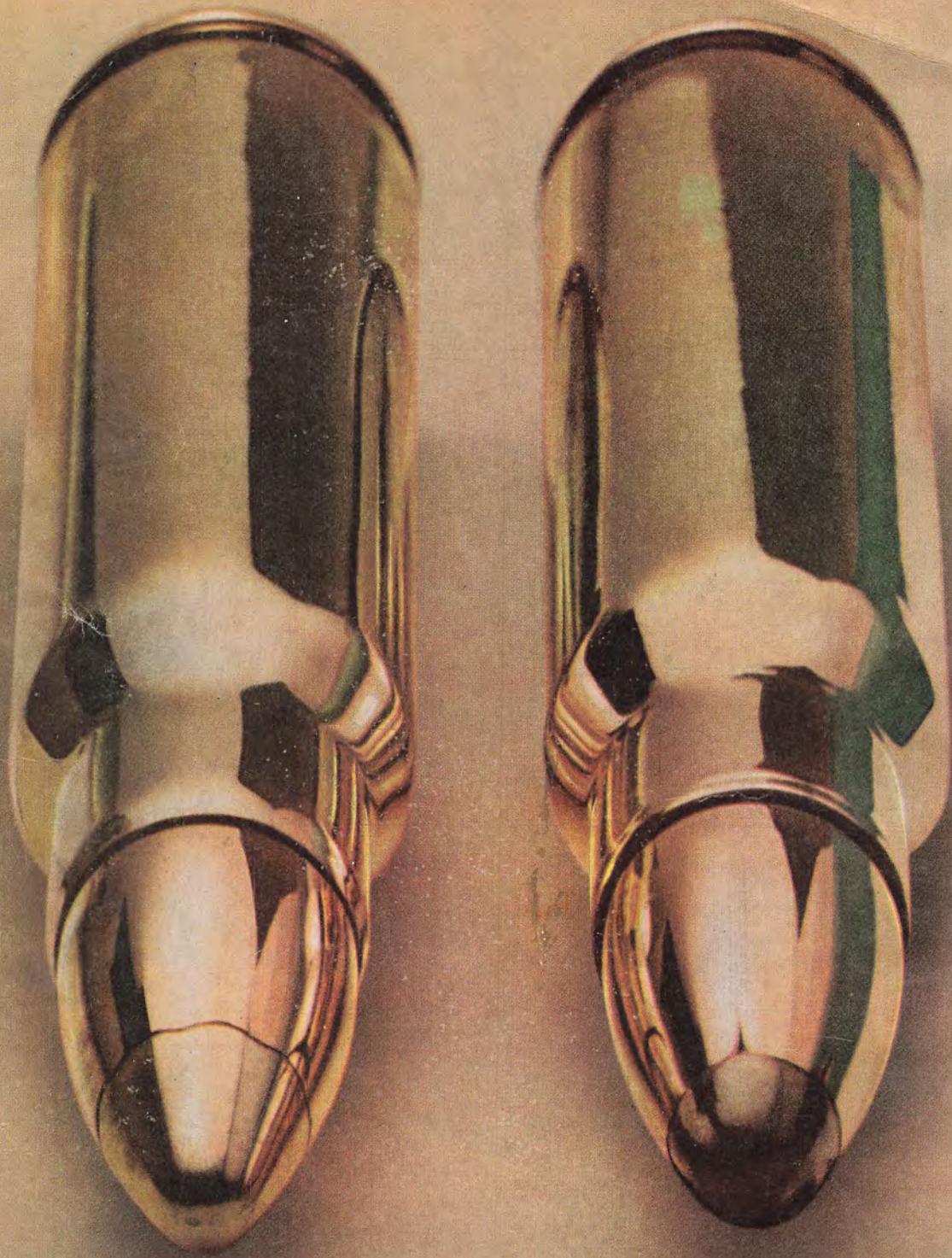
Arrow Cum Laude in a basket weave.  
Good feeling. Husky looking.

An all-Ivy lineup: Button-down.  
Traditional collar points. Soft collar roll.  
Tapered body, box pleat, hanger loop  
and back collar button.

"Sanforized" cotton.  
Unusual stripes (like this grey-pink),  
other stripes and solids, too. \$5.00.

Wherever you go  
you look better in Arrow.

**-ARROW-**



## Silvertip:

This is Winchester-Western's Silvertip. This is what you need when they start to run big and tough.

Power? Silvertip wades in deep with more residual energy because of its unique jacket that holds back mushrooming until the bullet is right down in the vital area.

Accuracy? Silvertip's sleek profile lengthens your effective range and gives you a flatter trajectory.

A full range of calibers and grain weights. Winchester Super-Speed and Western Super-X.

## Power-Point:

This is Winchester-Western's Power-Point. Notice those notches on the bullet jacket? They help make this the greatest softnose bullet ever made: tremendous shock effect and fast mushrooming at all hunting ranges with better than double diameter expansion and virtually no lead loss!

Western Super-X and Winchester Super-Speed Power-Point come in 18 calibers. A wide choice of bullet weights to make your rifle ideal for everything from varmint to trophy heads.